May 17, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

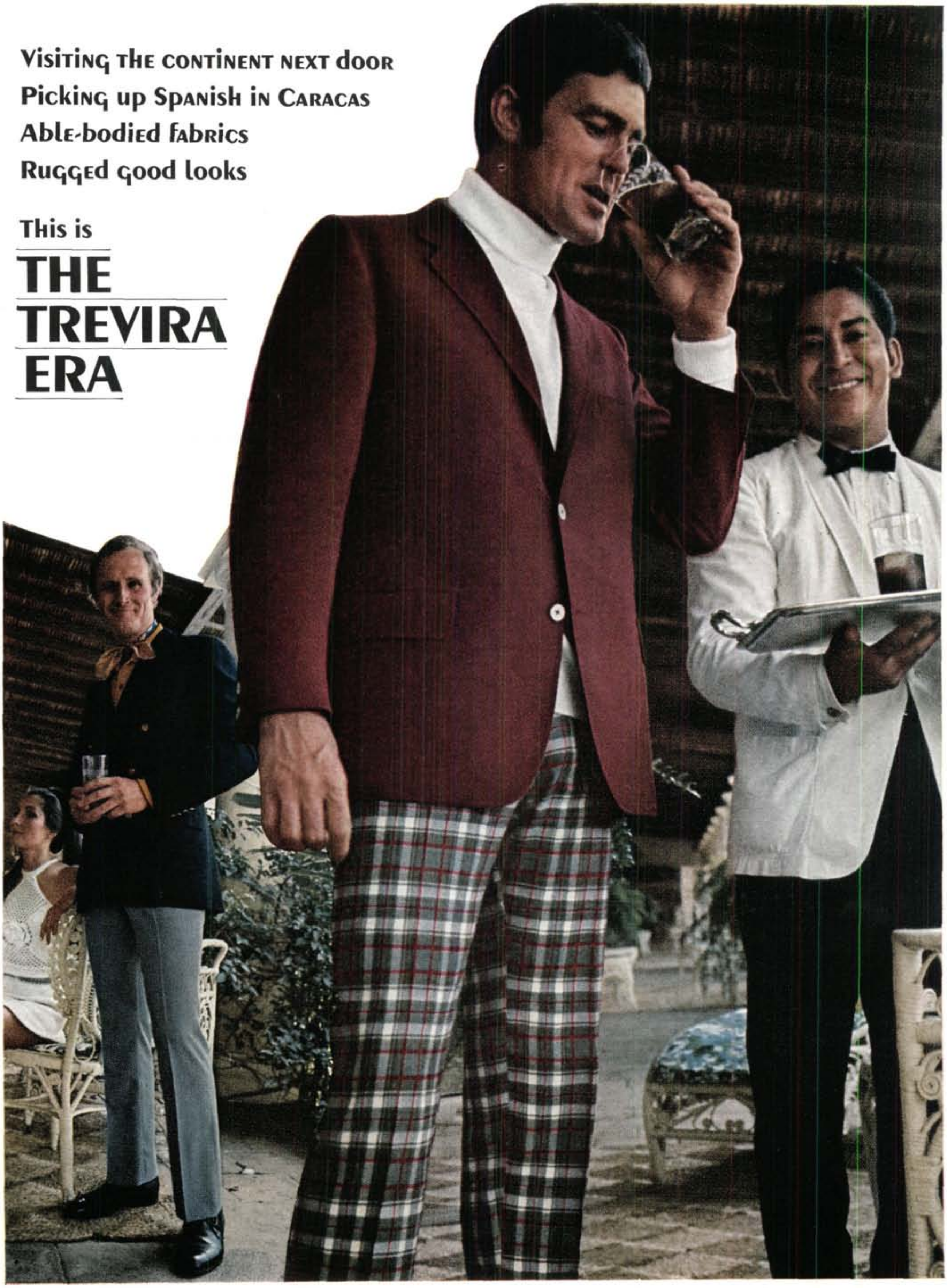
Property of
Ambassador College Lib
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 0 3 1993

Visiting the continent next door
Picking up Spanish in Caracas
Able-bodied fabrics
Rugged good looks

This is

THE TREVIRA ERA

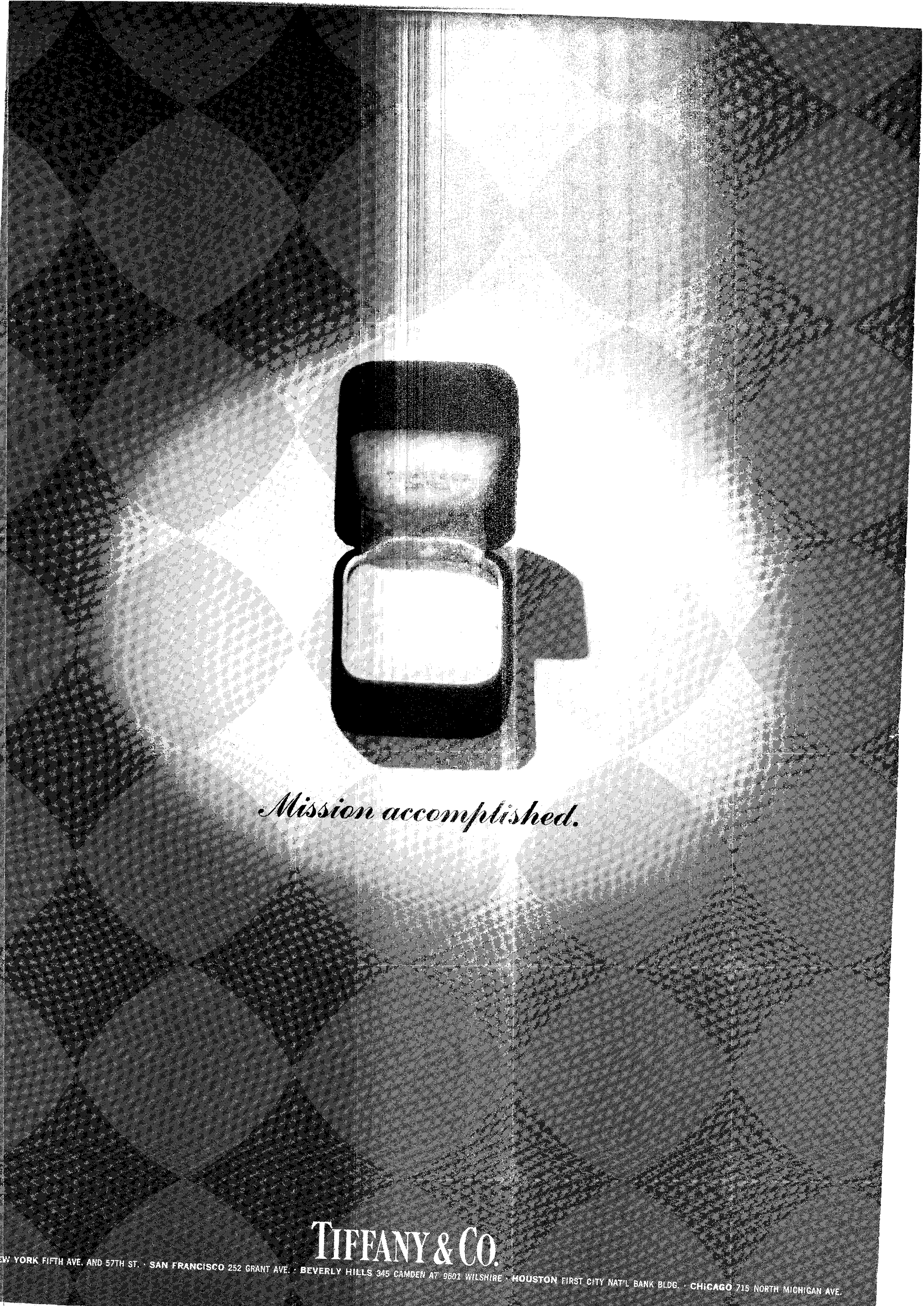


JEFFERSON SLACKS puts new dash in slacks with Trevira. To wit: bold tartans in the uncompromising richness of Trevira® polyester and rayon. Flare-legged slacks with the thoroughbred good looks of Trevira and wool. Both perfect examples of great fabrics generating great fashion. Tartans, about $18. Wide-bottoms, about $23. At Rich's, Atlanta; Phelps-Wilger, Los Angeles.

®HYSTRON FIBERS INCORPORATED, LICENSEE OF THE INTERNATIONALLY REGISTERED TRADEMARK

PHOTOGRAPHED AT HOTEL TAMANACO, CARACAS, VENEZUELA

TREVIRA®
POLYESTER
The Extraordinary Fiber


Mission accomplished.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. · SAN FRANCISCO 252 GRANT AVE. · BEVERLY HILLS 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE · HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · CHICAGO 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and Next—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that *together make the funniest evening imaginable*. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. With Richard Mason. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

De Sade Illustrated—A play based on the Marquis's "Philosophy in the Boudoir," translated by Josef Bush. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

Exhibition—A three-character play by Frank Spiering. Opens Thursday, May 15. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Front Page—A marvellous (if, unfortunately, limited) engagement of the Hecht-MacArthur 1928 melodrama, with Robert Ryan, Peggy Cass, and Bert Convy. All are superb, and so is Harold J. Kennedy, the director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 7.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones turns in a stunning performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Alec McCowen, who takes full advantage of it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—A version full of the crotchets of its star, Nicol Williamson, and its director, Tony Richardson, and therefore well worth going to and attacking and defending. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel—Anne Meacham and Donald Madden in Tennessee Williams' new play, directed by Herbert Machiz. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Jack Warden now has the leading role. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 17.)

The Man with the Flower in His Mouth—An agreeable but tame evening of three short plays—one of them sad and two of them merry—by Pirandello. William Murray's translation is fluent and literate, and Michael Simone's direction is good, too. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Miser—A clumsy, frantic stampede of a production, more Abbott and Costello than Molière. Robert Symonds tears the title role to appropriate tatters. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 21.)

My Daughter, Your Son—Vivian Vance, Robert Alda, and Dody Goodman in a comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in *a variety of colors, are all good*; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
"MY THREE WEEKS AT THE WHITE HOUSE" . . . . . *Paul Edward Gray* 32
"BILL" . . . . . *J. F. Powers* 34
"MAKING MARKS" (POEM) . . . . . *Peter Davison* 38
LETTER FROM PERU . . . . . *Richard N. Goodwin* 41
"THE HOUSE TREE" (POEM) . . . . . *Mark Perlberg* 44
THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 110
OFF BROADWAY . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 112
THE RACE TRACK . . . . . *Audax Minor* 116
THE ART WORLD . . . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 118
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 124
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 128
"HAPPINESS OF 6 A.M." (POEM) . . . . . *Harvey Shapiro* 134
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 137
JAZZ . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 139
BOOKS . . . . . *Susan Lardner* 145
BRIEFLY NOTED 150

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *Vahan Shirvanian, Lee Lorenz, Mischa Richter, F. B. Modell, William Hamilton, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, Stan Hunt, Edward Frascino, J. B. Handelsman, Henry Martin, Al Ross, William O'Brian, William Steig*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; Peter F. Fleischmann, president; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 13, May 17, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

One in a Series

The sugar daddy's guide to the South of France.

le Voyage par Air France

You're the sweetest, kindest, nicest, most generous man in the world. And since you're always giving so much to others, we think for once you should get something nice in return. As nice as Nice and the rest of the fantastic French Riviera. So we've arranged to jet you there from New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, or Los Angeles. On the way, we'll have one of our lovely young ladies plump up your pillow for you and serve you a delicious meal. When you arrive in Nice we'll show you how to get the most out of life and your stay by the sunny shores of the Côte d'Azur. *Air France knows where you're going, you rascal you.*

Où sont les belles filles?

Where are all the beautiful girls? Just look around you. They're everywhere. They practically grow on trees in the south of France. Or, more accurately, on the beaches. Look along la Croisette in Cannes, or the Promenade des Anglais in Nice. You'll see bathing beauties walking by ones, by twos, by the thousands. Or Tahiti Plage, the beach in St. Tropez where the first bikini was introduced. Or la Plage Sportive in Cannes. Lots of sun-worshipping stars, especially around Film Festival time.

When the sun goes down and the moon comes up, many lovely ladies exchange their beach towels for bar stools at the Negresco Bar in Nice or on the terrace of the Carlton Hotel in Cannes. Or for ringside tables at the Vroom Vroom Night Club in St. Tropez. But, you won't have any trouble. There are more beautiful girls on the Riviera than you can shake a cane at.

Où acheter les beaux cadeaux?

Once having found your lady love you'll naturally want to shower her with tokens of your affection. Baubles, bangles and a girl's best friend can be purchased in Cannes at Cartier. (Right next to the Carlton.) Also in Cannes: the finest perfumes in the world from Rimay 46, rue d'Antibes. If your petit chou *has a domestic streak, a lovely set of Limoges china will please her no end. Contact les Romarins 327, route de Grasse.*

If the girl of your dreams is a lover of the arts take her to Vallauris (13 miles from Cannes) so she can pick and you can buy beautiful bargains in art pottery and ceramics.

Où faire les belles promenades?

Take your girl on a romantic drive through some of the world's most spectacular seaside scenery. Driving east from Nice you have a choice of three main routes: the Corniche Inférieure takes you through the charming coastline villages of Villefranche-sur-Mer and St. Jean-Cap-Ferrat. The Moyenne Corniche takes you through the village of Eze, built like an eagle's nest on a needle rock overlooking the sea. The Grande Corniche with its high, breathtaking panorama of the coast was laid out by the Romans as part of the Aurelian Way. Reminders of this can be seen en route at la Turbie.

Bon appétit

In the realm of wining and dining, you're right in the neighborhood of some of France's finest restaurants. Have dinner by candlelight, moonlight or love light at Eden Roc, the world-famous restaurant of the Hôtel du Cap at Cap d'Antibes. The view is almost enough to make you forget the superb cuisine. Almost, but not quite.

Or try the quiet, intimate Chèvre d'Or at Eze-Village halfway between Nice and Monaco. Its provençale *cuisine is world-famous. Dinner with a view also at le Château du Domaine Saint-Martin in the village of St. Paul-de-Vence. In Nice: Chez Puget 4-bis, rue Deloye. No view, but food that more than makes up for it.*

Vocabulaire

sugar daddy: papa gâteau
my little chickadee: ma petite cocotte
my little cabbage: mon petit chou
anything your heart desires, my dear: tout ce que votre cœur désire, ma chérie
I'm old enough to be your father: je suis assez vieux pour être votre père

Bonne chance

You've won her heart but why stop there? Try your luck at the world-famous Casino in Monte Carlo. The roulette tables give you better odds than anywhere else. (Only one zero on the wheel instead of two.) Place your bets in the Salle Privée. The stakes are higher and so are the admission fees.

Or take your queen to the sport of kings. In Cagnes-sur-Mer (halfway between Antibes and Nice) is the Hippodrome de la Côte d'Azur, an excellent parimutuel track where the fastest thoroughbreds from France and Italy run neck and neck.

Numéros de téléphone

Any man who likes sunshine and beautiful girls can't be all bad. Call your travel agent or Air France:

New York, (212) 759-9000
Boston, (617) 482-4890
Chicago, (312) 782-6181
Washington, (202) 337-8711
Los Angeles, (213) 625-7171
San Francisco, (415) 982-7150
Miami, (305) 379-6444
San Juan, (809) 724-0500

AIR FRANCE
We know where you're going.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Papp—A four-character play by Kenneth Cameron. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. *Matinées* Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 24.)

Pets—A triple bill of one-act plays by Richard Reich. (*Provincetown, 133 Macdougal* St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Workshop Festival—Samples of the acting, dancing, technical production, playwrighting, and directing being done by workshops of the *Negro Ensemble Company*. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Long Runs—**the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **plaza suite:** *Three skits by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley* and Dan Dailey are the stars. Starting Monday, May 19, Larry Weber will replace Mr. Dailey. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **scuba duba:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays *through* Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

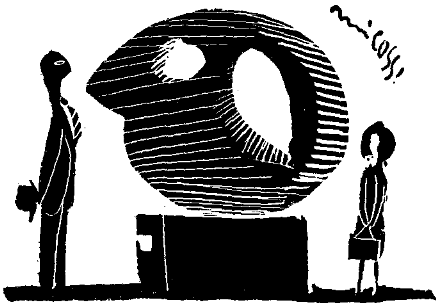
Canterbury Tales—A falsely jaunty betrayal of the great poet, with silly music and amateurish *acting*. (*Eugene* O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A big, soft sofa-cushion of a musical, appealing more to the eye than to the ear, and redeemed by the gallant trouping of Angela Lansbury. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish, popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may *sag a bit occasionally*, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4; special matinée Wednesday, May 21, at 2:40.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this breezy adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A childish *retelling* of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical, which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **cabaret:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **curley mcdimple:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **fiddler on the roof:** Jerry Jarrett in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hair:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **hello, dolly!:** *Now with an all-Negro* cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **mame:** A *musical interpretation* of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Jane Morgan is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **man of la mancha:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Bob Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **you're a good man, charlie brown:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **your own thing:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, May 15, at 8:15: "Metastaseis & Pithoprakta," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs" (première), and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Friday, May 16, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Suite." ... ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 2:15: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Irish Fantasy," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Sunday, May 18, at 1:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, May 18, at 7:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Fantasies," and "Prodigal Son."... ¶ Tuesday, May 20, at 8:15: "La Sonnambula," "The Cage," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Wednesday, May 21, at 8:15: "Allegro Brillante," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."... ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 8:15: "The Cage," "Dances at a Gathering" (première), and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Friday, May 23, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Jeux," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite."... ¶ Saturday, May 24, at 2:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, May 24, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," "La Source," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 15.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday, May 15, at 8: "Monotones," "Pelleas and Melisande" (New York première), and "The Dream."... ¶ Friday, May 16, at 8:30: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." ... ¶ Sunday, May 18, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, May 20-21, at 8:30: "Monotones," "Pelleas and Melisande," and "The Dream."... ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 8: "Shadowplay," "Symphonic Variations," and "Raymonda" (New York première).... ¶ Friday, May 23, at 8:30: "Raymonda," "Gayane Pas de Deux," "Symphonic Variations," and "Pelleas and Melisande."... ¶ Saturday, May 24, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880. Through Sunday, June 1.)

City Center American Dance Season—End of a *series of appearances at the City Center*, 131 W. 55th St. (246-8989): **glen tetley dance company.** Thursday, May 15, at 8: "Circles," "Ricercare," and "The Mythical Hunters." ... ¶ Friday, May 16, at 8: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "Pierrot Lunaire," and "Ziggurat."... ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 2:30, and Sunday, May 18, at 7:30: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," Pierrot Lunaire," and "The Mythical Hunters."... ¶ *Saturday, May 17*, at 8, and Sunday, May 18, at 1:30: "Circles," "Ricercare," and "Ziggurat."... **talley beatty dance company.** Tuesday, May 20, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 25, at 1:30: "Come and Get the Beauty of It Hot," "Doogla," and "The Road of the Phoebe Snow."... ¶ Friday, May 23, at 8: "L'Histoire d'un Petit Voyage," "Rite de Passage," "Antigone," and "Black Belt."... **pearl lang and dance company.** Wednesday, May 21, and Saturday, May 24, at 8: "Shirah," "Tongues of Fire," and "Piece for Brass."... **donald mckayle dance company.** Thursday, May 22, at 8, and Sunday, May 25,

ESTD. 1770
LONDON, ENGLAND
WHITE SATIN
BY
SIR ROBERT BURNETT
ESTD. 1770
THE PREMIUM
70 PROOF
26 2/3 FL. OZ.
DISTILLED
LONDON
DRY GIN
Made according to the Original Formula.
Distilled and Bottled by
SIR ROBERT BURNETT & CO., LTD.
LONDON W.1., ENGLAND
LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
ESTD. 1770
LONDON, ENGLAND
WHITE SATIN
BY
SIR ROBERT BURNETT
ESTD. 1770
THE PREMIUM
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED
LONDON
DRY GIN
Distilled and Bottled according to the
Original Formula of
SIR ROBERT BURNETT & CO., LTD.
LONDON W.1., ENGLAND
by THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

Terribly British **Wonderfully American**

White Satin, the gin the British first made in 1770, is now made here. In an imported British still. So you can get an imported British taste without paying import duties. By Jove, be smart. Wrap your next martini in White Satin.

WHITE SATIN GIN

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

If people saw a marriage counselor before they got married, there might be fewer divorces.

That's not a bad idea for corporations that are merger-minded, either.

Consider: of the 16,000 mergers since World War II, nearly a third have been fiscal fiascos.

Why? The companies involved never really took a good look at themselves, let alone their intended.

They never really had an organized plan to follow, but rather ran helter-skelter into what they thought was opportunity.

If you're thinking merger, the chances are Irving Trust can help you keep on the long-lasting and happy side of the statistical picture.

Our Corporate Financial Counseling Department acts as merger counselor for many companies.

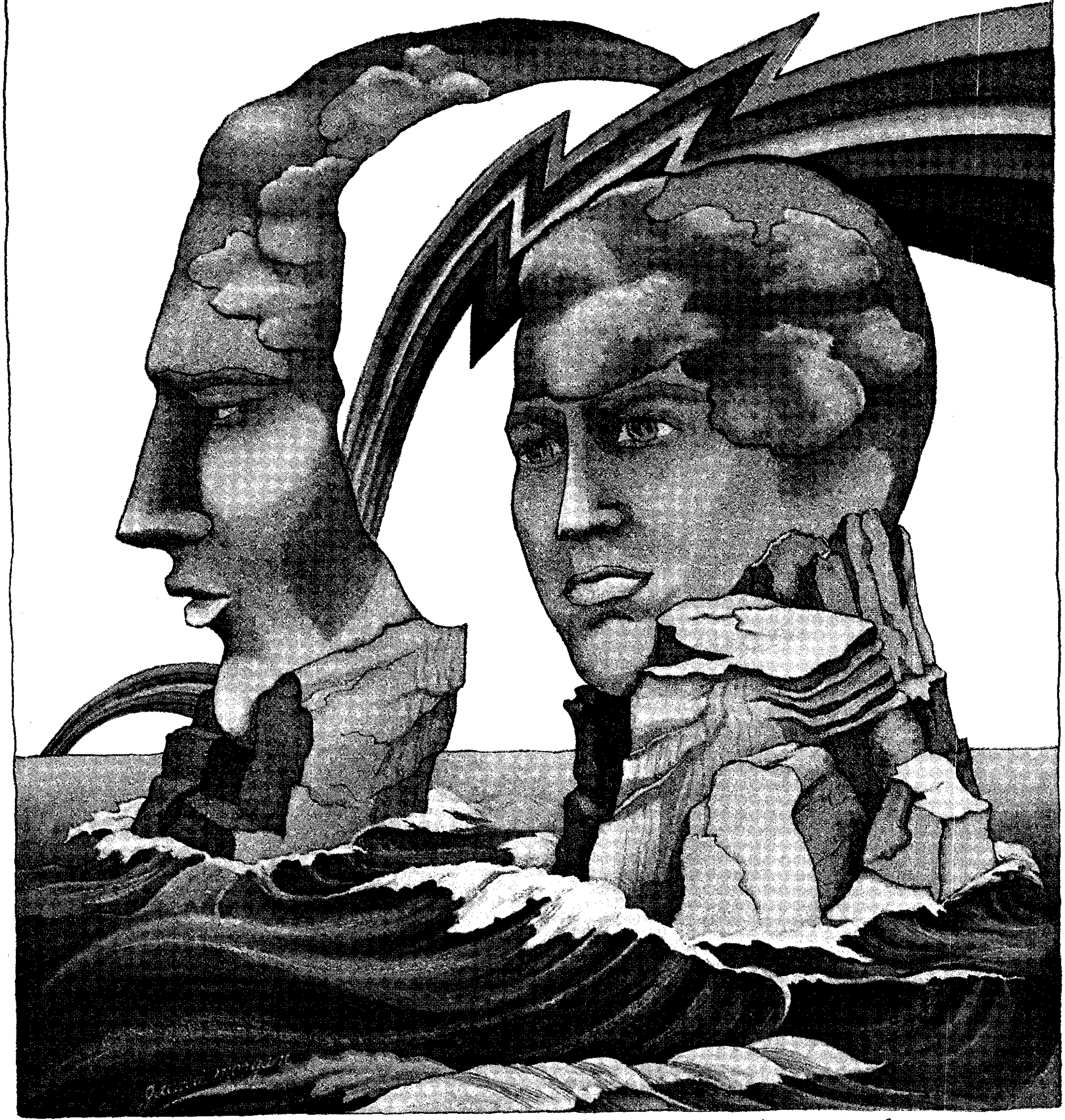
We help them in drawing up an effective acquisition program.

Play matchmaker by identifying potential sellers.

Act as a confidential intermediary. And advise on pricing and financing.

In short, when we play cupid for you, the odds are better that you'll enjoy the benefits of your merger happily ever after.

The Corporate Marriage. 1 out of 3 ends up on the rocks.



At Irving Trust Company we back you up with more than money.

One Wall Street
A Charter New York Bank, Member F.D.I.C.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

at 7:30: "Nocturne," "Burst of Fists," and "District Storyville."... ¶ Saturday, May 24, at 2:30: "Daughters of Eden," "Games," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder."

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1969," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Thursday, May 22, and will run through Sunday, June 1. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Singers, strummers, and talkers come and go throughout the evening—among them singer James Taylor and a group known as McKendree Spring. On Wednesday, May 21, Tom Paxton will relieve Mr. Taylor. Shows begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, and at times a groove. Through Sunday, May 18, at eight-thirty and eleven, Tom Rush will sing folk songs. Ice cream is served in very large dishes. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot, currently made even more easeful by the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet, which backs up the agile, throaty singing of Anita O'Day. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes, at one time or another, Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The McCoy Tyner quintet plays most nights from nine to four. On Tuesday, May 20, the Joe Henderson quintet will arrive. On Saturday, May 17, from five to nine, the Steve Grossman sextet will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, May 18, the Tyrone Washington concert ensemble will do the same. Mondays, from nine to four, are devoted to sundry jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the Mose Allison trio or—beginning Tuesday, May 20—the Les McCann trio. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, the Jimmy Smith trio takes turns with comic Richard Pryor. Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, the Miles Davis quintet alternates with Mr. Pryor. (Shows from ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. The Tony Williams trio trades sets with Novella Nelson, a young woman who sings blues and gospel with conviction. On Tuesday, May 20, the Roland Kirk quartet will replace Miss N. Music begins—in theory, anyway—at nine-thirty. Mondays are reserved for the loud sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Golly, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

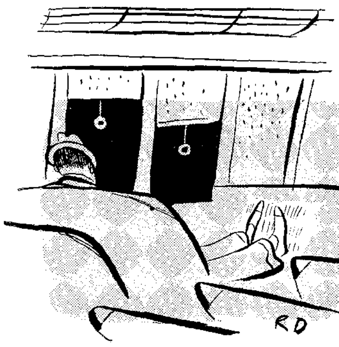
(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to rampant live rock and back again several times during the evening. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the diners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as on Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music comes from Group Therapy until Tuesday, May 20, when Meat moves in. On Thursday, May 15, at eight, a benefit concert by violinist Itzhak Perlman, cellist Stephen Kates, and pianist Malcolm Frager will precede the regular events, which begin at about ten-thirty. On Monday, May 19, the Electric Ear series will continue, with two compositions by David Rosenboom: "Thud, Thud" and "She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not." Wednesdays are blues nights, with a minimum of dancing; on May 21, the blues artists will be Big Mama Thornton (who may sing "Let's Go Get Stoned" with little effect in this dry place), and Jesse Fuller.



L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (oh, wow!) the Danube. Between record sets, three girls who call themselves the Trilogy do some singing. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. Little wheels spin and spin; big wheels turn around and around. The live music is provided by Los Banditos. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A handsome reward is offered to all who enter upon the little kingdom of the Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets.... **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Dig we must, if we are to trace the course of Empire that once held sway. The music still plays on, for auld lang syne—some of it people (Lester Lanin) music, some of it pre-packed. Closed Sundays.... **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays.... **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Early native cottage industries, such as the two-step and the fox-trot, are still being carried on, simon-pure. No others need apply. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at 3:30 P.M.; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Mondays and Tuesdays, the clinic is in the charge of Mabel Mercer, whose favorite prescription (take love life where and as you find it) is set to the best words and music the best collaborators (among them Buddy Barnes, at the piano) can supply; the remainder of the week, Sundays excepted, Joan Rivers issues her prescription for the American housewife (spare the rod and spoil the husband). Nothing doing until nine-thirty or ten.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the Aegean, the Gulf

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our exclusive formula for improving a tan is a white cotton piqué shirtdress lavished with wide, white lace. For 6 to 16 sizes, $50. In our Lisa Cobb Collection. Mail and phone orders filled.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Corinth, and tributaries. Among the hands are Avram Grobard, head man and joker; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; Turkan, *ventriste;* and Yoel Dan and his trio. Dancing, and home cooking, often Israeli. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Free Fall," the local revue, is enacted by a set of skillful boy and girl earthlings (Patti Deutsch must be specially commended) and is possessed by a demon (the mind of Ronny Graham, its head coach), which makes the end product that much funnier. At nine-thirty and midnight, except on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The 5th Dimension, part of the New Math, breaks into strenuous song during the dinner and supper hours in the Royal Box, where the Lee Evans orchestra, whose arrangements are scored in the New Calculus, is intricate and interesting. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—No Spanish moss has time to grow under the feet of Los Chavales de España, Iberia's largest standing and singing army. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Emilio Prados) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Midsummer-night's dream is the mood created by Dionne Warwick, of whose voice the Bard was thinking when he said, "Sweet, my sweet, gentle sweet." On Thursday, May 22, she gives way to Tom Jones, a present-day Welsh bard of power and glory. Every night. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the chords that course through the instruments blow in from Miami and Las Vegas. They belong to the Pacesetters, whose alphabet ranges from alacrity to zest. From ten on and on, every night.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The lower deck of this particular Longchamps rises well above room temperature as early as six-thirty and stays that way until two every night but Sunday. Roy Eldridge's quintet (for which Jimmy Rushing bays), a triad composed of Milt Hinton, Marty Napoleon, and Don Lamond, plus Muriel Roberts's solo piano. No (sorry!) dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, there are samples of the special choral work by the Lettermen, who always *ring twice—at dinner and at supper.* The rest of the time, the dance bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte keep on lowing o'er the luxurious lea. Everything quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** the Dukes of Dixieland, a band of barnstormers who know all the old, old tricks, end their visit on Sunday, May 18. On Tuesday, May 20, George Shearing, alone at last, begins a new career as a-capella pianist. Mousie Alexander's men will still be there for anyone who wants to dance. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Closed Mondays. Events begin at eight. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—usually every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Summit *cum laude.* Dancing begins at seven, and twice during the evening Marilyn Maye, a hard worker, thumps out a batch of songs. On Monday, May 19, Miss Maye will be replaced by Felicia Sanders, who, to hear her sing it (and sing it well), is passion's plaything. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The old castle keep of the Maisonette looks pretty much as it has always looked (accent on the "pretty"), even with the added bookstalls, but the sound is new: at the moment, Jeanne Steel, a soprano on her novitiate excursion into night life; as of Monday, May 19, the firm of Kole & Param, dealers in song and story. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's *Latinos* are in charge of the consumers' footwork all evening; the other performers appear at ten-fifteen the first half of the week, and at nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen from Thursday on. Lights out Sundays, though. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the upsurge of sound that engulfs the Empire Room during dinner and supper, Diana Ross is the lead singer and the two Supremes are her satellites, but the one knowingly christened Cindy Birdsong is just as likely to catch the eye and the ear. Dance tunes flow freely, the best of them from the Re Vells, who are Op as well as Pop. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one or so, and dinner and supper are on the hob (but not the house). This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Community spirit in an all-seasons resort on an Our Town basis. The permanent residents are led by the double piano of Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who are generally on hand from eight until forever. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the niceties of life after dark are considered the necessities. The ways of life trod by both the idle and the idyllic rich are the concern of the lyrics sung by Bobby Short, whose background is his own piano and his idyllic sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Not before nine-thirty, and not on Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica rum blends with the dishes and the decoration, both (like the rum) indigenous; the Jamaica ginger is made on the spot by the carolling, peripatetic singers. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The denizens of both bar and grill will, upon application, trust anybody over twenty-one, but that is mostly because they're having such a good time. Chuck Wayne's pensive but persuasive triad intersperses the conversation pieces until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): It's not quite the Ivy, though it offers resemblances to that London retreat, but it *is* sort of Ivy League. No Ivy, though, on the brow of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear and Manhattan, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): She would have been named Fifi or Mimi in Paris when it sizzled, but in the twentieth-century New World she is Rita Dimitri, an open bottle of champagne on a piano top. She sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued. from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Act 1, Scene 1 of a Hungarian operetta in rehearsal. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band represents the merry villagers. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Rantipole, hubris, and tantivy, all because the waiters would rather sing for your supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Most everything on Second Avenue is, as it should be, off limits; exception can be made for Charles De Forest, who, though he must spend his nights in a piano bar, sings distinctly non-piano-bar songs all night long. He lays off Sundays; the other amusers should do that every night.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. With-

Do you speak Réplique?
(The perfume with a language all its own.)

R
Réplique
RAPHAEL
PARIS

Try a Status Look

in a coat that's marvelous daytime, date time...travel too! Rain and stain repellent because the Travis fabric of Antron® nylon* is protected by Du Pont **ZEPEL**®. Glorious colors of silver gray, white, tulip pink or navy. 6 to 16. About $55. Bonwit Teller, New York and branches; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago and branches; Talbot's, Hingham, Mass., Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.

*DACRON FILLED
® REG. T. M.

COUTURE SPECIALTIES
a division of Handmacher
533 Seventh Avenue, New York

in, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 70th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The rear echelons make a fine, pocket-size Roman Empire; the bar remains Little Old New York, and there Lynn Mullinax does the proper prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Because of an interior staircase, this is the Siamese twin of Sign of the Dove, one floor below, but the decorator has made it an Ottoman, Moroccan, Mallorcan, or who-can-tell twin. Piano, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. Piano every night, five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Perfect pitch—that describes the setting in which the ancient art of Viennese dinner music is still carried on. It is produced by George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, between eight-thirty and one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Herman Honigsberg's strolling players (fiddles and music boxes) have returned to the scene of their prime, and they do help make the scene. From seven until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment, Joe Miles conducts the piano from nine-thirty until one. He has Sundays and Mondays to himself. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Time is measured here in Roman numerals, and the architecture is Roman candles. In the midst of it all, Franco Pagani serves as ambient and articulate minstrel, from seven until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Carl Andre—Modular floor sculptures; through Wednesday, May 21. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Baber—Circular motifs in high-keyed transparent hues; starting Saturday, May 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Bellows—Twelve paintings, mainly landscapes, one a *tennis match; through Saturday*, May 24. (Allison, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ben Benson—Geometrical compositions of layers of colored paper; through May 29. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fernando Botero—Social-commentary paintings with a folk-art quality by a Colombian artist now living in New York; through May 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Dan Christensen—Spray paintings in *brilliant* metallic colors; starting Saturday, May 17. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Chumley—Realistic paintings of regional themes; through May 31. (Hirschl & Adler, *21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)*

William Clutz—Color studies; through May 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sophie Corwin, Cliff Glynn, and James Kroeplin—Welded-steel sculptures by Mrs. Corwin, a painter; impressions of art-world types in drawings and paintings by Mr. Glynn; and Abstract Expressionist-derived paintings by Mr. Kroeplin. Through May 31. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sergio de Camargo—White reliefs composed of square and oblong wooden shapes; through Saturday, May 24. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Dream figures and cityscapes in watercolor; through Saturday, May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mimi Gross Grooms and Red Grooms—Drawings and watercolors of Europe; through June 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Renato Guttuso—Drawings for Dante's "Divine Comedy" by a leading Italian social realist; through May 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Etienne Hajdu—Semi-abstract reliefs and free-standing sculptures, mostly in bronze and aluminum, some in marble or slate; through Saturday, May 17. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

John Healey—Sculptural effects created through projections of light, by a British experimentalist; through Saturday, May 17. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—The first half (1950-58) of a retrospective of paintings by a Viennese who has gained notice in international exhibitions but whose first one-man show in New York this is; through May 29. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lillian Kahner—Expressionist landscapes and still-lifes; starting Monday, May 19. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

Kandinsky, Franz Marc, and August Macke—A large benefit showing of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; through May 28. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Klee and Giorgio Morandi—Oil paintings, watercolors, and drawings; through Saturday, May 24. (*Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed* Mondays.)

Dorothy and Chaim Koppelman—A man-and-wife team, both followers of Eli Siegel's Aesthetic Realism, present paintings by the former, prints and drawings by the latter; through May 31. (Terrain, 39 Grove St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Nicholas Krushenick—Fields of color penetrated by eccentric systems; through Wednesday, May 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michel Larionov (1881-1964)—Forty-two paintings covering the development of the Russian modernist famous for his work with the Diaghilev Ballet; through Saturday, May 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Rico Lebrun (1900-64)—Almost all the sculptures created by this West Coast painter; through Saturday, May 24. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Liebermann (1847-1935)—Drawings and graphics by Germany's best-known Jewish modernist; through June 13. (Leo Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St. Closed Saturdays.)

Richard Lindner—Watercolors and drawings by a specialist in fear-generating females; through Saturday, May 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

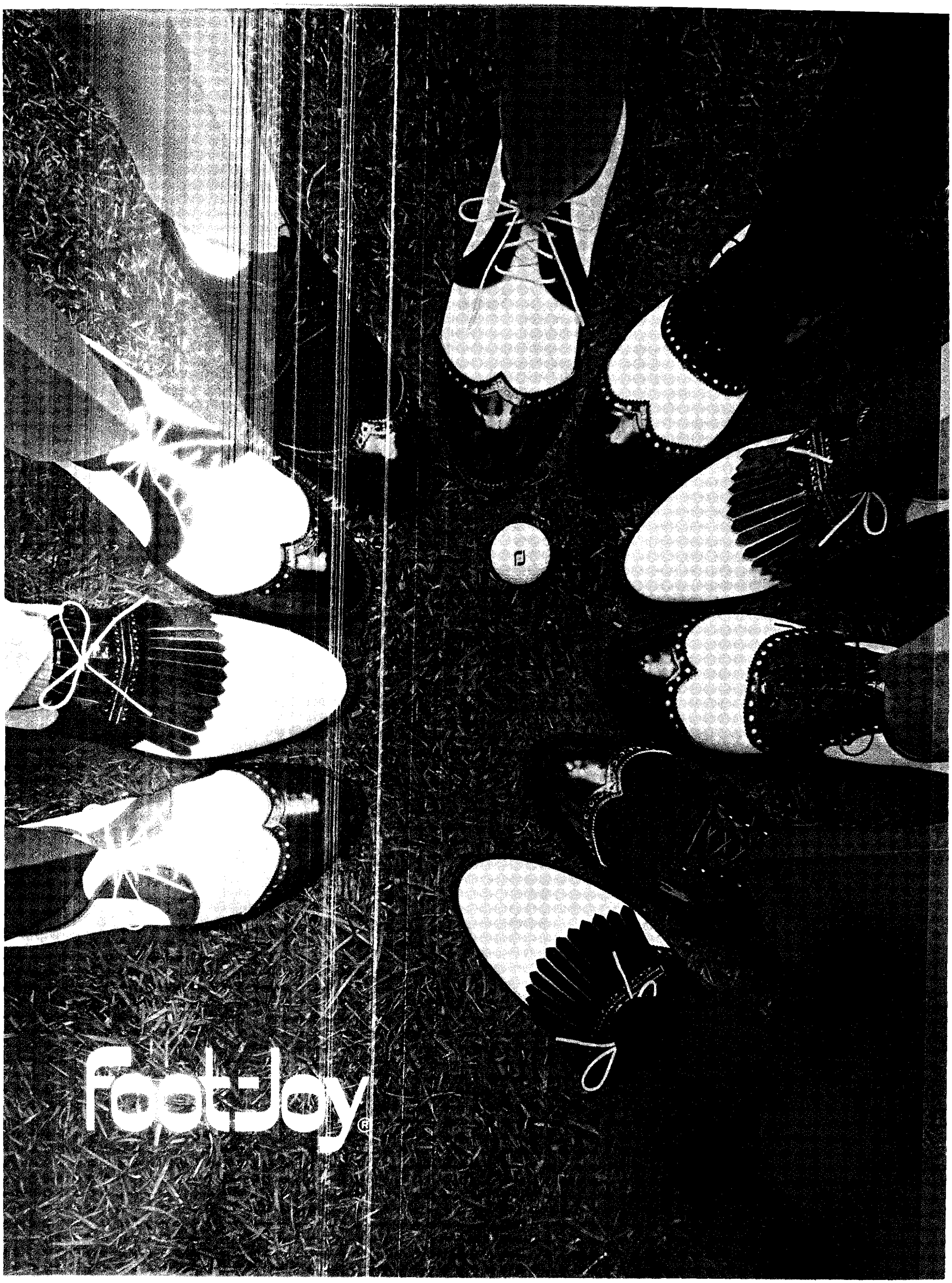
Rena Mandelbaum—Geometric paintings; through May 31. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

César Manrique—Heavily painted, volcanic abstractions; through Saturday, May 17. (Viviano, 42 *E. 57th St.)*

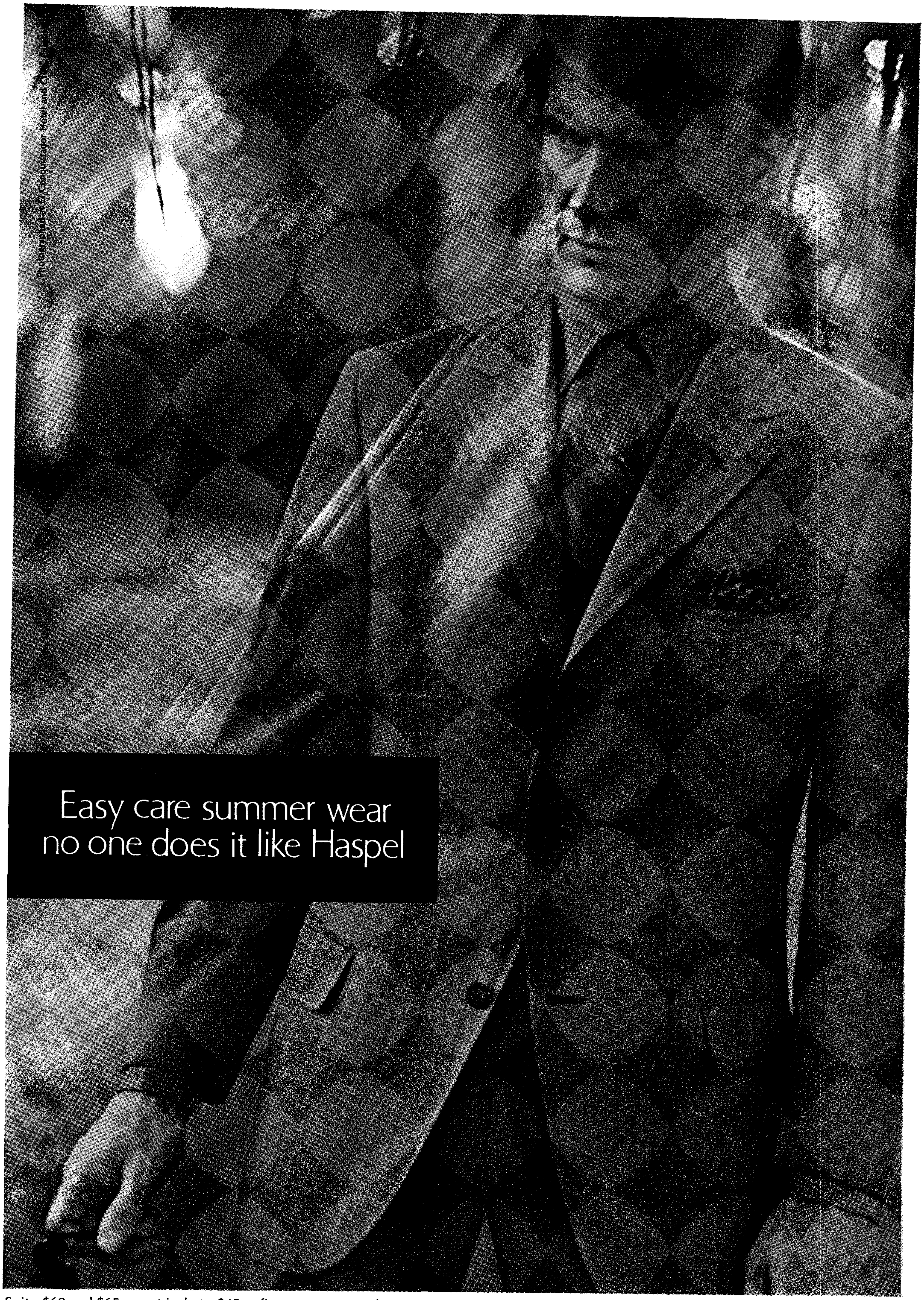
Giacomo Manzù—Bronze reliefs, including studies for his widely discussed panels for the door of St. Peter's in Rome; through May 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Brice Marden—Paintings consisting of panels in single colors; through Saturday, May 17. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Agnes Martin and John McCracken—Four



Patent Joys. Who says you have to play like a pro to look like one?
See your Golf Professional for the complete selection of Foot-Joy golf fashions.
For brochure of styles and prices, write Dept. NY, Brockton Footwear, Inc., Brockton, Mass. 02403


Photographed at El Conquistador Hotel and
Easy care summer wear
no one does it like Haspel

Suits, $60 and $65; sport jackets, $45 at fine stores everywhere. Haspel Bros., Inc., New Orleans, U.S.A.

paintings and four sculptures by two Minimalists; through June 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Micossi—Etchings of Italian and French landscapes; through Wednesday, May 21. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Robert Motherwell—This Abstract Expressionist has turned to compositions based on the square, in one or two colors; through June 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Gray paintings, some of them introducing the male nude; through May 31. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Watercolors; through June 7. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nathan Oliveira—Fantasies about the human face and figure in drawings and lithographs by a California artist; through May 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Pace—Figurative oils and watercolors by a former Abstract Expressionist; through June 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Pashgian—Spherical and egg-shaped epoxy sculptures; through May 29. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pavia—Fifteen monumental Abstract sculptures in marble, by a founding father of the Artists Club; through Saturday, May 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Pearson—Abstract watercolors emphasizing linear rhythms; through May 31. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—More of this artist's combines; through Saturday, May 17. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Gloria F. Ross—Tapestries executed from designs by Paul Feeley, Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, Jack Youngerman, and others; through May 25. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Henri Rousseau—Paintings and drawings from the collection of his friend Max Weber, together with letters from Rousseau to Weber, Picasso, and others; through May 31. (Feigen, 25 E. 77th St.)

Tim Scott—A British artist's first one-man show in the United States, consisting of two mammoth constructions of steel tubes and bars and acrylic sheets; through May 28. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margaret Shotwell—Impressionist landscapes and portraits by a Woodstock, N.Y., artist who died in 1965; through June 7. (Shuster, 536 Third Ave., at 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Albert Stadler—Paintings featuring expanses of color; through Thursday, May 22. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rufino Tamayo—Lithographs in black and white and color, and pastel maquettes for some of them, by this leading Mexican artist; through Saturday, May 24. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Sabina Teichman—Expressionist portraits, figures, and fantasies in vivid color; through May 31. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Gerald van de Wiele—Landscape paintings and drawings; through May 31. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Vickrey—Paintings, many in egg tempera; through Saturday, May 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1969 annual exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through June 1. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

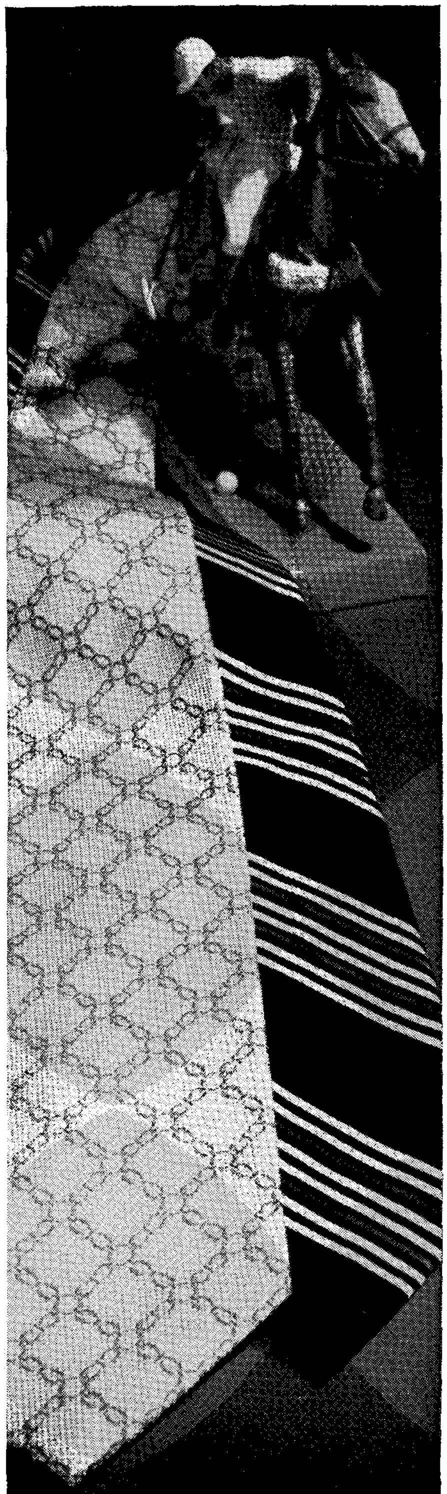
Society of American Graphic Artists—The fiftieth annual award exhibition, plus a historical section with prints by Marin, Picasso, Cassatt, Matisse, and other exhibitors in earlier S.A.G.A. shows; through May 31. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven artist-couples, in most of which the husband is the better known; through June 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: About forty paintings and twenty drawings by Jared French, Maurice Grosser, Ken Davies, and Margo Hoff (to mention a few); through Saturday, May 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Matisse, Avery, Brandt, de Kooning, De Niro, Kadish, Orozco, and five others; through Friday, May 23. (Closed Mondays.). . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: A few of the artists in a comprehensive show of Dadaist work in many mediums are Duchamp, Ernst, Grosz, Richter, Schwitters, and Tzara; through June 6. (Closed Mondays.). . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and collages by thirty black artists—Romare Bearden, Jacob Lawrence, Richard Hunt, Tom Lloyd, and Thomas Sills, to name several; through May 29. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: New works by gallery artists, among them Oldenburg, Marisol, and Segal; through May 31. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth-century American landscapes by, for example, Durand, Cole, Kensett, and Inness; through May 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Drawings by prominent twentieth-century American painters and sculptors; starting Saturday, May 17. . . . **NEW SCHOOL GRADUATE FACULTY CENTER**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Inaugurating the new center, an exhibition of fifty-eight paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Agostini, Baskin, Nevelson, Lester Johnson, Hedda Sterne, Bearden, and other noted artists; through June 7. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.). . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through June 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, Walt Kuhn, and others; through May 29. . . . **SHICKMAN**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Sixty anonymous sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century drawings; through Saturday, May 24. . . . **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave. at 48th St.: A hundred and fifty oils and sculptures and two hundred graphics by artists of sixty countries—artists who are recognized at home but have not had one-man shows in New York; through June 6. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists, a few well known, exploring aesthetic possibilities of TV; starting Saturday, May 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZEGRÍ**, 152 E. 79th St.: Twenty-four painters from Venezuela; through June 7. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—At **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Arp, Maillol, Barlach, Matisse, Moore, Calder, and Giacometti are among the artists represented in a survey of twentieth-century works; through June 7. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BRYANT PARK**, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.: An exhibition by the Sculptors Guild of pieces by such artists as de Creeft, Padovano, Gross, and Campbell, plus winners of a recent young sculptors competition conducted by the Guild; through June 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Note—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; starting Wednesday, May 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; starting Wednesday, May 21. (Tues-



When you
tie one on
be sure it's a
Reis

For gentlemen of taste,
in a wide variety
of fine fabrics and designs.
Four-fifty to ten dollars the tie
at better shops.

Reis of New Haven
75 Daggett Street, New Haven, Conn.
237 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

There is a certain kind of woman who initials duffel bags in needlepoint. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

White duck jeans and a
waterproof shell have a way
of turning landlubbers
into deckhands in no time.
The cotton pants, 8 to 16, 12.00
Made of this year's wet-looking
nylon ciré, the shell is
really dry as can be.
Red or yellow. S, M, L. 13.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/San Francisco/Boston
St. Louis/Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland
Rochester/Baltimore/Chicago/Providence
Philadelphia/Buffalo/Kansas City/Hartford
Detroit/Washington, D. C./Springfield
Newport/Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century Florentine paintings, drawings, and sculptures from American collections. Columbia University collaborated in the exhibition. Through June 15. . . . ¶ Sculptures done last year by the painter Jules Olitski; through Sunday, May 18. . . . ¶ A hundred photographs by thirty photographers from Brady to Stieglitz and Steichen; through June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through June 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the sculptures and other creations of Jean Arp from the earliest works in 1910 to his death in 1966; starting Friday, May 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective, consisting of a hundred and fifty oils, watercolors, egg-tempera miniatures, and prints, of the works of Julius Bissier, a German refugee in Switzerland, who died in 1965; starting Friday, May 16. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, sculptures, films, and music, mostly created for an exhibition called "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials," and meant to exist only for its duration, by twenty-two artists, among them Carl Andre, William Bollinger, Eva Hesse, Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, Robert Ryman, and Richard Serra; starting Tuesday, May 20. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions comprising some hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, collages, and prints by sixty-seven artists, thirty-three of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; through June 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday through Thursday evenings, May 20-22, until 11; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth-century French prints and drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec, Delacroix, Pissarro, Manet, and others; through June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Earth History offers a variety of displays that examine the mysteries of our planet's history and evolution. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A large assembly of paintings, bronzes, ritual implements, and temple scrolls from eight centuries of Tibetan art, including secret paintings and sculptures meant to be seen only by Buddhist initiates; through June 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Figurines of the T'ang dynasty (618-906 A.D.) depicting non-Chinese who played various roles in Chinese life, and also ceramic vessels influenced by the West; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, graphics, posters, sculptures, furniture, and objects of art in the Art Nouveau style; through June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred paintings and fifty drawings constituting a retrospective covering all periods of the social-realist Philip Evergood; through June 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Nearly three hundred items (books, manuscripts, maps, prints, first editions) dated prior to 1821, and, at that, only an hors d'oeuvre from the archives of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass.; through May 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About two hundred articles, such as books, boxes, and tapestries, designed by a hundred prominent American and European artists, among them Oldenburg, Christo, Arman, Vasarely, Rosenquist, Frank Stella, and Man Ray; through June 29. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, except May 23, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A gathering of handcrafted objects by anonymous Swiss artisans: chaff spitters, inn signs, lace pictures, and such; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Eighty watercolors by American Indians, craft objects (such as kachinas, pottery, and blankets), and seventy-five photographs of Navajo life; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the final performances of the regular season. Performances of Mahler's Symphony No. 3 on Thursday, May 15, at 8:30; Friday, May 16, at 2; and Saturday, May 17, at 8:30 (all with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; the Women's Chorus from the Schola Cantorum of New York; and two boys' choruses). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, June 14. A program of Spanish music on Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, and Saturday, May 24, all at 8:30 (with Maralin Niska, soprano, and Ned Styres, baritone); and a program of Russian music on Friday, May 23, at 8:30 (with Donald Gramm, bass-baritone, and the Bil Baird Marionettes).

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Max Rudolf and Erich Kunzel directing, with Dave Brubeck, piano; Robert Hale, baritone; and the Miami University Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing the final program of the season, with Diana Hoagland, soprano; Earnest Murphy, tenor; Robert Mosley, baritone; the Westminster Choir; and the boys of the Choir School of St. Thomas Church. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 3, and Monday, May 19, at 8:30.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducting a performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" in concert form. (Town Hall. Monday, May 19, at 8. Admission is free.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano, and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8:30.)

Pro Arte Double Chorale and Chamber Orchestra—John Nelson directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Solomon," with Patricia Brooks, soprano; John Ferrante, countertenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 23, at 8.)

RECITALS

Mildred Dilling and John Robert Dunlap—Harp and baritone. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8:30.)

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8:30.)

New Amsterdam Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 19, at 8:30.)

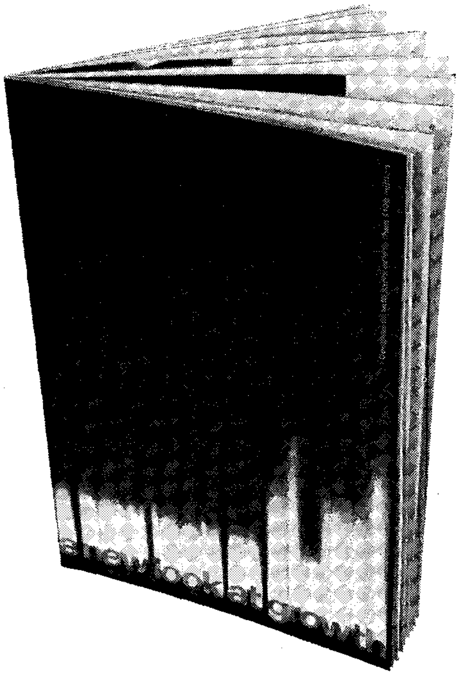
JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The Who, Sweetwater, and It's a Beautiful Day—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 8 and 11:30.

Ray Nance in Concert—The Duke Ellington Society presenting a program of music by the Duke and/or Billy Strayhorn, performed by Mr. Nance, Walter Davis, Carl Pruitt, Tiny Grimes, and others. (New School, 66

Just printed.

"A New Look at Growth"



This 48-page booklet brings you key facts about 64 smallish companies that look to us like up-and-coming growth stocks. We think many could double earnings in the next 5 years—and some could triple. If you'd like a free copy, send us the coupon below.

We describe each company in about 300 words—enough to give you a taste of its record, products, competitive position, and prospects. There's also a chart showing the price of the stock for the last 10 years and the first quarter of 1969.

The back of the booklet has a handy statistical section that covers all 64 companies. It shows earnings per share in '67 and '68, annual dividend rate, recent price, number of shares outstanding, and the P/E ratio based on '68 earnings.

Why we took a new look at growth

Things have changed.

It used to be that practically all you needed to sniff out a growth stock was a good nose for technology. Xerox smelled good to some people. Polaroid smelled good to others. And sure enough, both rose higher than a soufflé at Pavillon.

But technology's not enough anymore. The time has come, as the Walrus said, to speak of many things. Like marketing. And management. And even of specialization.

It may seem odd in this age of conglomerates, but some companies got into our booklet mostly because they specialize so profitably. Certain software companies, for example.

Why we left out the giants

We wanted companies that could show dramatic gains in earnings. That's a lot easier for Davids than for Goliaths.

During the last five years, for example, about half the companies in our booklet increased their earnings by 10 to 30 percent a year.

Some have boosted earnings by over 70 percent a year. That's no guarantee of future performance, but it sure sounds encouraging, doesn't it?

Although we focused on growth, we didn't forget about quality. Among others, we left out companies with spotty earnings records, limited marketability for their shares, and relatively weak financial positions.

We put a lot into this booklet. We hope you get a lot out of it.

504EA

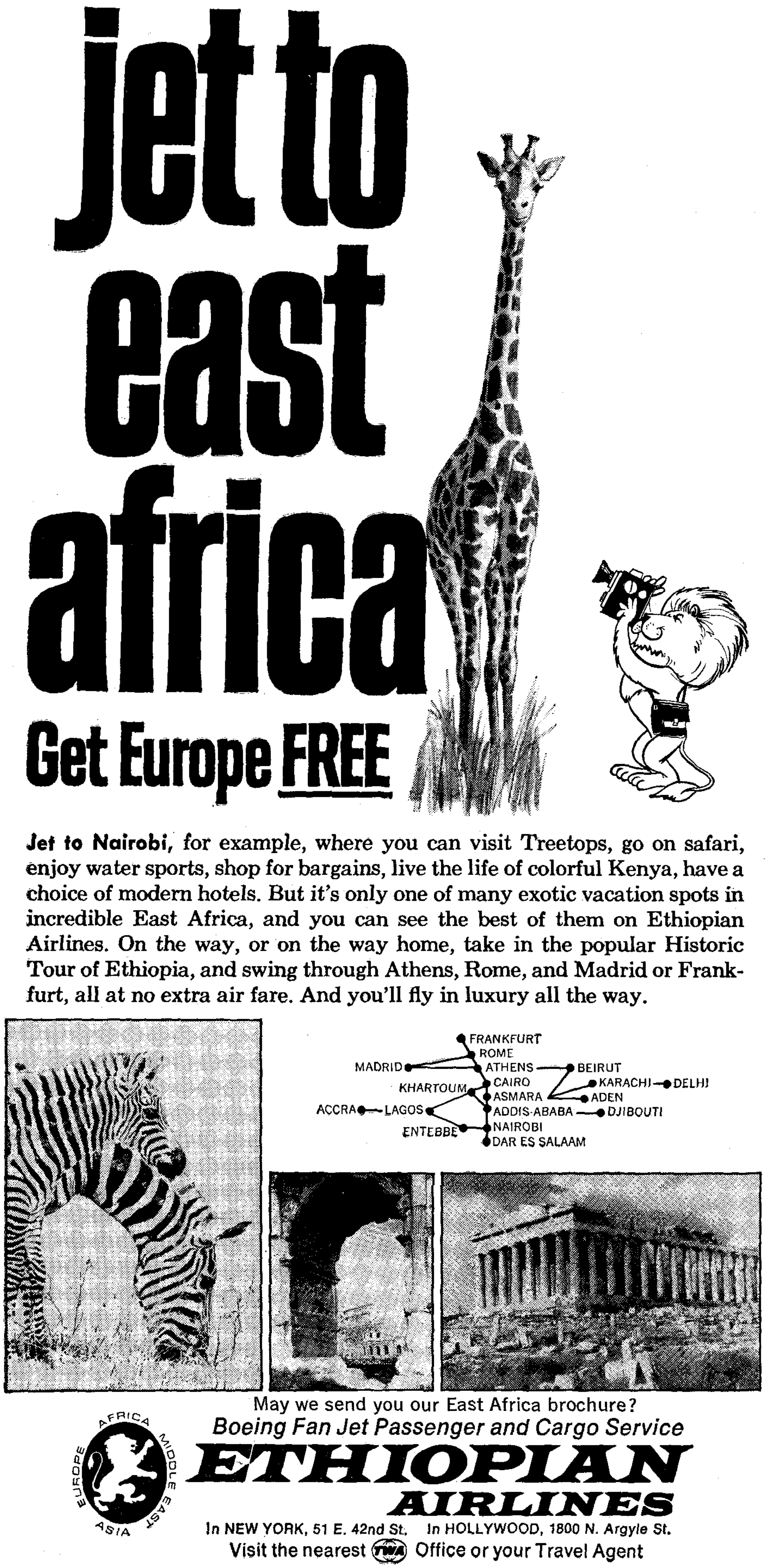
MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

To: Merrill Lynch, P.O. Box 333
Wall Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10005

Please send me "A New Look at Growth—Companies with Sales of Less Than $100 Million."

Mr.
Mrs
Miss ____________________
(Please print)
Address ____________________
City ____________ Phone ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________

NL



jet to east africa

Get Europe **FREE**

Jet to Nairobi, for example, where you can visit Treetops, go on safari, enjoy water sports, shop for bargains, live the life of colorful Kenya, have a choice of modern hotels. But it's only one of many exotic vacation spots in incredible East Africa, and you can see the best of them on Ethiopian Airlines. On the way, or on the way home, take in the popular Historic Tour of Ethiopia, and swing through Athens, Rome, and Madrid or Frankfurt, all at no extra air fare. And you'll fly in luxury all the way.

May we send you our East Africa brochure?

Boeing Fan Jet Passenger and Cargo Service

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES

In NEW YORK, 51 E. 42nd St. In HOLLYWOOD, 1800 N. Argyle St.

Visit the nearest TWA Office or your Travel Agent

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. 12th St. Sunday, May 18, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Jimi Hendrix Experience and the Buddy Miles Express—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, May 18, at 8.

Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short—Town Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 8:30.

Sly and the Family Stone, Clarence Carter, and Rotary Connection—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, at 8 and 11:30.

MISCELLANY

Jean-Louis Barrault, Madeleine Renaud, and the New York Chamber Soloists—A program (postponed from April 25) of words and music from France. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 17, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Atlanta, Thursday, May 15, at 2:05. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. California, Friday, May 16, at 8; Saturday, May 17, at 2; and Sunday, May 18, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 20-21, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, May 23, at 8, and Saturday, May 24, at 2.

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 17.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Saturday, May 17.). . . ¶ Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Wednesday, May 21, and Saturday, May 24.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Acorn, Saturday, May 17; the Roseben Handicap, Wednesday, May 21; and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 24. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Friday, May 30. The Camden Handicap, Saturday, May 24. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 17.

Professional Tennis—Rod Laver, Andres Gimeno, Pancho Gonzales, Roy Emerson, Tony Roche, Ray Moore, Marty Riessen, and Dennis Ralston. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, May 15-16, at 6:30, and Saturday, May 17, at 7:30.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 17, at 11.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.). . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 17, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, May 17-18, at 1 and 3:30.). . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Captives of the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, chickens, and monkeys. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.). . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among

A bit of common sense in the Drinking Society.

DUBONNET
DUBONNET
Dubonnet
An Aperitif Wine
MADE SINCE
DUBONNET BLONDE
BLONDE
Dubonnet
EXTRA DRY
THE ORIGINAL

In our society, too many people who drink, do not enjoy their drinking.

They drink what they drink because they think they ought to. Rather than drinking something else that might give them more pleasure.

Like Dubonnet, for instance—a very pleasurable drink. You drink it whenever you'd like a cocktail.

Its flavor is subtle. It is a quietly civilized drink.

Dubonnet will, however, make sociable occasions slightly more sociable.

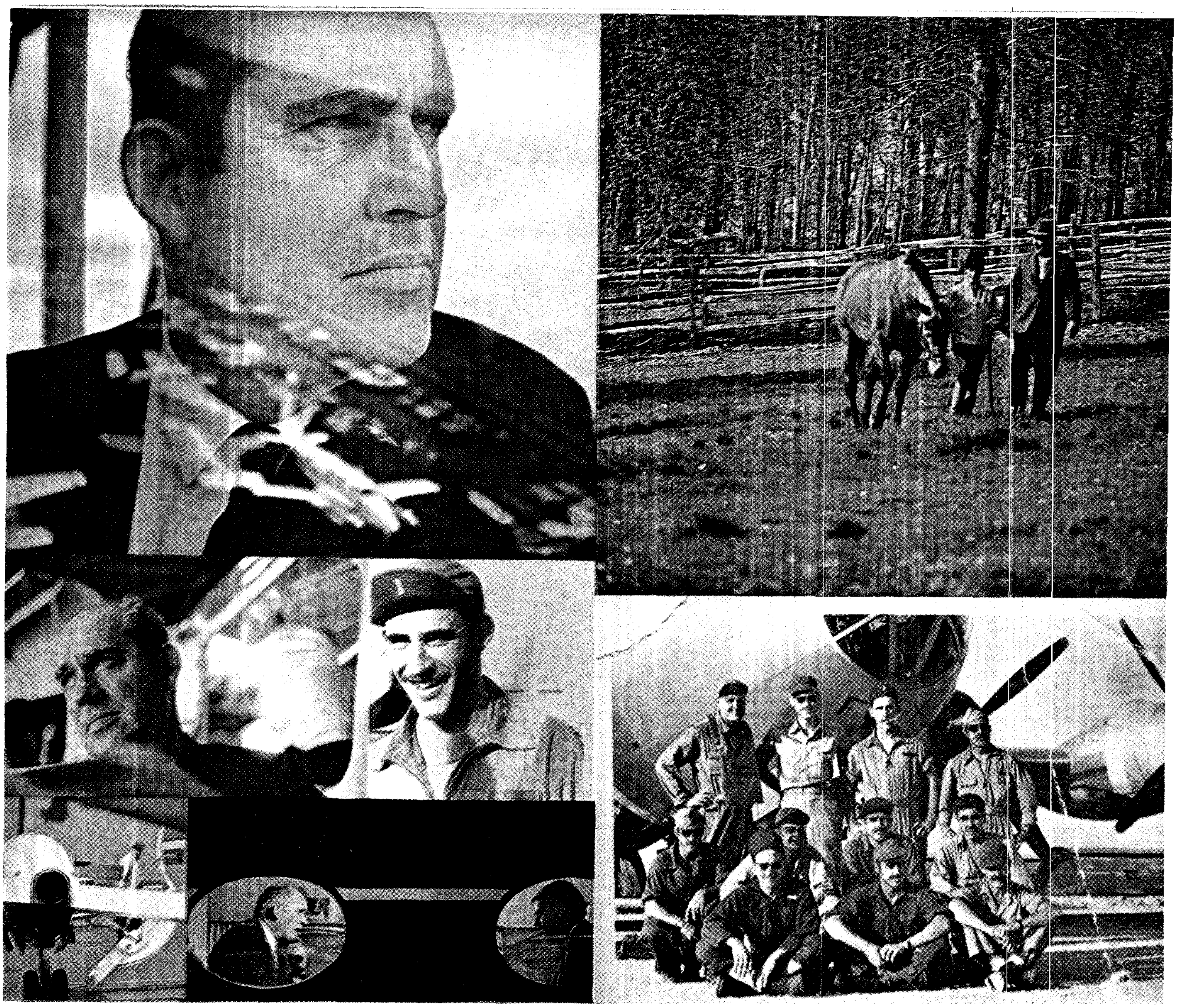
We have said of its taste, "A touch of Paris in every drop."

Which, admittedly, is a very romantic thing to say.

But, Dubonnet is a very romantic drink.

As well as a sensible one.

Dubonnet. A touch of Paris in every drop.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER

This man worked hard for his $830,000.

B-29 pilot at 22. Head of his own flying service at 26.

Now President of an international air cargo operation, this man can't take the time to manage his financial holdings personally. So he chose Chemical Bank to do it for him.

A senior bank officer supervises his portfolio. Consults with him to set goals. Then pursues them. Chemical collects and remits income, receives and delivers securities, provides safekeeping for his assets. Handles all the details for him. The fee is modest and mostly tax-deductible.

This man worked hard for his $830,000.
He wants the bank that works hardest to invest it well.

To arrange a confidential interview, call (212) 922-4414.
When your needs are financial, the reaction is Chemical.

Chemical Bank

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

them lambs, ducklings, rabbits, and a young mouflon. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Movies—"The Red Balloon," a French film without dialogue; and "The Magic Horse," a Russian animated film, with English dialogue. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, May 17, at 2:30. Admission is free.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Prose Readings—Doris Lessing reading from her own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Thursday, May 15, at 8:30.)

Lecture—"Arp—As I Knew Him," by Mme. Marguerite Arp. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. EN 9-5110. Saturday, May 17, at 3:30.)

Armed Forces Day Parade—Eight thousand representatives of the Armed Forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 92nd Street to 62nd Street, starting at 2 on Saturday, May 17.

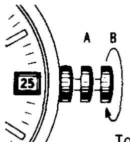
Flower Show—The May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, May 21, from 12:30 to 4.)

Walking Tour—"The New York of Clement Clarke Moore," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, May 18. Meets at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 15, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors; from the estate of Clifford Odets and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, May 16, at 1:45: Clichy, Baccarat, St. Louis, and other French and American paperweights; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian and North American Indian art; the property of the Carlebach Gallery. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorations, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 20, at 1:45: English, American, and Continental silver; from a number of collections. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 21, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 17. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 7:15: A benefit auction of Haitian paintings, from the Museum of Art in Port-au-Prince and from private collections. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 17.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—May 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Attack!" (1956), with Jack Palance and Eddie Albert. . . . ¶ May 15 at 8: "Peter Pan" (1925), directed by Herbert Brenon. . . . ¶ May 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Ramrod" (1947), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ May 17 at 11:30: "Major Barbara" (1941), with Wendy Hiller. . . . ¶ May 17 at 3 and 5:30: "Seven Men from Now" (1956), with Randolph Scott and Gail Russell. . . . ¶ May 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Tall T" (1957), with Randolph Scott and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ May 19 at 2 and 5:30: "The Last Wagon" (1956), with Richard Widmark and Felicia Farr. . . . ¶ May 20 at 2: "The Stars Look Down" (1941), directed by Carol Reed, with Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave. . . . ¶ May 20 at 5:30: "Slow Run" (1968), directed by Larry Kardish. . . . ¶ May 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Justice Is Done" (1950), in French, with Claude Nollier. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

Brooks Brothers
Kingmatic
HS 360



To set exact time, simply pull stem to position A and turn hands. To set date, pull to position B and turn until proper date appears.

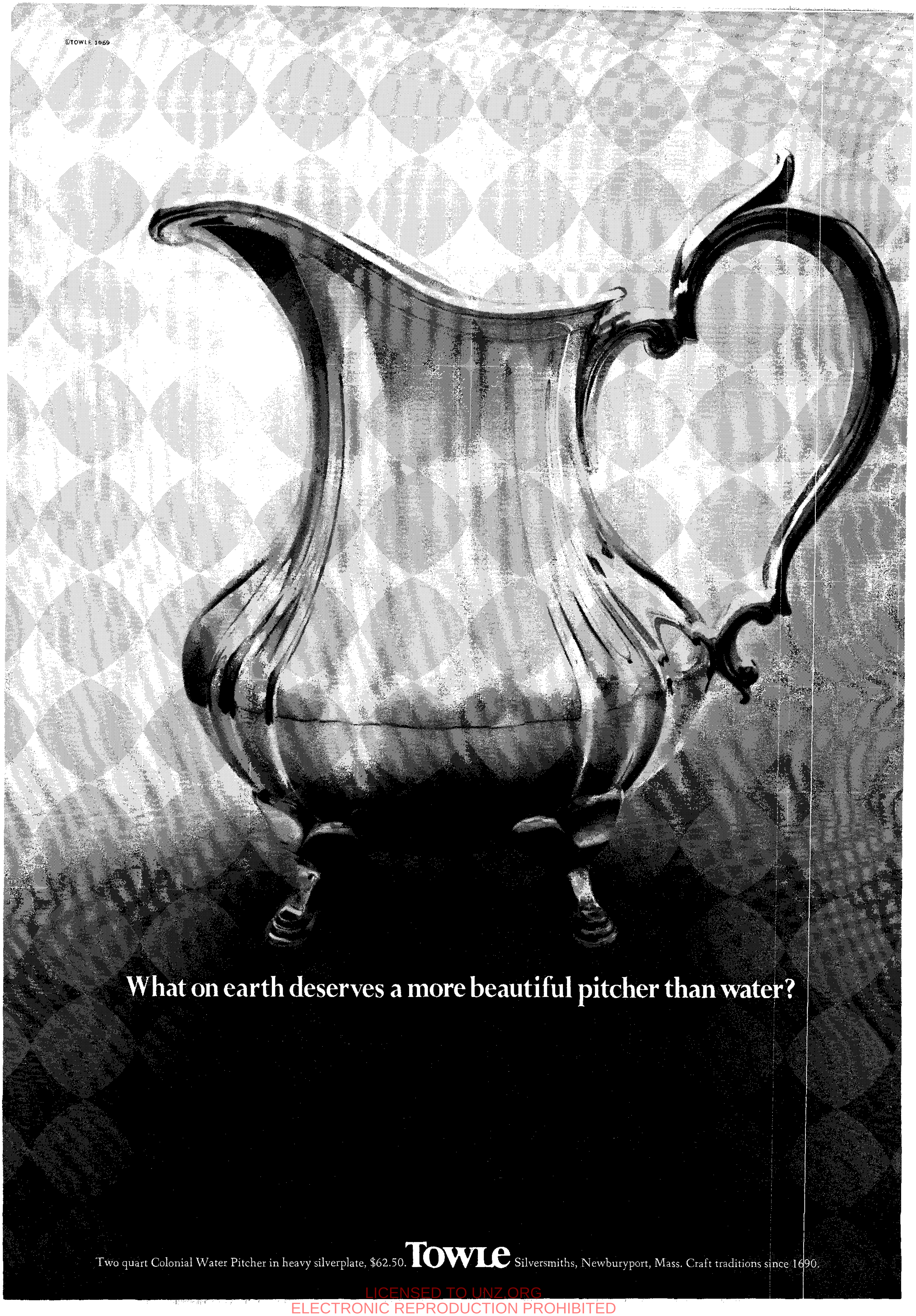
the ideal graduation gift...
OUR GOLDEN FLEECE WRIST WATCH
a new, high-frequency, self-winding watch with exclusive instamatic calendar

Designed for Brooks Brothers by world-renowned Movado of Switzerland, the new Golden Fleece watch has a 17 jewel high-frequency movement, HS 360, which beats twice as fast as standard watches...assuring accuracy to a minute a month. Eight hours wearing stores up thirty-six hours of reserve energy. As the most advanced self-winding watch in the world, the calendar can be set (see diagram above) to the desired date instantaneously. The case, totally water-resistant, is available in 14K gold, or with gold electroplate top and stainless steel back. This is a truly superb timepiece.

14K Gold Golden Fleece Watch, $250
Gold Electroplated Golden Fleece Watch, $150

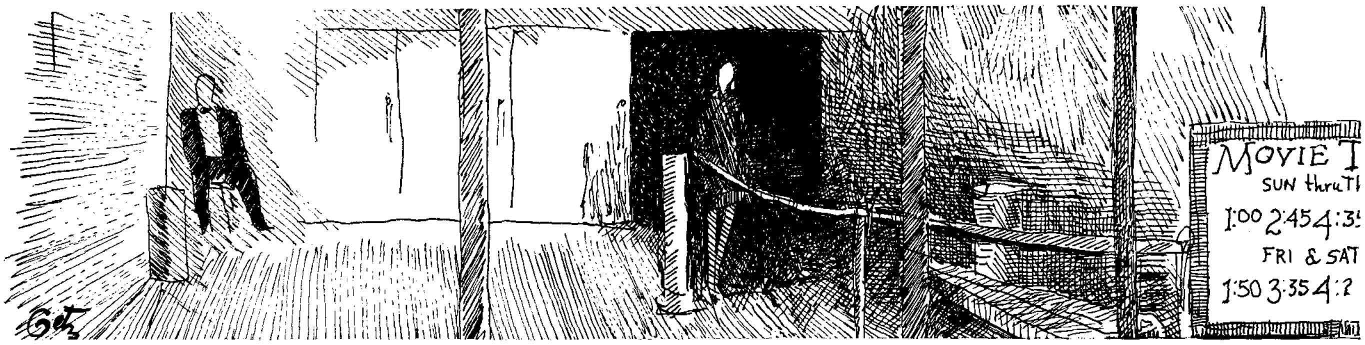
ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

©TOWLE 1969


What on earth deserves a more beautiful pitcher than water?

Two quart Colonial Water Pitcher in heavy silverplate, $62.50. **TOWLE** Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass. Craft traditions since 1690.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21			

Barbarella—A bad yet enjoyable movie; sex satire and science fiction, clumsily combined, but with amusing moments. Jane Fonda is in almost every scene, and she's charming. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 20.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 15.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Arthur Penn's story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 20.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on war and the Victorians has very pretty color and some witty bits. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through May 20.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 20.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth on the theme of a bright young Jewish boy who is caught in the middle of a Jewish joke and not laughing about it, although the film itself is funny, because Richard Benjamin, as the hero, seems exceptionally alert to the familiar gambits with guilt-giving. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Greetings—As tawdry as an exploitation film and as disorganized as an underground film, Brian De Palma's comedy about a draft evader is, nevertheless, funny and good-natured. With a whole gallery of new, young, talented performers. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through May 20.)

Hot Millions—Maggie Smith and Peter Ustinov in the first truly funny English comedy for a long time. Directed by Eric Till. If you care for the English, the character of the film is rather moving. The people are tough-tongued, apparently isolated, and secretly immensely good to one another. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 21.)

If . . .—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society, in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—This careless, lightweight comedy about the square-hippie conflict in a Los Angeles lawyer (Peter Sellers) can be a pleasant surprise if one doesn't go expecting a good movie. With Joyce Van Patten, and some sharp lines by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Directed by Hy Averback. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 21.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Karel Reisz's finely intelligent study of the character of Isadora Duncan, wonderfully acted and danced by Vanessa Redgrave. Some hamfist in the movie industry not only added "The Loves of" to the original title but also lopped off nearly an hour of the film's running length. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Misfits (1961)—Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable as a lonely young divorcée and an aging cowhand in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting May 20.)

Monterey Pop—*Cinéma vérité* about a pop music festival two summers ago in California, photographed by Donn Pennebaker with a team of associated cameramen and a revolutionary way of recording sound. Showing with a grimly funny short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday conferring in Hawaii. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Lola Montès—This is New York's first public run of Max Ophuls' best and last film. When he made it, in 1955, the backers cut it to ribbons. It is set in a circus, with Peter Ustinov as a ringmaster; Martine Carol as a king's courtesan, now declined into a display object for mobs, and risking her neck as a trapeze artist; and Anton Walbrook as the Bavarian king whom she loved. Ophuls' famous whirling style, and his constant sense of cross-play between hyperbole and common reality, turn the film into something close to Mozartian opera. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first American picture, in which she plays a cabaret singer. Also with Gary Cooper as a Foreign Legionnaire. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; May 16-19.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 15.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—The parodies of the old burlesque routines are so affectionate and so funny that one can forgive the general disorganization. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Britt Ekland, Elliott Gould, and, memorably, Joseph Wiseman in a classic comedy performance. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 20.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 20.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; May 15.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith as Muriel Spark's heroic, eccentric, snobbish teacher (a cross between Emlyn Williams' Miss Moffat and Norman Podhoretz' Mrs. K.), and Celia Johnson as Miss Brodie's quietly implacable enemy. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

La Prisonnière—The director of "The Wages of Fear," Henri-Georges Clouzot, wrote and directed this story about a far-out dealer in Op Art (Laurent Terzieff) who locks a girl into a sadomasochistic mock-intimacy that grips her by its appropriateness to her own fantasies. A faulty but very interesting piece of filmmaking by a director who knows what he is doing. In French. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

Rachel, Rachel—A beautiful, affectionate film, a lot more energizing than a bald statement of the plot sounds, about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher. Joanne Woodward plays her with piercing detail and humor. This is Paul Newman's first piece of movie direction, and it is very good. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; May 15.)

The Red and the White—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material, they make something austere and entirely to do with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through May 21, tentative.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Round Up—Miklós Jancsó's superb work of 1965 (made before his "The Red and the White"), about a group of resistance fighters and peasants in Hungary under the Austrians. Kossuth's rising of 1848 is twenty years back in their memory at the time of the film. It is a magnificent account of imprisonment in the middle of a great plain, made in black and white, with a composure and an intensity that again summon up Bresson. In Hungarian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

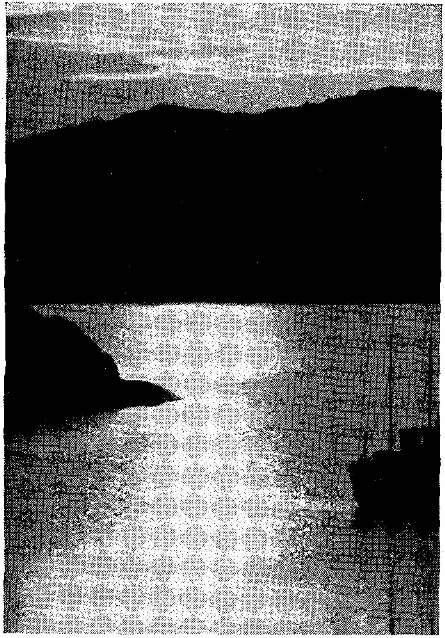
Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; May 16-19.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—Slapstick in the Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting May 20.)

Stolen Kisses—A pleasant romantic comedy by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 21.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 20.)

In the Raymond & Whitcomb manner



Norwegian sunset, 2:00 a.m.

SCANDINAVIAN SOJOURN
summer of 1969

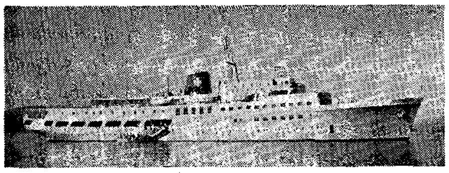
You are invited to join select parties of 150 discerning travellers flying via Pan American and SAS jet to Copenhagen and boarding the 4500-ton M.T.S. Argonaut, built as the world's largest private yacht, for a relaxed three-week voyage to the sparkling capital cities of Scandinavia, the grandeur of Leningrad, the Baltic Islands of Visby and Bornholm, and the magnificent fjords of Norway.

The weather will be brilliant, the sun's disc uniquely visible twenty hours each humidity-free warm summer day. During this private yachting experience you will meet friendly people filled with the gaiety of release from long, dark winters. *You will travel in comfort,* avoiding constant packing and unpacking, over-crowded hotels and busy transportation terminals.

July 12th to August 2nd
August 2nd to August 23rd

New York to New York rates are from $1,575 to $2,075 per person, double, with rooms alone at higher rates. For reservations and additional information, call, visit or write:

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017 • 212 PLaza 9-3960
"First in Travel Since 1879"



SAFETY INFORMATION: M.T.S. Argonaut, registered in Greece, meets international Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948 and the 1966 fire safety requirements. The Argonaut holds a 1960 Safety of Life at Sea Certificate.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 20: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **COOL HAND LUKE.**
From May 21: "Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish. (Daily at 3, 5:30, 8, and 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart" (in Danish), Harriet Andersson.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 20: **PERSONA** (in Swedish); and **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).
From May 21: **HOT MILLIONS**; and "The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 20: "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett; and "Deadfall," Michael Caine. (No afternoon performances Saturday and Sunday, May 17-18.)
From May 21: "Star!," Julie Andrews.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 20: "The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner.
From May 21: "The Green Slime," Robert Horton.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Wanderer" (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Succubus" (in German).

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
LA PRISONNIÈRE (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through May 18: "Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.
From May 19: "A Matter of Days," a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), *Philippe* Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LOLA MONTÈS (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Salesman," a documentary film.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
May 15: **RACHEL, RACHEL**; and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1968), Alan Arkin.
From May 16: Russ Meyer's "Vixen." (After 6 on Tuesday, May 20, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.)

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart" (in Danish), Harriet Andersson.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Death of a Gunfighter," Richard Widmark, Lena Horne.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Where It's At," David Janssen, Rosemary Forsyth.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
"Trans-Europ-Express" (1968; in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 20: **BARBARELLA**; and "The President's Analyst" (1967), James Coburn.
From May 21: ***I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!***; and "The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"2000 Years Later," Terry-Thomas.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 21 (tentative): **THE RED AND THE WHITE** (in Hungarian and Russian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 20: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**; and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.
From May 21: **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
May 15: **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**; and "Jezebel" (1938), Bette Davis, Henry Fonda.
May 16-19: **MOROCCO**; and **SHANGHAI EXPRESS.**
From May 20: **THE MISFITS**; and **SOME LIKE IT HOT.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 20: "The Illustrated Man," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.
From May 21: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1795)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S; and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.

Festival, *6 W. 57th. (581-2323)*
"Les Gauloises Bleues" (in French).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123.)
"Laughter in the Dark," Nicol Williamson, Anna Karina.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE ROUND UP (in Hungarian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 15: "Katerina Izmailova" (in Russian), Galina Vishnevskaya.
From May 16: Russ Meyer's "Vixen."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 20: "The Barefoot Contessa" (1954), Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner; and "*The Night of the Hunter*" (1955), Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters.
From May 21: "Moulin Rouge" (1953), José Ferrer, Colette Marchand; and "The Big Knife" (1955), Jack Palance, Ida Lupino.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 20: "The Brotherhood," Kirk Douglas, Alex Cord; and "The Secret War of Harry Frigg" (1968), Paul Newman, Sylva Koscina.
From May 21: **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 15: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**; and **THE BIG STORE.**
May 16-19: "The Band Wagon" (1953), Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse; and "Masquerade in Vienna" (1933; in German).
From May 20: **THE THIN MAN**; and "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945), Joan Leslie, Robert Alda.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 20: **GREETINGS.**
From May 21: "Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

If you traveled the way your luggage does, would you look as good as Samsonite?

The people who handle your luggage at the airlines are gentle by nature.

But face it. They can't travel with you, and keep their eye on your luggage all the way.

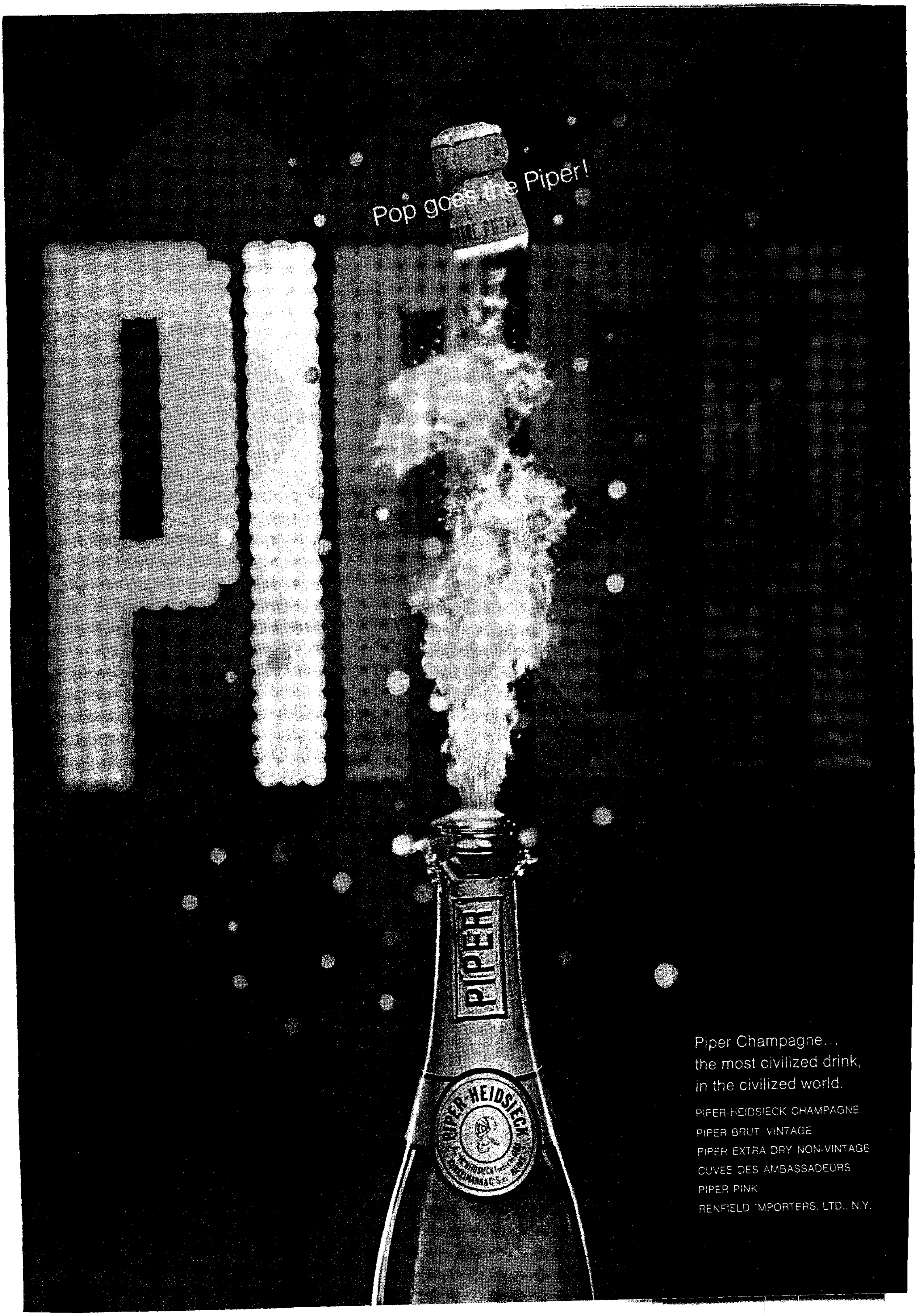
That's why we made Samsonite Fashionaire® the way we did.

Our Fashionaire "Exotic" Group. Don't let the delicious splash of colors and patterns fool you.

The soft scuff-resistant sides give a little so you can take a lot in the elegant interior. But the frame of rugged lightweight magnesium won't give an inch. Locks are recessed for safety.

So sit back and be comfortable. If you arrive half as fresh as Exotic Group Luggage, consider the trip beautiful. **More people depend on Samsonite® than any other luggage on earth.**

Shown: In Venice Gold, Ladies' Beauty Case $40.00, 24 Ladies' Pullman Case $50.00, 29 World Traveller $70.00. Also shown in Peacock Blue Floral, Ladies' Weekender $42.50. At all fine department and specialty stores. Samsonite Corporation, Denver, Colorado 80217.


Pop goes the Piper!
PIPER
PIPER
PIPER-HEIDSIECK

Piper Champagne...
the most civilized drink,
in the civilized world.

PIPER-HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE
PIPER BRUT VINTAGE
PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE
CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS
PIPER PINK
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Fly with RCA.

RCA is making it easier to fly overseas.

With a new Global Flight Kit. And a new Global Credit Card.

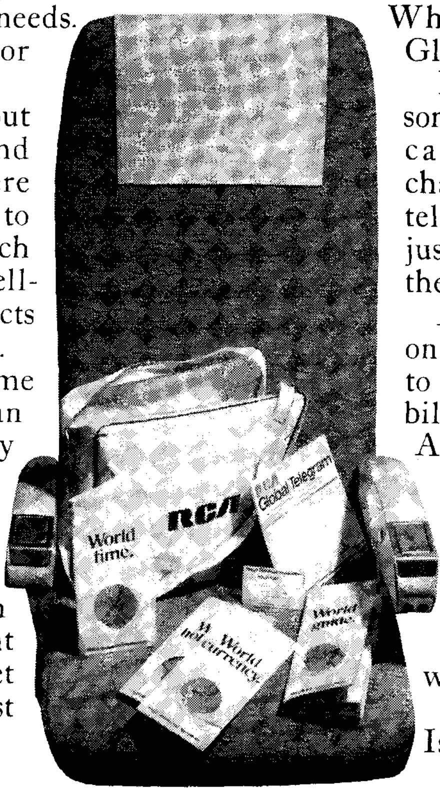
Our Flight Kit gives you the kind of help that every traveler needs.

A world guide book, for example.

Which tells you about customs regulations and visa requirements. Where to rent a car and where to cash a check. How much to tip a cab driver or a bellhop. And a lot of other facts that are hard to come by.

There's also a world time chart in the Kit. And an international currency converter. And a list of holidays in dozens of overseas countries.

You need a place to keep all this information so we've put it in a flight bag—the kind you'd get from an airline as a first class passenger.



And we've included a supply of RCA Global Telegrams so you can quickly keep in touch with your family and friends from anywhere on earth.

Which brings us to our Global Credit Card.

It gives you credit for something that other credit cards don't: it lets you charge the cost of sending telegrams back home from just about every country in the world.

And, if you're traveling on business, you can use it to charge telex calls. We bill you later in U.S. dollars.

Apply for our Credit Card. (Public Affairs Dept., 60 Broad Street, New York, N.Y. 10004).

It will be sent to you with our Flight Kit.

Both enable you to fly with RCA.

Both are free.

Is there a better way to fly?

RCA Global Communications

Super Sheen Make-up

for an instant summer look

A twist of the wrist and you have a glowing, sun-blushed complexion...in shades of Pink, Peach or Apricot, and for sun-bright highlighting—translucent Pearl.

Super-Bronze Make-up

in two shining depths to make you look tan, or even tanner. All together—a great look!

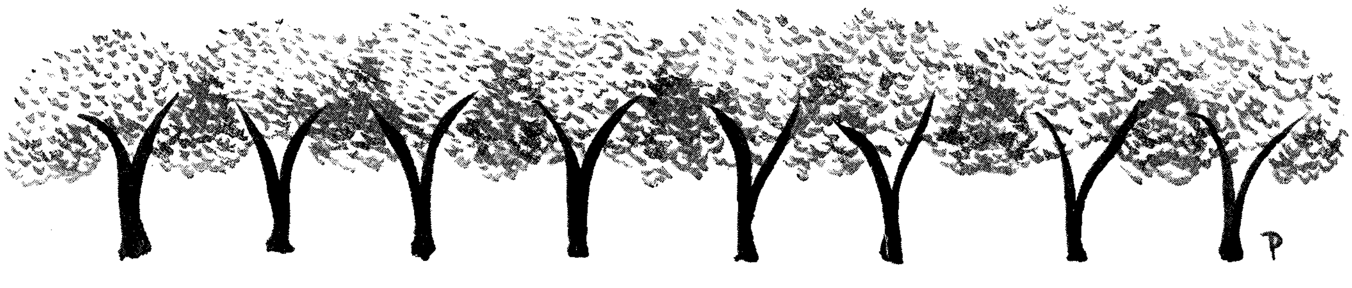
Germaine Monteil

THE
NEW YORKER

RAOUL FLEISCHMANN

RAOUL HERBERT FLEISCHMANN, the publisher of *The New Yorker*, who died last week at the age of eighty-three, founded the magazine with Harold Ross forty-five years ago next February, and as one looks back from the perspective of Volume XLV, No. 13, it is almost inconceivable that they were able to do so. At the time, Ross knew a good deal about editing and next to nothing about publishing. Fleischmann knew a good deal about baking and nothing at *all* about publishing. Ross was editor of the comic weekly *Judge*, which he had reached via the *Stars & Stripes*, during the First World War, and the *American Legion Weekly*. Fleischmann was manager of the General Baking Company plant on East End Avenue at Eighty-first Street, which he had reached via his family's restaurant and baking business. (The institution of the breadline originated at his father's café on Tenth Street, where the unused bread of the day was distributed free to passersby in the evening.) Neither Ross nor Fleischmann had a very clear idea of exactly what sort of magazine they wanted, except that it should be intelligent, humorous, and in every way different from the pattern of *Judge*. It turned out that what they were after was, in essence, a magazine written by their friends for their friends; if other subscribers wanted to look on, that was up to them. Beyond these ties of innocence, however, the disparities between the two men were almost endless, and perhaps, in truth, the real astonishment is that they should have ever gravitated together—Ross, the defiantly rough-and-tumble newspaperman from the West, and Fleischmann, the defiantly urbane metropolitan from the Eastern Seaboard schools of Lawrenceville, Princeton, and Williams. Ross would grab a taxi to go to work; Fleischmann would motor. (In all his life, he never drove anywhere; he motored.) Ross wore his hair *en brosse* and apparently cut it with hedge shears; Fleischmann brushed his with Kent brushes and worried about its getting thin. Ross never took a stroke of exercise; Fleischmann played croquet on the rich lawns of Long Island, striding about the court with an imperious tread that was peculiarly his own—feet flung forward, shoulders back, heels pounded down. Ross would bet on filling a three-card flush; Fleischmann would instantly figure the odds to two decimals and desist. He was always a lightning calculator and sometimes did prodigious multiplications and divisions in his head as a parlor trick. At the race track, on the other hand, where mathematics is subordinate to intuition, his betting would often be colored by sentiment, wild hopefulness, and the most transient hunches. Ross was somewhat indifferent to puns and plays on words; Fleischmann was seduced by them. Franklin Pierce Adams, having included in "The Conning Tower," his column in the *World*, a long and complicated play on words—concerned with exercising one's sovereign right—that, he explained, Fleischmann had called him up to tell him, remarked, at the end of the item, "It never occurred to me that anyone would telephone so infinitesimal a joke."

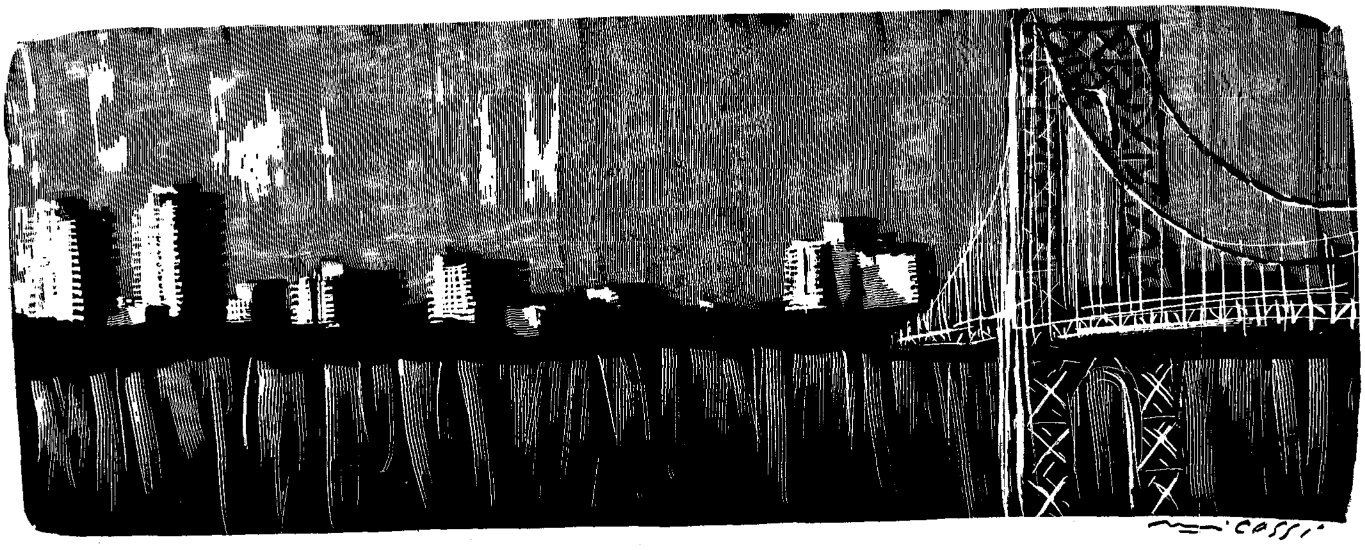
So the disparities multiply, and in retrospect the gulf between Fleischmann and Ross seems unbridgeable. Yet there was a bridge, and a strong one—one that lasted all through their lives. They were both captivated, almost to the point of intoxication, by New York—or, rather, by Manhattan, and, to be even more precise, by the parts of Manhattan that took in the theatre district, the Colony Restaurant, Saratoga, the Polo Grounds, the Algonquin, and Belmont Park. Ross's devotion to this untidy Camelot was that of a convert; it was the place he had always wanted to be. Fleischmann's was that of a childhood friend. Brought up in a house on West Seventy-seventh Street and schooled in various private establishments here, he knew the city better than Ross ever



could. (His knowledge of the topography of, say, the West Bronx was startling—learned from his patrols of the routes of his company's bakery wagons.) Of course, New York was an easier city to love then—smaller, more manageable, and populated almost entirely, as far as Ross and Fleischmann were concerned, by readers of and contributors to F.P.A.'s "The Conning Tower." "In the days around 1912, I met Frank Adams somewhere, and saw him a couple of times after that," Fleischmann wrote in a memoir in 1945. "Then, in about 1921, I ran into Frank again at Herbert Swope's house in Great Neck. Frank asked me to play poker later that week at the apartment of George Kaufman, and it was there that I met some of the personnel of the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club. The players at that time were Frank, George, Marc Connelly, Henry Miller, Harold Ross, John Peter Toohey, and, occasionally, Alexander Woollcott, Irving Berlin, Heywood Broun, and one or two others. Without formality or any sort of initiation, I became a member, and for ten years I had more fun than I can say."

The first issue of *The New Yorker* was dated February 21, 1925. It was published from a frowzy office on West Forty-fifth Street, where all those working on it, editorial and business, were crowded in together. The first issue carried on its masthead as "advisory editors" the names of Ralph Barton, Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller (the wife of Henry Miller), Dorothy Parker, and Alexander Woollcott, and it was read by Frank Adams, Henry Miller, John Peter Toohey (who had thought up the name for the new magazine), Irving Berlin, Heywood Broun, and one or two others. The whole adventure was great sport and highly entertaining, but the piper was waiting offstage. Ross had put up twenty thousand dollars and Fleischmann twenty-five thousand to start the magazine ("Babes in the woods," Fleischmann noted in his memoir; he was making ten thousand dollars a year at the bakery, and no doubt two and a half years' salary seemed invincible), and within two months the funds were all gone. During the next few months, Fleischmann put every cent he had into the magazine (it was eating up money at the rate of five thousand dollars a week), and borrowed all over town when his own money gave out. Even his job at the bakery had to go; he was too busy raising funds to have time for it. Eventually, the gamble looked hopeless, and in May he was ready to quit. He and Ross and two other men involved in getting the magazine started—R. Hawley Truax and John Hanrahan—met at the Princeton Club and decided to suspend publication. Leaving the club and walking up Madison Avenue to the office, they reached Forty-second Street and were waiting to cross when Fleischmann overheard Hanrahan say to Truax and Ross, "I can't blame Raoul for a moment for refusing to go on, but it's like killing something that's alive." It was not the sort of electrifying cry that changes history, and Forty-second and Madison is not the Champ-de-Mars, but it sufficed; more money was raised, and the magazine continued. It not only continued, of course; it prospered.

PUBLISHING is, or should be, a quiet operation, and it was Fleischmann's talent to make it almost inaudible. From the first, he was convinced that the separation of the editorial and the business sides of the magazine had to be complete: no disingenuous management requests for editorial mention of an important advertiser's product, no publisher's protests against an article that might offend a prominent client—no pressures, overt or hidden. In fact, by his own wish, he never saw the editorial content of any issue until it had been printed and bound—a demonstration of phenomenal self-restraint—and he never commented to his editors on what they had turned out. He had opinions, naturally—he was down on talking animals in cartoons, for one thing—but he considered the writers, artists, and editors to be professionals, just as he was a professional businessman, and he would no more have offered them advice than he would have welcomed their comments on debt amortization or the capitalization of earnings. On his own side of the line, where he was deft and expert, he had a lot to say, and he said it forcefully: no advertisements of doubtful taste, no advertisements unpleasant to look at, no strident advertisements, no *noise*. In the days of "The Front Page" and Bernarr MacFadden, it all represented a rather old-fashioned, punctilious point of view, and in this Fleischmann never changed. Publishing, as Frederick Warburg has said, "is an occupation for gentlemen." Fleischmann was indeed a gentleman—courtly, witty, blithe, memorable.



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Museum Centennial

THE other day, the American Museum of Natural History celebrated its hundredth birthday with a convocation lunch, an academic procession, speeches, a reception, and a banquet for six hundred people preceded by a champagne party and followed by Presidential and Gubernatorial greetings (relayed *in absentia*), Mayoral greetings (delivered *in propria persona*), and the presentation of gold medals to the crew of Apollo 9 (all three were on hand) and to five scientists: Dr. Libbie H. Hyman and Dr. Margaret Mead, of the Museum; Dr. Ernst Mayr, director of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard; Dr. George Gaylord Simpson, the M.C.Z.'s Alexander Agassiz Professor of Vertebrate Paleontology; and Dr. Theodosius Dobzhansky, a Rockefeller University geneticist (the Messrs. Mayr and Simpson *used* to be at the American Museum). We presented ourself at one o'clock, in time to see many of what the program listed as "Delegates of Museums" (ranging from the Smithsonian Institution to the Staten Island Zoological Society), "Delegates of Learned Societies; Educational, Government, and Professional Organizations" (a category that permitted the American Philosophical Society to rub shoulders with Standard Oil of New Jersey), and "Delegates of Colleges and Universities" (University of Basel to Bryn Mawr) slipping on their caps and gowns in the lower reaches of the Roosevelt Memorial. Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, a University of Pennsylvania trustee, was resplendent in orange; Mr. Edward M. M. Warburg, a regent of the University of the State of New York, had a velvety costume; Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, the Museum's Lamont Curator of Birds Emeritus, was a double delegate—honorary Brown *and* University of San Marcos, Peru, doctorates.

All hands presently repaired to an assembly area on the floor above, where Dr. Thomas D. Nicholson, the Museum's deputy director and centennial chairman, introduced Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, head of the home team's Anthropology Department and chief marshal of the procession. At two o'clock precisely, Dr. S., wearing the crimson trappings of a Harvard Ph.D., with yellow tassels over his left shoulder, and the expression of a rather noble elk, led his flock of about four hundred out to Central Park West. They moved majestically, two by two, two blocks south, then west to the Museum's Seventy-seventh Street entrance. We traipsed along, pausing to chat with two little girls who were sitting in the sun on a stone wall.

"How many professors are there?" one of them asked us. "I've counted a hundred so far."

"Wait till I tell Mummy," the other said. "I live across the street."

Inside the Museum's auditorium, whose platform was bordered with hydrangeas, Dr. James A. Oliver, the director, gave a historical résumé and contemporary description of his institution, and introduced its president, Mr. Gardner D. Stout, Yale 1926. Mr. Stout extended greetings from the board of trustees; Dr. Bobb Schaeffer, chairman of Vertebrate Paleontology and dean of the scientific staff, extended greetings from the staff (which, down the decades, he said, had published some four thousand papers, monographs, and books); and the centennial speech—"Man's Survival in a World Worth Living In"—was delivered by Mr. Russell E. Train, the Under-Secretary of the Department of the Interior. He spoke at lugubrious and convincing length about air and water pollution ("I predict that environmental accidents will multiply at a geometric rate as man's power to modify the environment increases without any parallel improvement in his organization for environmental management. . . . The time has come to treat crimes against the environment on a par with crimes against society").

At the reception, in the Roosevelt Memorial rotunda, we had a drink with President Stout, a lean man with a humorous, crinkly, Old New York face. "I used to come here with my father on Sundays after St. James Church, and roast beef at my maternal grandfather's," he said. "We'd walk across the Park. I remember the Museum's peregrine falcon, with prey, from when I was nine. My interest in birds dates from then. At St. Paul's School, I asked the English master, Francis Beach White, if I could go birding with him. He said yes, if I didn't tell anyone. This sort of thing was then frowned on as not being quite masculine. I'd meet him two miles from the school after Sunday chapel. I collected bird books at Yale, where I was a rather surreptitious birder. I got Peter Matthiessen to write the text for 'The Shore Birds of North America,' and Bob Clem to do the paintings. My wife and I have made four trips to Africa, studying and photographing birds and animals. The bird life in the thousand-mile stretch from Tanganyika to the northern end of Uganda is just unbelievable. Twice as many species—fourteen hundred—as in the whole of North America, all happily clad in primary colors. We've destroyed our natural heritage here faster than anywhere else. The poor old Shrewsbury River, at Rumson, where I spent my childhood summers, is not what it used to be. The big weakfish and soft clams and hard clams are gone. Oysters are there, but you wouldn't dare eat them. Last year, when we—the trustees and staff—were discussing what the centennial theme should be, I said that we used to worry about the whooping crane and the giant panda but that now we must worry about ourselves. So we picked the theme 'Can Man Survive?' We have a conservation exhibit on this, showing the effects of pollution. Is there a happy ending? I agree that it would be moral to have a happy solution, and a million people will see this show in the next two years, but I don't know. Economies are now geared to growth. As long as you have growth, you have pollution. Can man survive? This is Problem A."

Judith Shahn

Mr. Frimbo on the Metroliner

WE spent a delightful day last week travelling to and from Washington, D.C., on the Penn Central's new non-stop, high-speed train in the company of our old friend Ernest M. Frimbo, the world's leading railroad buff. We met Mr. Frimbo, by prearrangement, at Penn Station at a quarter to seven in the morning, and he greeted us with his usual booming "Hello," adding "My, it's good to see you. Haven't caught sight of you since— Let's see, must have been my two-millionth mile. Well, it's up to two million eighty-two thousand three hundred and ninety-five miles now, and we'll add four hundred and fifty today. You are going to enjoy today's jaunt. The Metroliner, which is what the Penn Central calls this new high-speed train, is the first forward step taken by any form of transportation in this country in donkey's years." Mr. Frimbo was wearing a tweed suit from Bernard Weatherill in two hues of gray, a pink button-down shirt, and a stripy tie. On his head was his familiar black homburg, and he was carrying, out of pure devilment, a maroon Qantas Airways bag. He looked fit. We said hello as soon as we were able, and he told us that it was time to get going. "The train leaves at seven-ten, but I wanted you here a few minutes early, so you could get a good look at her," he said.

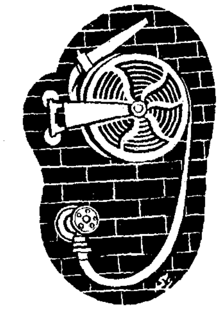
We followed Mr. Frimbo down a flight of stairs and gazed, with him, at a sleek and slightly convex six-car stainless-steel train that was humming quietly on Track 12. "Four coaches and two parlor cars," Mr. Frimbo said proudly. "Built in two-car units, and there's no locomotive. Each unit is really its own locomotive. For a faster getaway. The rounded shape is called 'tumble home' by designers. Each of the coaches has a snack bar in the middle, and the seats, as in every ordinary coach, are four abreast, with an aisle down the middle. On an airplane, they call four abreast First Class. Huh! The parlor cars on the Metroliner have one seat on each side of the aisle. That's what *I* call First Class. Each of the parlor cars also has a small kitchen at one end, and for that reason the train crews call them galley cars. The Penn Central people don't call them parlor cars, either, by the way. They call them club cars—or, to be precise, in the present instance, Metroclub cars. That's an idea they borrowed from the Canadian National Railways. The people up there decided that 'club' sounds more modern and more tony. You know—'I belong to an exclusive club.' They thought 'parlor' sounded Victorian and fusty. Of course, I myself have spent many an enjoyable hour in parlors. And many an enjoyable hour in clubs, too, for that matter."

Mr. Frimbo went aboard one of the parlor cars, and we followed him. He called out a good morning to a porter, and the porter said, "Good morning to you, Mr. Frimbo. Glad to have you aboard, sir. We'll be serving breakfast soon."

"Good," Mr. Frimbo said.

We found our seats—Nos. 24 and 26. They were salmon wing chairs, with the wings slightly raked, and they had pea-green paper antimacassars on them. We sat down, and agreed that our chairs were very comfortable. "This is the first high-speed train to be built by someone who knows how to build railroad cars," Mr. Frimbo remarked. "They had some models run up by people who built buses, and they put in— What do you think? Plastic seats. It was awful. The Penn Central people, be it said, have gone about this in the right way."

It was now seven-ten, and, right on the dot, and very smoothly, the Metroliner began to move out of the station. A voice said "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen" over a loudspeaker, and wished us a pleasant trip. The voice was replaced by soft music, which wobbled slightly as the train picked up speed. Mr. Frimbo caught our glance. "I know, I know," he said. "Just like the airlines. Oh, well, people probably wouldn't feel comfortable without it these days. You'll find it isn't obtrusive. This is my sixth trip on a Metroliner, and it hasn't been late yet. One day, we *were* six minutes late out of Philly, and everyone said, 'There we go,' but we were two minutes early into New York. We had made up eight minutes."



The train passed through Newark at that moment, exactly on schedule, and Mr. Frimbo started counting heads in the two parlor cars. Both were nearly full. "The Metroliners are doing a rocketing good business, and I'm very pleased," he said. "All in all, it's a damn good train, and two hours and thirty minutes from New York to Washington is a speed to be proud of. The first time I rode a Metroliner, the run took just a minute less than three hours. When I worked in the Pentagon, in the Transportation Corps, back in the Second World War, I used to come up to New York on the Advance Congressional Limited. It ran out of Washington Friday afternoons, and made one stop—at Newark, where it did not pick up passengers. That train carried ten of the heavy old ninety-ton parlor cars and a ninety-five-ton diner, and it was scheduled to arrive in three hours and fifteen minutes. One glorious day, we made it in three hours and ten minutes. So, despite all the streamlining and yelping, the Metroliner had cut eleven minutes off the run in twenty-five years. Today's run—two and a half hours—is all right, though. But that Turbotrain to Boston—running on the schedule of the Merchants Limited of twenty years ago, and not even going into South Station!"

The porter now appeared with two small trays, which he placed on two small tables by the sides of our seats, and Mr. Frimbo paused to eat breakfast. Our breakfast consisted of a dish of orange slices, a plate of corned-beef hash with grilled tomato, a piece of Danish pastry and a croissant, and a pat of butter, a jar of preserves, and a cup of coffee. We noticed that the porter had brought Mr. Frimbo a glass of iced tea, instead of coffee, without his having asked for it. Mr. Frimbo always starts the day with a glass of iced tea.

After breakfast, we leaned back on our pea-green antimacassar and asked Mr. Frimbo if he didn't think that transportation in the United States was improving. When he didn't reply, we looked at him and saw that he was sitting with his head propped on one arm, staring out the window at New Jersey. We repeated our question, thinking that perhaps he hadn't heard it, and he looked at us. "I heard you," he said. "That's a good question, I guess, and I was just thinking up the best answer to it. Yes and mostly no is the right answer, I think. The Metroliners are what we need, and if they have one every hour, as they keep saying they're going to, things will be moving in the right direction, but the truth of it is that transportation in this country is in one hell of a mess. I'm not talking just about the railroads this time, either. You've heard me often enough on the subject of the chicanery of railroads. It's the airlines and the bus companies, too. But I'll start with the railroads, as usual. In the first place, the railroads are hard-pressed, to give them their due. When an airline wants a new terminal, it gets the government to build it, and the men who run it are all government employees. When a bus company wants a new stop, it approaches the proprietor of a local hotel and tells him, 'We'll give you five per cent of the revenue we make on our ticket sales if we can use your hotel as a depot.' A railroad, on the other hand, is expected to build its own station, staff it, and pay real-estate taxes on it. It doesn't make much sense, does it? You and I would both do very well if we were tax-exempt, like the airports. The railroads would do very well if all the signalmen were paid by the government, like the air-control staff. Of course, there are— Well, I won't call them rascals but people in the railroad business who would just as soon forget their responsibilities to the public, cut out passenger service altogether, and go into the real-estate and hotel business. Some of the railroads are already part of these giant new conglomerates, and are doing just that. There are even some people in the Penn Central hierarchy who are nauseated by the smell of success of the Metroliners. People like that are responsible for the fact that you can't get a train out of New York for Hartford on a weekday after 6:05 P.M. Imagine! A town the size of Hartford, one hundred and nine miles from New York City, and you can't take a train to it after 6:05 P.M.! This is curfew transportation. It's back in the nineteenth century."

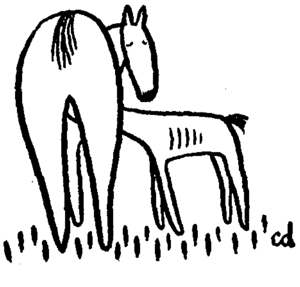
"But *how* do they get rid of passenger trains?" we asked. "Doesn't public necessity count for anything?"

"I'll give you a primer," said Mr. Frimbo. "You have a fast train from New York City to upstate New York at half past four in the afternoon. You push its departure time up to two o'clock, and business falls off so fast that you can ask the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to take it off. You schedule a train to arrive in Chicago an hour and a half later than it used to, thereby missing a dozen good connections. You take off the dining cars—that's the Penn Central's favorite stunt—and make the travellers pay as much for a couple of sandwiches as they used to pay for lunch. The Pennsylvania wasn't so bad, but then after the merger the New York Central men moved into the hierarchy. Now the trains are later than ever, dirtier than ever, less air-conditioned than ever, and more expensive than ever. The poor customers of the New Haven! It can cost you up to twenty per cent more to ride the coaches on what few New Haven trains are left, the parlor-car fares have gone up twenty-five per cent, and now they want to end the service at the Route 128 station, a dozen miles this side of Boston. The argument is that in five or six years there will be a rapid-transit line from Boston out to Route 128. So the passengers can get off there and wait five or six years. The same sort of scheme is on the books for Washington. Those scoundrels are such . . ."

We observed a growing empurplement of Mr. Frimbo's countenance, and we sought to divert him. Remembering that he had persuaded us to make the final run of the Twentieth Century Limited, a year ago last December, we asked him whether he had a new favorite means of conveyance.

"I'll be riding the Century again in a couple of weeks," he said, subsiding.

We goggled.



"Oh," Mr. Frimbo said, "the Penn Central sold it all, and a lot of other cars besides, to the National of Mexico, and now it runs every night—and all-Pullman, too, the way it used to be—from Mexico City to Guadalajara, only it's called El Tapatio now. A great train! At ten at night, the diner is so full of happy customers that you have to be a regular rider to get a table. It's Mexico's most popular night club, you might say. When I see people standing up on Penn Central trains, I ask an official I know why people have to stand all the time. 'Shortage of equipment,' he says. 'Why don't you buy some of that stuff back from Mexico, then?' I ask, and he pretends that he doesn't know what I am talking about."

Mr. Frimbo shifted in his seat. "But now let's take the other forms of public transportation in this country," he said. "Let's talk about all those towns with one train and one bus a day—or none at all. What happens is that the railroads give up when the airlines move in, and then the airlines discontinue. I can tell you a horror tale or two. I remember flying to Grand Forks, North Dakota, one night some years ago—there was no suitable train—and asking the stewardess about bus service from the airport. 'Oh, there isn't any bus service, sir,' she said. I asked about taxi service. 'Oh, there isn't any taxi service, sir,' she said. I asked her what I was supposed to do to get into town. 'Oh, well, sir,' she said, 'you *could* talk to the airport manager, and he *might* be able to persuade someone to drive you.' Of course, you can always fall back on the rent-a-car, but not at that hour of the night. And buses! I was stuck in Aberdeen, *South* Dakota, once, and the only thing for me to do was to catch the through bus from Seattle to Chicago. It got to Aberdeen six and a half hours late. Those are just examples that spring to mind. Everything that can be done in this country is being done to force people to get on the highways. And where will they all be when we have weather like the weather we had this past winter? Buses and airlines are fine, but in proportion. I fly to the Coast myself. No one would take the train nowadays, except on holiday. But once you get rid of the trains, just where are you in a bad snowstorm? Buses simply quit; the airlines are helpless. Only the train limps through. There was hardly a day last January and February when there wasn't something wrong with at least one airport in New York, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, or Hartford. Ninety per cent of all inter-city traffic is already in private cars. But what's the answer? Get rid of the trains? The National Transportation Safety Board said that last year fifty-five thousand people were killed on the highways, and one million nine hundred and thirty thousand were injured; the amount of money lost in highway accidents was three and a half billion dollars. *Three and a half billion dollars!* And that doesn't include job loss or hospitalization. There isn't a country in the world whose transportation is as disorganized as ours. If that three and a half billion were spent on transportation, maybe we could approach the standards of civilization."

Mr. Frimbo glanced out the window. "The crews call this stretch of track, between Wilmington and Baltimore, the race track," he said. "We are now doing a hundred and ten miles an hour."

Just then the voice on the loudspeaker announced, "We are now travelling at a speed of one hundred and ten miles per hour."

"We'll be in Washington soon," Mr. Frimbo said happily. "Then we'll have time for lunch at the Occidental Restaurant and perhaps a short visit to the Railroad Hall of the new Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology. They've got a Southern Railway old Pacific-type passenger locomotive, No. 1401, there, and she's painted the proper lovely shade of Southern Railway green. Haven't seen her in a number of years. And then we'll catch the afternoon Metroliner back to New York. It should be a *very* pleasant day indeed."

MY THREE WEEKS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

(A TRICKLE BEFORE THE FLOOD)

LITTLE did I dream, on that sunny April day five years ago, that I would someday write the inside story of this nation's most turbulent political era. But if, as is oft stated, history is made by accidents, then so, I must add, are historians. Far from any prospective dalliance with Clio, my thoughts on that day, as I paced about the Cabinet Room of the White House, were solely on the summons I had received the previous evening from the President of the United States. I had, I recalled, just returned from an opening on East Sixty-seventh Street (a wretched *mélange* of neo-Abstract-Expressionist latherings) when my phone jangled in a manner that seemed even more imperious than usual.

"Stand by for the President," a distant voice ordered. Certain that another of my fellow-artists was anonymously venting his spleen at the recent *reconnaissance* accorded my efforts, I began lowering the receiver to its cradle when I heard my name mangled by a familiar drawl. "Git down here tomorrow," it continued. "Ah need you. And don't tell anyone where you're goin'." My stammerings were greeted by a click and the dial tone. I had just weathered, without quite realizing it, my first exposure to the President's herculean telephone behavior.

"Why me?" I was still wondering the next afternoon. True, my work had achieved a certain renown among the New York cognoscenti and within a circle of forward-looking industrial designers. No less a judge than John Canaday had written that my 1963 "E" (Bodoni, electric blue on a field of fuchsia) "summarizes, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the entire state of contemporary art." But although I had once encountered Senator Javits at a *thé dansant* at the old Whitney, I was an irredeemably apolitical animal, a partisan of no cause but that of my craft. What could the President, a Westerner of earthy sensibilities, want from an urbane avant-garde painter? None of the White House aides churning through that percolator of worldwide hopes and fears could enlighten me; evidently, my sole informant was to be the President himself.

At last I was ushered into the fabled Oval Office. The President's Rushmore-like magnitude overwhelmed me, as did my first brush with Texas hospitality. Towering over me, he pulled me by my right hand to the now famous beige sofa. "You always wear that beard?" he asked as he seated himself in a rocking chair to my left.

I informed the President that my public expected it of me—that beardlessness was as *outré* in my profession as taciturnity was in his. He interrupted me with a wave of one hand and then removed his clear-rimmed glasses and pulled vigorously at the bridge of his nose.

"You're the fella that draws letters," he stated.

I nodded. His silence told me that he expected an explanation.

"You see, Mr. President," I said, "our troubled age demands something more of its art than mere palliative gimcrackery or whimsical *éclatement*. It is the artist's duty to expedite man's awareness of his technology, of the tools and images he blindly allows to shape and define his consciousness. Now, the alphabet, as we all know or should know . . ."

As I spoke, the President's hooded eyes narrowed, then closed completely. His weathered features assumed an expression of alert repose. After twenty minutes or so, I grew embarrassed at monopolizing the time and attention of the world's busiest statesman. "But, Mr. President," I said, smiling, "I mustn't give you a lecture on aesthetics, must I?"

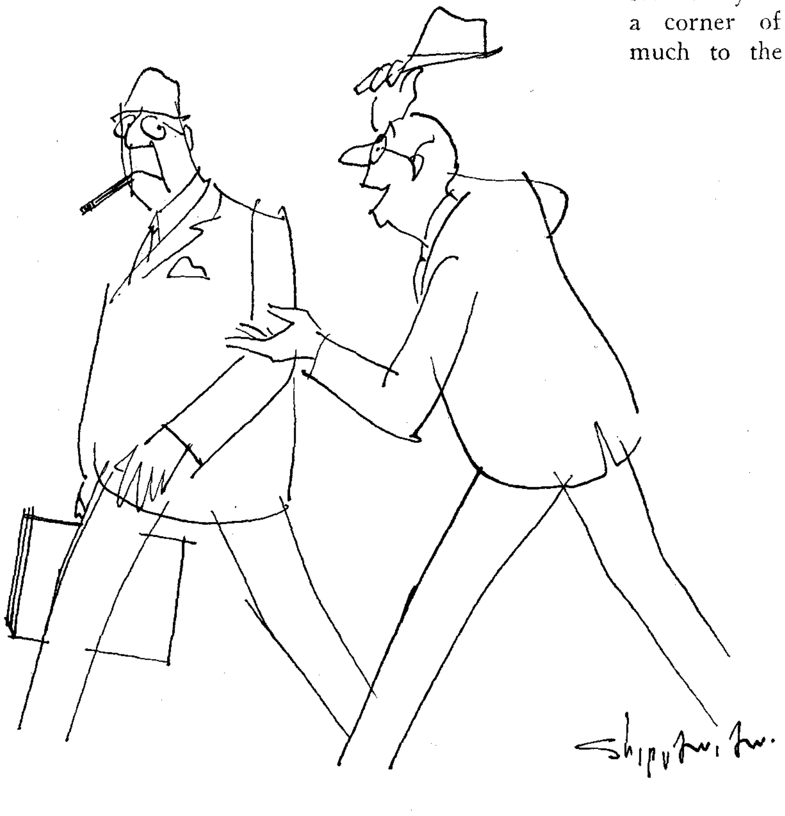
The President started. "Ah've got a job for you," he said huskily. "Can you draw *all* the letters?"

I assented.

"Can you draw, say, the letters 'L,' 'B,' and 'J'?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. Why, my recent 'B' is the subject of a forthcoming appraisal in *Cahiers*—"

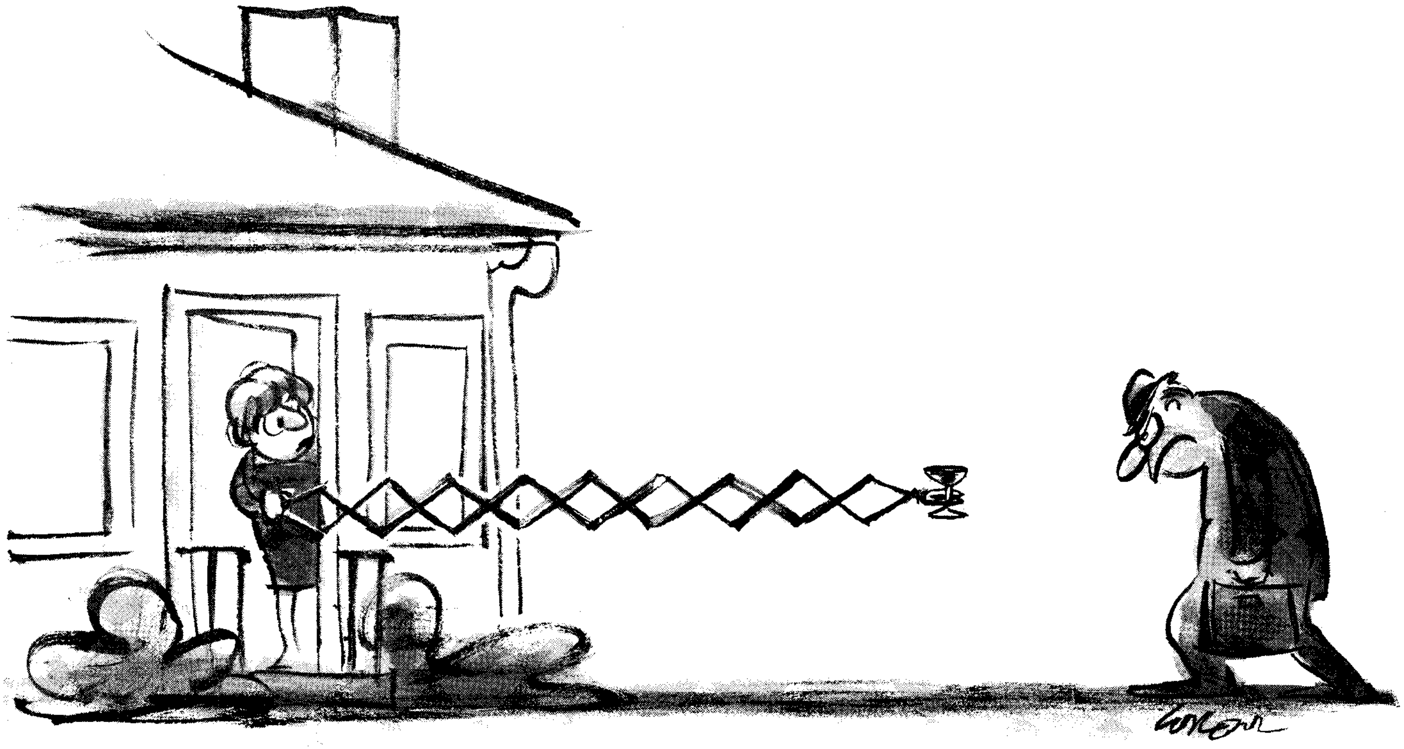
"Don't tell me about it," he said brusquely, the dreamy student no longer. "Just do it. And don't tell anybody else about it, either," he added, giving my left biceps a firm squeeze. He retained my arm and propelled me to the door. "Draw me a passel of LBJs," he commanded. "Work in the basement. Tell Mac Bundy to make room for you. Ah'll check up on you in a spell."



"No, no, sir, you misunderstand! I'm with the First City State Bank, and we want to lend you money!"

DURING the next three weeks, I was an intimate, if unsung, member of the White House team. I installed my T-square and paintpots in a corner of the Situations Room, much to the curiosity and, it must be told, annoyance of my fellow-staffers. But, agog with creativity, I had no time to repine at the envy of my colleagues. The President's directive—"Draw me a passel of LBJs"—constituted, I felt, a broad mandate. He had wisely and properly given me full artistic control over the scope and execution of the project, and I therefore plunged boldly into a series of variations on the President's theme.

First, I painted a group of nine-by-twelve-foot "L"s in a variety of hues and typefaces. These canvases—particularly, I thought, my favorite (magenta Baskerville



• •

on an orange background)—communicated the gaudy brute force of my newfound patron. Next, I executed a number of interlocking "L"s and "J"s of somewhat smaller dimensions, creating exquisite and excruciating international tensions between the jagged, Germanic shapes these letters formed and the Oriental insouciance of my pink and azure washes. "B," as I had noted to the President, was a challenge I had met before, and I now struggled to free myself from the shackles of my former triumph. After many a false start, I hit upon a collage of silk, eiderdown, and sandpaper that celebrated the cursive, gritty quality I sensed both in the letter itself and in American womanhood.

My *objets*, of course, soon swamped the cluttered Situations Room, and during my third week I made some discreet inquiries about a suitable display site. But the *dénouement* of my labors was not at all the one I had anticipated. A 3 A.M. phone call from the President put an end to my plans—and, it pains me to say, to my confidence in his Administration.

"C'mon over here," he said on that fateful morning. "Lemme see what you've done."

I had heard of the President's eccentric working hours, but as I ransacked my hotel room for a clean turtleneck, I sensed a *frisson* of doubt about the outcome of this impromptu *vernissage*.

The President met me in the so-called Sherman Adams Office. He was wearing a maroon bathrobe from which, I noticed, the breast pocket had been ripped. "Ah hope you've got somethin' Ah can use," he said as we set off for the basement.

"Well, Mr. President," I said, trotting along behind him, "fluorescent lights are absolute death to color perceptions. Besides, I was hoping to surprise you with an exhibit on the South Lawn. I called Mr. Udall's office and—"

The President, a moody man, gave free rein to a leonine yawn, which lasted until I flicked on the lights in my ersatz studio. He stopped, his jaw still open, and gazed at the panoply of my work.

"You see, Mr. President—" I began.

"Shut up," he said. He started to pace back and forth in front of the paintings, whispering something that sounded like "They'll never believe this." (Could I have been privy, at that moment, to his first acknowledgment of what came to be known as the credibility gap? As a conscientious historian, I can only suggest that I was.) After several minutes, the President stopped in front of my beloved "B," then wheeled, arms akimbo, and glared down at me. "This is the ugliest 'B' Ah ever saw!" he shouted. "Maybe you can explain to me how Ah'm supposed to put this pansy junk on a cufflink?"

"On a cufflink, sir?"

"*And* a bathrobe [here he slapped at the area of his missing pocket] *and* letter paper *and* saddles *and* speedboats . . ."

Monograms! I was dazzled by the revelation. He thought I was doing monograms!

". . . *and* pajamas *and* heifers *and* Chryslers *and* butter knives!" Each item in this recitation seemed to stoke his ire. "Out! Out!" he finally thundered, waving his immense arms. "Will somebody get rid of this puppy dawg!" he called out. "This fur-faced obstructionist, this . . ." As two Secret Servicemen grappled at my elbows, I sensed with sadness that the *rapprochement* between the President and the fine arts was ending—ending, so to speak, almost before it had begun.

Readers of Eric Goldman's recent *œuvre* on these years will search his pages in vain for the account I have just given, even though my fate was clearly the paradigm of his own. I daresay future memoirs of the past Administration will reveal similar lacunae in their texts and indices. A conspiracy of silence now shrouds my period of political involvement. Mr. Rusk, to the best of my knowledge, still refuses to utter my name in public.

—PAUL EDWARD GRAY

•

A $210 amplifier was taken from Lakewood High School recently by a person who apparently knew the area of the school, Lakewood deputies reported.

According to a report at the sheriff's station, the amplifier was stolen by someone who used the door as an entrance.

—*Lakewood* (*Calif.*) *Enterprise*.

Some level-headed crook with his feet on the ground—that's the way it looks to us.

BILL

IN January, Joe, who had the habit of gambling with himself, made it two to one against his getting a curate that year. Then, early in May, the Archbishop came out to see the new rectory and, in the office area, which was in the basement but surprisingly bright and airy, paused before the doors "Pastor" and "Assistant" and said, "You're mighty sure of yourself, Father."

"I can dream, can't I?" Joe said.

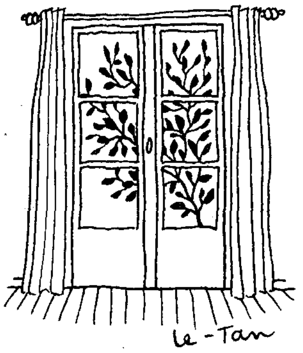
The subject didn't come up again during the visit, and the Archbishop declined Joe's offer of a drink, which may or may not have been significant—hard to say how much the Arch knew about a man—but after he'd departed Joe made it seven to five, trusting his instinct.

Two weeks later, on the eve of the annual shape-up, trusting his instinct again though he'd heard nothing, Joe made it even money. The next morning, the chancery (Toohey) phoned to say that Joe had a curate: "Letter follows."

"Wait a minute. Who?"

"He'll be in touch with you," Toohey said, and hung up.

Maybe it hadn't been decided who would be sent out to Joe's (Church of SS. Francis and Clare, Inglenook), but probably it had, and Toohey just didn't want to say because Joe had asked. That was how Toohey, too long at the chancery, played the game. Joe didn't think much about it at the time.



He grabbed a scratch pad, rushed upstairs to the room, now bare, that would be occupied by his curate (who?), and made a list, which was his response to problems, temporal and spiritual, that required thought.

That afternoon, he visited a number of furniture stores in Inglenook, in Silverstream, the next suburb, and in the city. "Just looking," he said to clerks. After a couple of hours, he had a pretty good idea of the market, but he was unable to act, and then he had to suspend operations in order to beat the rush-hour traffic home.

Afterward, though, he discovered what was wrong. It was his list. Programmed without reference to the *relative* importance of the items on it, his list, instead of helping, had hindered him, had caused him to waste time and energy looking at lamps, rugs, and ashtrays. It hadn't told him that everything in the room would be determined, dictated, by the bed. Why bed? Because the room was a *bed*room. Find the bed, the right bed, and the rest would follow. And he wasn't sorry that time had run out that afternoon. Toward the last, he had been suffering from shopper's fatigue, or he wouldn't have considered that knotty-pine suite, with its horseshoe brands and leather thongs, simply because it had a clean, masculine look that bedroom furniture on the whole seemed to lack.

That evening, he sat down in the quiet of his study, in his BarcaLounger chair, with brochures and a drink, and made another list. This one was different and should have been easy for him—with office equipment he knew where he was; probably no priest in the diocese knew so well—but for that very reason he couldn't bring himself to furnish the curate's office as other pastors would have done, as, in fact, he had planned to do. Why spoil an office by installing inferior, economy-type equipment? Why not move the pastor's desk and typewriter, both recent purchases, into the curate's office? Why not get the pastor one of those laminated mahogany desks, maybe Model DK 100, sleek and contemporary but warm and friendly as only wood can be? (The pastor was tired of his unfriendly metal desk and his orthopedic chair.) Why not get the pastor a typewriter with different type? (What, *again*? Yes, because he was tired of that phony script.) But keep the couch and chairs in the pastor's office, and let the new chairs—two or three, and no couch—go straight into the curate's office.

The next morning, he drove to the city with the traffic, and swiftly negotiated the items on his office list, including a desk, Model DK 100, and a typewriter with different type, called "editorial," and said to be used by newscasters.

"Always a pleasure to do business with you, Father," the clerk said.

The scene then changed to the fifth floor of a large department store, which Joe had visited the day before, and there life got difficult again. What had brought him back was a fourposter bed with pineapple finials. The clerk came on a little too strong.

"The double bed's making a big comeback, Father."

"That so?"

"What I'd have, if I had the choice."

"Yes, well." Joe liked the bed, especially the pineapples, but he just couldn't see the curate in it. Get it for himself then, and give the curate the pastor's bed—*it* was a single. And then what? The pastor's bed, of unfriendly metal and painted like a car, hospital gray, would dictate nothing about the other things for the room. Besides, it wouldn't be quite fair to the curate, would it?

"Lot of bed for the money, Father."

"Too much bed."

The clerk then brought out some brochures and binders with colored tabs. So Joe sat down with him on a bamboo chaise longue, and, passing the literature back and forth between them, they went to work on Joe's problem. They discovered that Joe could order the traditional type of bed in a single, in several models—cannonballs, spears, spools (Jenny Lind)—but not pineapples, which, it seemed, had been discontinued by the maker. "But I wonder about that, Father. Tell you what. With your permission, I'll call North Carolina."

Joe let him go ahead, after more discussion, mostly about airfreight, but when the clerk returned to the chaise longue he was shaking his head. North Carolina had gone to lunch—it was twelve-thirty, not ten-thirty, down there. North Carolina would call back, though, in an hour or so, after checking the warehouse. "You wouldn't take cannonballs or spears, Father? Or Jenny Lind?"

"Not Jenny Lind?"

"You like cannonballs, Father?"

"Yes, but I prefer the other."

"Pineapples."

Since nothing could be done about the other items on his list until he found out about the bed—or beds, for he had decided to order two beds, singles, with matching chests, plus box springs and mattresses, eight pieces in all—Joe went home to await developments.

At six minutes to three, his phone rang. "St. Francis," Joe said.

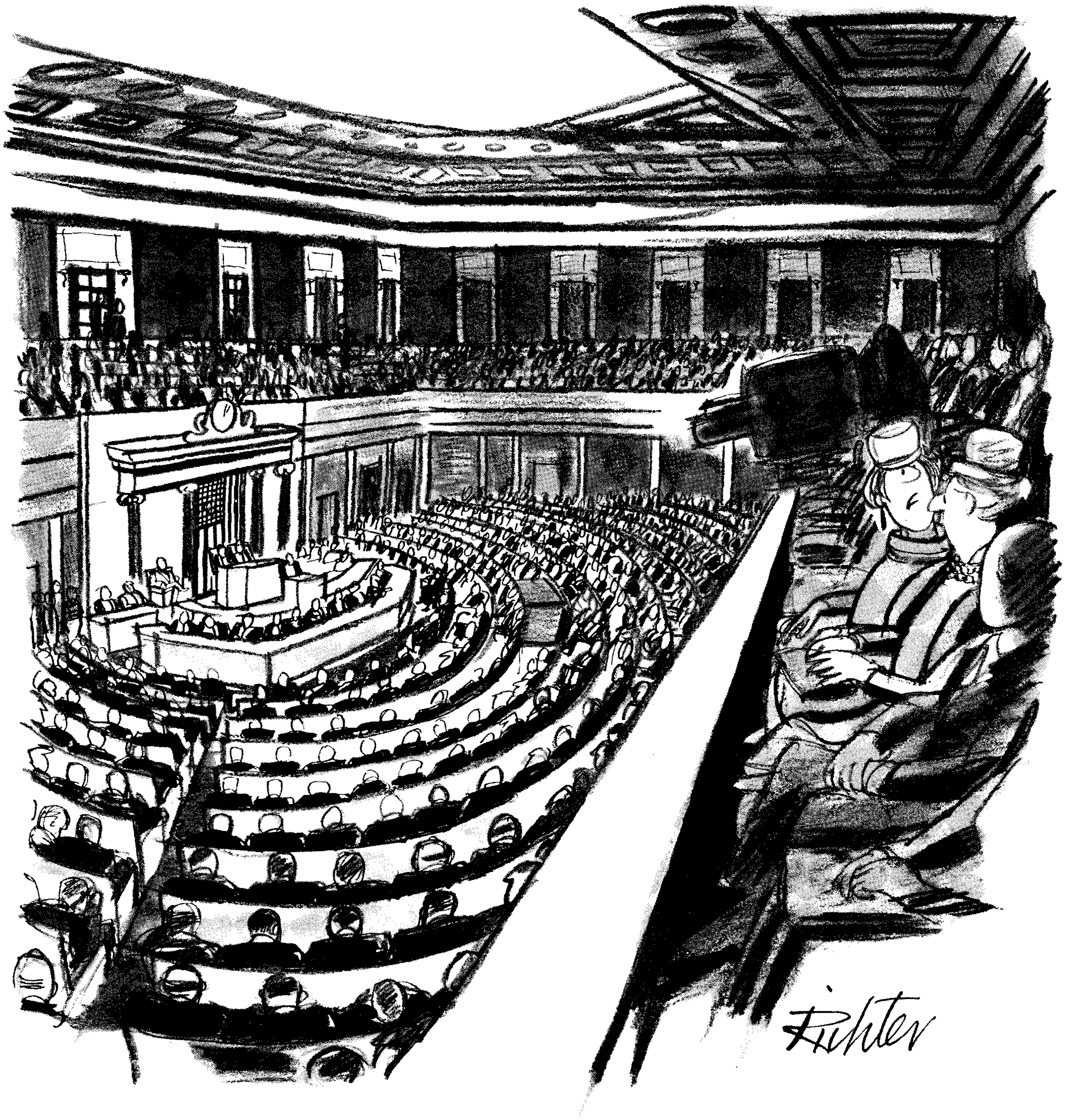
"Earl, Father."

"*Earl*?"

"At the store, Father."

"Oh, hello, Earl."

Earl said that North Carolina *could* supply, and would airfreight to customer's own address. So beds and chests would arrive in a couple of days,



“*Men!*”

• •

Friday at the outside, and box springs and mattresses, these from stock, would be on the store’s Thursday delivery to Inglenook.

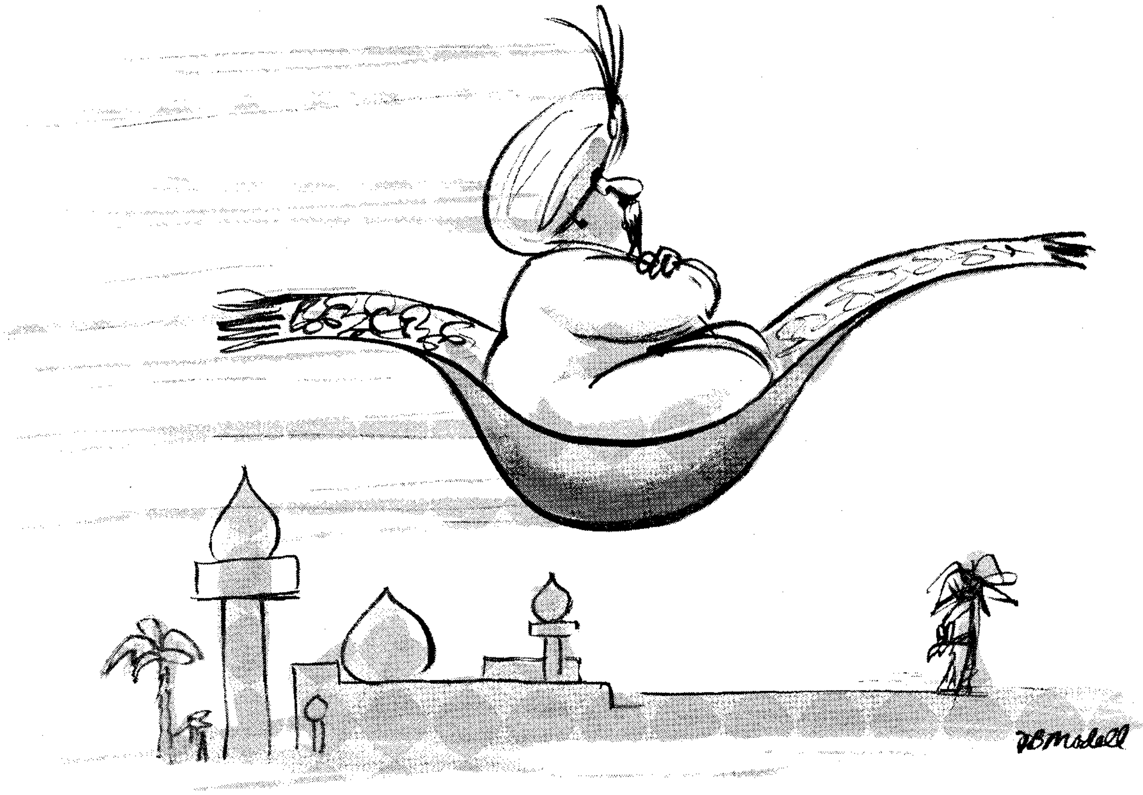
“O.K., Father?”

“O.K., Earl.”

Joe didn’t try to do any more that day.

THE next morning, Joe took delivery of the office equipment (which Mrs. P.—Mrs. Pelissier—the housekeeper, must have noticed), and so he got a late start on his shopping. He began where he’d left off the day before. Earl, spotting him among the lamps, came over to say hello. When he saw Joe’s list, he recommended the store’s interior-decorating department—“Mrs. Fox, if she’s not out on a job.” With Joe’s permission, Earl went to a phone, and Mrs. Fox soon appeared among the lamps. Slightly embarrassed, Joe told her what he thought—that the room ought to be planned around the bed, since it was a *bed*room. Mrs. Fox smacked her lips and shrieked (to Earl), “*He* doesn’t need *me!*”

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Fox proved very helpful—steered Joe from department to department, protected him from clerks, took him into stockrooms and onto a freight elevator, and remembered curtains and bedspreads (Joe bought two), which weren’t on his list but were definitely needed. Finally, Mrs. Fox had the easy chair and other things brought down to the



parking lot and put into his car. These could have gone out on the Thursday delivery, but Joe wanted to see how the room would look even without the big stuff—the bed, the chest, the student's table, and the revolving bookcase. Mrs. Fox felt the same way. Twice in the store she'd expressed a desire to see the room, and he'd managed to change the subject, and then she did it again, in the parking lot—was dying to see the room, she shrieked, just as he was driving away. He just smiled. What else could he do? He couldn't have Mrs. Fox coming out there.

In some ways, things were moving too fast. He still hadn't told Mrs. P. that he was getting a curate—hadn't because he was afraid if he did she'd ask, as he had, "Who?" Who, indeed? He still didn't know, and the fact that he didn't would, if admitted, make him look foolish in Mrs. P.'s eyes. It would also put the Church in a poor light.

That evening, after Mrs. P. had gone home, Joe unloaded the car, which he'd run into the garage because the easy chair was clearly visible in the trunk. It took him four trips to get all his purchases up to the room. Then, using a kitchen chair, listening to the ball game and drinking beer, he put up the curtain rods. (The janitor, if asked to, would wonder why, and, if told, would tell Mrs. P., who would ask, "Who?") When Joe had the curtains up, tiebacks and all, he took a much needed bath, changed, and made himself a tall one. He carried it into the room, dark now—he had been waiting for this moment—and connected the lamps he'd bought. O.K.—and when the student's table came, the student's lamp, now on the little bedside table, would look even better. He had chosen one with a yellow shade, rather than green, so the room would appear cheerful, and it certainly did. He tried the easy chair, the matching footstool, the gin-and-tonic. O.K. He sat there for some time, one foot going to sleep on the rose-and-blue hooked rug while he wondered why—why he hadn't heard anything from the curate.

The next day, Thursday, he gave Mrs. P. the afternoon off, saying he planned to eat out that evening, and so she wasn't present when the box springs, mattresses, student's table, and revolving bookcase came, at twenty after four—the hottest time of day. He had a lot of trouble with the mattresses—really a job for two strong men, one to pull on the mattress, one to hold on to the carton—and had to drink two bottles of beer to restore his body salts. He took a much needed bath, changed, and, feeling too tired to go out, made himself some ham sandwiches and a tall one. He used a whole lime—it was his salad—and ate in his study while watching the news: people starving in Asia and Mississippi. He went without dessert. Suddenly, he jumped up and got busy around the place, did the dishes—dish—and locked the church. When darkness came, he was back where he'd been the night before—in the room, in the chair, with a glass, wondering why he hadn't heard anything from the curate.

It was customary for the newly ordained men to take a few days off to visit and shake down their friends and relatives. Ordinations, though, had been held on Saturday. It was now Thursday, almost Friday, and still no word. What to do? He had called people at the seminary, hoping to learn the curate's name ("Understand you're getting So-and-So, Joe"), and perhaps something of his character, just in the course of conversation. But that, as it happened, was not to be, because everybody he asked to speak to (the entire faculty, it seemed) had left for vacationland. He had then called the diocesan paper and, with pencil ready, asked for a complete rundown on the new appointments, but the list hadn't come over from the chancery yet. ("They can be pretty slow over there, Father." "Toohey, you mean?" "Monsignor's pretty busy, Father, and we don't push him on a thing like this—it's not what we call hard news.")

So, really, there was nothing to do, short of calling the chancery. Early in the week, it might have been done—that was when Joe made his mistake—but it was out of the question now. He didn't want to expose the curate to censure and run the risk of turning him against his pastor, and he also didn't want the chancery to know what the situation was at SS. Francis and Clare's, one of the best-run parishes in the diocese, though it certainly wasn't his fault. It was the curate's fault, it was Toohey's fault. "Letter follows." If called on that, Toohey would say, "Didn't say when. Busy here," and hang up. That was how Toohey played the game. When Joe had called for help once and said he'd die if he didn't get away for a couple of weeks, Toohey had said, "Die," and hung up. Rough. If the Church ever got straightened out administratively, Toohey and his kind would have to go, but that was one of those long-term objectives. In the meantime, Joe and his kind would have to soldier on, and Joe would. It was hard, though, after years of waiting for a curate, after finally getting one, not to be able to mention it. While shopping, Joe had run into several of his colleagues—pastors who would have been pleased to hear of his good fortune—and one had even raised the subject of curates, had said that he was getting a *change*, "Thank God!" Joe hadn't thought much about it at the time, but now he did, and, swallowing the weak last inch of his drink, came face to face with the ice.

What, he thought—what if the curate, his unknown curate, *wasn't* one of the newly ordained men? What if he was one of those bad-news guys? A young man with five or six parishes behind him? Or a man as old as himself, or older, a retread, a problem priest? Or a goldbrick who figured, since he was paid by the month, he wouldn't report until the first, Sunday? Or a slob who wouldn't take care of the room? These were sobering thoughts to Joe. He got up and made another drink.

THE next morning, when Joe returned from a trip to the dump, Mrs. P. met him at the door. "Somebody who says he's your assistant—"

"Yes, yes. Where is he?"

"Phoned. Said he'd be here tomorrow."

"*Tomorrow?*" But he didn't want Mrs. P. to get the idea that he was disappointed, or that he didn't know what was going on. "Good. Did he say what time?"

"He just asked about confessions."

"So he'll be here in time for confessions. Good."

"Said he was calling from Whipple."

"*Whipple?*"

"Said he was down there buying a car."

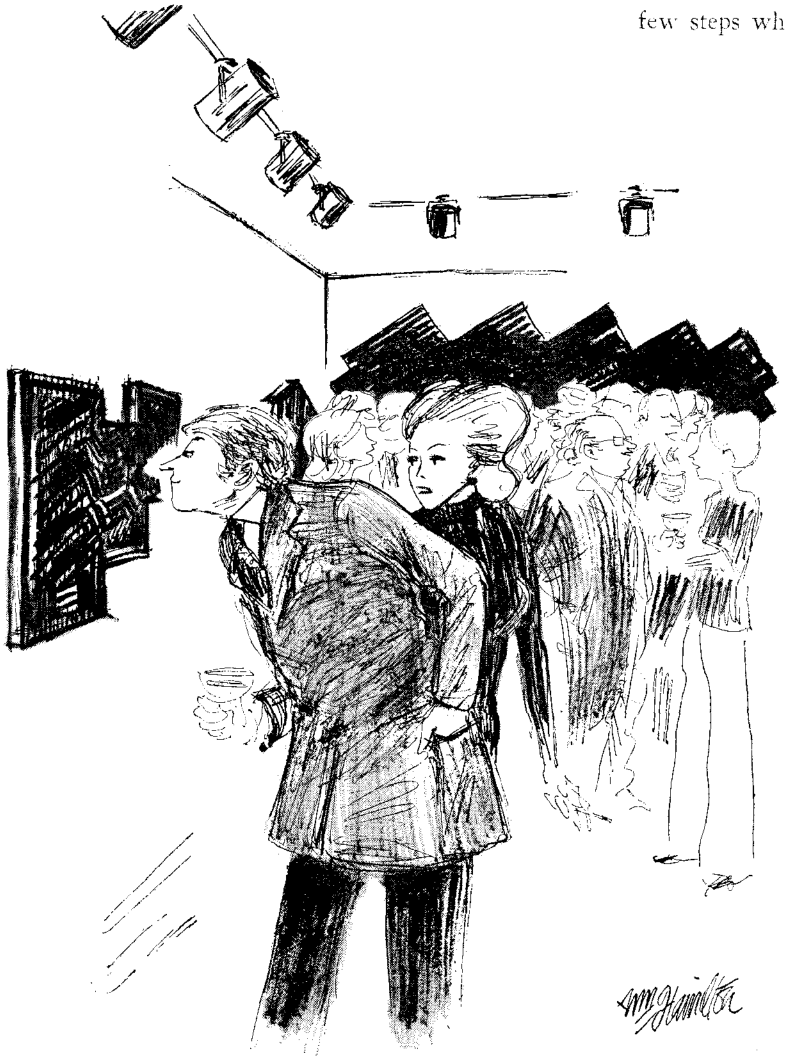
Joe nodded, as though he'd always thought of Whipple, which he'd driven through once or twice, as an excellent place to buy a car. He was waiting for Mrs. P. to continue.

"That's all *I* know," she said, and shot off to the kitchen. Hurt. Not his fault. Toohey's fault. Curate's fault. Not telling her about the curate was bad, but doing it as he would have had to would have been worse. Better she think less of him than know the truth—and think less of the Church. He took the sins of curates and administrators upon him.

That afternoon, he waited until four o'clock before he got on the phone to Earl. "Say, what is this? I thought you said Friday at the outside."

"Oh, oh," said Earl, and didn't have to be told who was calling, or about what. He said he'd put a tracer on the order, and promised to call back right away, which he did. "Hey, Father, guess what? The order's at our warehouse. North Carolina goofed."

"That so?" said Joe, but he wasn't interested in Earl's analysis of North Carolina's failure to ship to customer's own address, and cut in on it. He described his bed situation, as he hadn't before for Earl, in depth. He was going to be short a bed—no, not that night but the next, when his assistant would be there, and also a monk who helped out on weekends and slept in the guest room. No, the bed in the guest room, to answer Earl's question, was a single—actually, a cot. Yes, Joe could put his assistant on the box spring and mattress, but wouldn't like to do it, and didn't see why he should. He'd been promised delivery by Friday at the outside. He didn't care if Inglenook *was* in Monday and Thursday territory. In the end, Earl promised delivery the next day, Saturday.



"All right, Harold. You've established beyond all doubt that you came to the opening to see the pictures. Now can we mix?"

"O.K., Father?"

"O.K., Earl."

The next afternoon, a panel truck, scarred and bearing no name, pulled up in front of the rectory at seven minutes after four. Joe didn't know what to make of it. He stayed inside the rectory until the driver and his helper unloaded a carton, then rushed out, and was about to ask them to unload at the back door and save themselves a few steps when a word on the carton stopped him. "Hold everything!" And it wasn't, as he'd hoped, simply a matter of a word on a carton. Oh, no. On investigation, the beds proved to be as described on their cartons—cannonballs. "Hold everything. I have to call the store."

On the way to the telephone, passing old Father Otto, who was another who hadn't been told about the curate, and now appeared curious to know what was happening in the street, Joe wished that monks were forbidden to wear their habits away from the monastery. Flowing robes, Joe felt, had a bad effect on his parishioners, made him, in his cassock, look second-best in their eyes, and also reminded non-Catholics of the Reformation.

"Say, what is this?" he said, on the phone.

"Oh, oh," said Earl when told. "North Carolina goofed."

"Now, *look*," said

Joe, and really opened up on Earl and the store. "I don't like the way you people do business," he said, pausing to breathe.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, Father, but didn't you say you liked cannonballs?"

"Better than Jenny Lind, I said. But that's not the point. I prefer the other, and that's what I said. You know what 'prefer' means, don't you?"

"Pineapples."

"You've got me over a barrel, Earl."

In the end, despite what he'd indicated earlier, Joe said he'd take delivery. "But we're through," he said, and hung up.

MAKING MARKS

No two conventions of teeth behave alike.
Some chatter, grip, or slash. Others strike.
Thirty-two counters measure out our breath.
What other course for words but past the teeth?
The human body holds them at its height
Better to speak with, but the worse to bite.

Teeth hold the resonance for speech and song,
Which cannot rise past tunelessness for long
Unless teeth govern them to soar and lilt—
To pierce with love, or hate up to the hilt.
Smiling, though soft in cheek, is hard in bone,
And sounds make words by trickling over stone
To give the tongue an edge to call its own.

Sounds are the stuff, yet letters are the knives
In each man's voice, the shape of what survives.
Dry bones alone can live, though fossilized
Forever. Let my words be recognized
As mine by the wear of their bite. They classify
The being that they once were brandished by
And the abrasives they were sharpened with.
This way he gnawed his life and grinned his death.

—PETER DAVISON

• •

OUT in front, parked behind the panel truck, there now was a new VW beetle, and there, it seemed, standing by the opened cartons with Father Otto, the driver, and his helper, was Joe's curate—big and young, obviously one of the newly ordained men. Seeing Joe, he left the others and came smiling toward him.

"Where you been?" Joe said. Like a pastor, he thought.

The curate stopped smiling. "Whipple," he said.

Joe put it another way. "Thought you'd give me a call."

"I did."

"Before yesterday."

"I did. Don't know how many times I called. You were never in."

"Didn't know what to think," Joe said, pursuing his own line, like a pastor, and, looking away, wished that the curate's little car, light brown, or dark yellow, sort of a caramel, was another color, and also that it wasn't parked where it was, adding to the confusion. (The driver's helper was showing Father Otto how his dolly worked.) "Could've left your name with the housekeeper."

"I kept thinking I'd get you if I called again. You were never in."

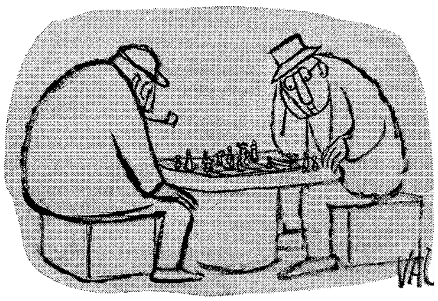
Joe moved toward the street, saying, "Yes, well, I've been out a lot lately. Could've left your name, Father."

"I did, Father. Yesterday."

"Yes, well." Standing by the little car, viewing the books and luggage inside, Joe wished that the curate and he could start over, that he hadn't started them off as he had. He had meant to welcome the curate. It wasn't his fault that he hadn't—look at the days and nights of needless anxiety, and look what time it was now—but still he wanted to make amends. "Better drive around to the back, Father, and unload," he said. "Get settled down. Won't ask you to hear confessions this afternoon." And, having opened the door of the little car for his curate, he closed it for him, saying, through the window, "See you later."

When he straightened up, he saw that Big Mouth, a neighbor and a parishioner, had arrived to inspect the cartons, heard him questioning Father Otto, saw, too, that Mrs. P. had decided to sweep the front walk and was working that way. He called to Mrs. P.

"I've bought a few things—besides the bed and chest here—for the curate's room," he told her, so she wouldn't be too surprised when she saw them. Then he gave her the key to the room, saying, perhaps needlessly, that she'd find it locked, and that the box springs, mattresses, and bedspreads would be found within. The other bed—the one that should and would have been his but for the interest shown in it by Father Otto and Big Mouth—the other bed and chest, he told Mrs. P., should go into the guest room. "Fold up the cot and put it somewhere. Get the curate to help you—he's not hearing this afternoon."



Turning then to the little group around the cartons, he saw that his instructions to Mrs. P. had been overheard and understood. The little group, held together by the question "Would he take delivery?," was breaking up. He thanked the driver and his helper for waiting, nodded to Big Mouth, said "Coming?" to Father Otto, since it was now time for confessions, and walked toward the church. He took the sins of curates and administrators and North Carolina upon him. He gave another his bed.

THAT evening, after confessions, and after Father Otto had retired to the new bed in the guest room, Joe and the curate sat on in the pastor's study. Joe, doing most of the talking, had had less than usual, the curate more, it seemed—he was yawning. "Used to be," Joe was saying, "we all drove black cars. I still do." Joe didn't want to hurt the curate's feelings, but he couldn't understand why a priest, even a young priest today, able to buy a new car should pick one the color of the curate's. "Maybe it's not important."

"Think I'll turn in, Father."

Joe hated to go to bed, and changed the subject slightly. "How's the room? O.K.?"

"O.K."

Joe had been expecting a bit more.

"Gee, Alexander, you're great!"

• •

He hoped he hadn't hurt the curate's feelings. "It's not important, what I was saying."

The curate smiled. "My uncle's the dealer in Whipple. He gave me a good deal on the car, but that was part of it—the color."

"I see." Joe tried not to appear as interested as he suddenly was. "What's he call his place—Whipple Volkswagen? I know a lot of 'em do. That's what they call it here—Inglenook Volkswagen."

"He calls it by his own name."

"I see. And this is your father's brother?"

"My mother's."

"I see."

"Think I'll turn in now, Father."

"Yeah. Maybe we should. Sunday's always a tough day."

THE next morning, with Joe watching from the sacristy, and later from the rear of the church, the curate said his first Mass in the parish. He was slow, of course, but he wasn't fancy, and he didn't fall down. His sermon was standard, marred only by his gestures (once or twice he looked like a bad job of dubbing), and he read the announcements well. He didn't introduce himself to the congregation, but that could be done the following week in the parish bulletin.

The day began to go wrong, though, when, after his second Mass, the curate mentioned an invitation he had to dine out with a classmate. "Well, all right," Joe said, writing off the afternoon but not the evening.

He still hadn't written off the evening, entirely, at eighteen after eleven. The door of the pastor's study was open, and the pastor was clearly visible in his BarcaLounger chair, having a nightcap, but the curate went straight to his room, and could soon be heard running a bath.

So Joe, despite the change from a week ago, had spent Sunday as usual—the afternoon with the papers, TV, a nap, and Father Otto (until it was time for his bus), and the evening alone. Most of it. At seven-thirty, he'd had a surprise visit from Earl, his wife, and two of their children.

The next morning, Joe laid an unimportant letter on the curate's metal desk. "Answer this, will you? I've made some notes on the margin so you'll know what to say. Keep it brief. Sign *your* name—Assistant Pastor. But let me have a look at it before you seal it." And that, he thought, is that. He turned and headed for his office.

"Does it have to be *typed*?"

Joe stopped, turned. "What d'ya mean?"

"Can't *type* it."

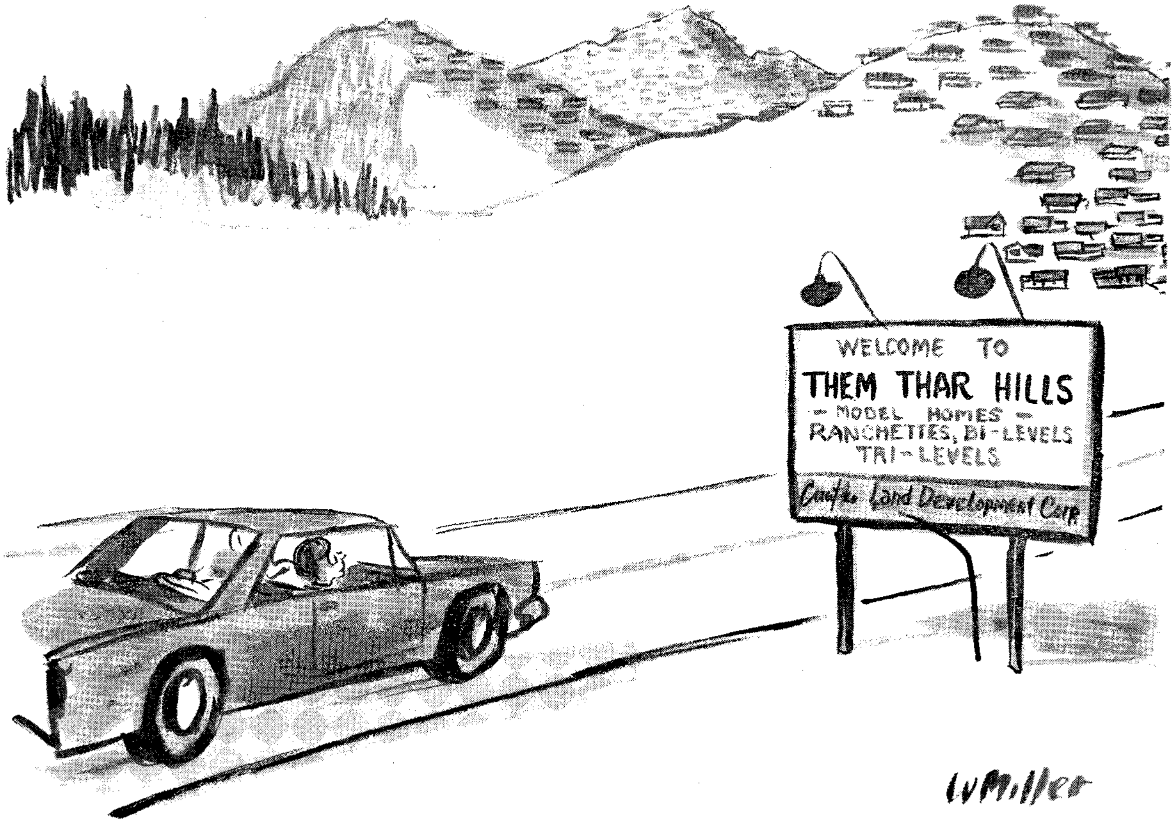
"What d'ya mean?"

"Can't *type*."

"Now, *wait* a minute," Joe said. For a moment, he just stood there, in a distressed state. "You mean at the sem you did everything in longhand? Term papers and everything?"

The curate, who seemed to think that too much was being made of his disability, nodded.

"Hard to believe," Joe said. "Why,



you must've been the only guy in your class not to use a typewriter."

"There was one other guy."

"Hard to believe," Joe said, but was somewhat relieved—at least, the gambler in him was—to know that he hadn't been quite as unlucky as he'd supposed. "Look. You must've heard guys all around you using typewriters. Didn't you ever wonder why?"

"I never owned a typewriter. Never saw the need." The curate sounded proud, like somebody who brushes his teeth with table salt. "I write a good, clear hand."

Joe snorted. "*I* write a good, clear hand. But I don't do my parish correspondence by hand. And I hope *you* won't when you're a pastor."

"The hell with it, then."

Joe, who had been walking around in a distressed state, stopped and just looked at the curate, but the curate—pretty clever—wouldn't look back. He was getting out a cigarette. Joe shook his head, and walked around shaking it. "Father, Father," he said.

"Father, hell," said the curate, emitting smoke. "You should've put in for a stenographer, not a priest."

Joe stopped, stood still, and sniffed. "Great," he said, nodding his head. "Sounds great, Father. But what does it mean? Does it mean you expect me to do the lion's share of the donkey work around here? While you're out saving souls? Or sitting up in your room? Does it mean when you're a pastor you'll expect your curate to do what you never had to do? I hope not, Father. Because, you know, Father, when you're a pastor it may be years before you have a curate. You may never have one, Father. You may end up in a one-horse parish. Lots of guys do. You won't be able to afford a secretary, or public stenographers, and you won't care to trust your correspondence to nuns, to parishioners. You'll never be your own man. You'll always be an embarrassment to yourself and others. Let's face it, Father. Today, a man who can't use a typewriter is as ill-equipped for parish life as a man who can't drive a car. Go ahead. Laugh. Sneer. But it's true. You don't want to be like Toohey, do you? *He* can't type, and he's set this diocese back a hundred years. He writes 'No can do' on everything and returns it to the sender. For official business he uses scratch paper put out by the Universal Portland Cement Company."

Depressed by the thought of Toohey and annoyed by the curate's cool, if that was what it was, Joe retired to his office. He sat down at his new desk and made a list. Presently, he appeared in the doorway between the offices, wearing his hat. "And, Father," he continued, "when you're a pastor, what if you get a curate like yourself? Think it over. I have to go out now. Mind the store."

Joe drove to the city and bought a typing course consisting of a manual and phonograph records, and he also bought the bed—it *was still there*—the double, with pineapples. He was told that if he ever wished to order a matching chest or dresser there would be no trouble at all. The bed, along with box spring and mattress, would be on the Thursday delivery to Inglenook, Earl said.

"O.K., Father?"

"O.K., Earl."

And that afternoon Joe, in his office, had a phone call from Mrs. Fox. She just wondered if everything was O.K., she said—as if she didn't know. She was still dying to see the room. Joe said he thought the room had turned out pretty well, thanked Mrs. Fox for helping him, and also for calling, and hung up.

Immediately, the phone rang again. "St. Francis," Joe said.

"Bill there?"

"*Bill?*"

"For *me*?" said the curate, who had been typing away, or, anyway, typing.

Joe tried to look right through the wall. (The door between the offices was open, but the angle was wrong.) "Take it over there," he said, and switched the call.

There were no further developments that day.

None the next day.

And none the next.

No more phone calls for the curate, and no mail addressed to him, and nothing in the diocesan paper, and no word from Toohey. And Mrs. P. with her "he" and "him" was no help, nor was the janitor, with his "young Father," and Father Otto wouldn't be there until Saturday. But in one way or another, perhaps in time for the next parish bulletin, though the odds were now against that, Joe hoped to learn Bill's last name. —J. F. POWERS

•

The sound made by an H-bomb going off can be pretty disturbing but not much more than that made by a loose window or door that won't stay tightly closed.
—*Staten Island Advance.*

Guess we're something of a worrier.

LETTER FROM PERU

EARLY in the morning of October 3, 1968, the armed forces of Peru overthrew that country's government. Six days later, a thousand troops of the New Revolutionary Government seized the oil complex surrounding the northern city of Talara. Within a few months, the junta had taken over that complex and all other assets of the International Petroleum Company (or I.P.C.), a wholly owned subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey. The United States government now has until early August to decide whether to reply with economic sanctions that might seriously undermine the Peruvian economy in an effort to force the junta to pay for what it has seized. "We told them we would apply sanctions if they took I.P.C.," explains a high U.S. official in Peru. "Now the deterrent has failed. Our credibility is involved, and if we don't do what we said, it might have harmful consequences, and nationalist forces might start after other companies. On the other hand, if we do act, our relations with Peru will deteriorate. It could strengthen nationalist forces and jeopardize other American interests." Far less ambivalently, another U.S. official complains, "The trouble with American business is they don't stick together. That's what happened in Cuba, and they all went down one by one." Yet the government of Peru is made up of officers who have defeated two Communist guerrilla movements, and they have pledged that they will not nationalize any other foreign company. The Foreign Minister, General Edgaro Mercado Jarrín, a lean, intense officer trained in U.S. military schools, whose friendship for the United States is matched by his hatred of Communism, explains, "We are not acting against the people of the United States. We are not acting against the government of the United States. We are not acting against any other company. Just a single company, which has claimed sovereignty over the soil, refused to pay taxes, corrupted governments, and acted as a law unto itself. If you apply sanctions, the people will be uncontrollable. Anything could happen, and not only against America but against all the structures. We will fight against it, but I do not know if we can really stop it."

It is helpful to understand how small and poor a country now awaits, with growing apprehension, the outcome of its clash with the dominant power of the Western Hemisphere. Sprawled along the western coast of South America, Peru can be roughly pictured as an upright rectangle about twelve hundred miles high and eight hundred miles at its widest point, similar in shape to California, although about three times as large. It is not one country but three. Nature has divided this rectangle from top to bottom, or north to south, into three distinct and unequal segments. Along the coast is a narrow ribbon of desert, broken by fifty small rivers on their way from the Andes to the sea. To the east, the desert yields to the great sierra, seat of the Inca Empire, a land of deep valleys and high plateaus bounded by the two great ranges of the Andes. And on the other side of the Andes turbulent rivers rush toward a huge and almost empty land of dense tropical forest—the westernmost demesne of the Amazon, whose jungle basin, stretching from Peru across Brazil, covers an area almost as large as the United States. Peru has a population of about twelve million—a few more than that of New York City's metropolitan area. About a third of the Peruvians are Andean Indians who live outside the national economy and society and many of whom speak only their ancient Indian languages. Peru is one of Latin America's poorer countries. The average yearly income is about two hundred and eighty dollars per person, and the total national production is worth approximately four billion dollars; that makes the nation of Peru a little more than a fourth as productive as Standard Oil of New Jersey, whose total revenues last year were more than fourteen billion dollars.

In 1914, Robert Lansing, then Counselor for the Department of State and soon to be Wilson's Secretary of State, worrying about the possibility that European powers might undermine the Monroe Doctrine through economic imperialism, wrote, "A . . . power whose subjects own the public debt of an American state and have invested there large amounts of capital may control the government of the state as completely as if it had acquired sovereign rights over the territory through occupation, conquest, or concession." Today, in Peru, United States interests own, *inter alia*, nearly all of the copper, probably the country's most valuable natural resource; about a quarter of the sugar and fishing industries; nearly all of the shipping; much of the oil; the telephone company; and many of the major retail establishments, including Sears, Roebuck and Coca-Cola—although the more popular Inca Cola is owned by a Peruvian family. Moreover, Peru is almost totally dependent on the American government and private banks for the refinancing of its large external debt and for the funds necessary to expand its mining. The present Peruvian government is ready to admit the self-evident—that Peru cannot develop without the continued infusion of private capital from the United States. Still, the sheer weight of the American presence undoubtedly heightens Peruvian sensitivity to our every act and proclamation. "We want to be friends and we want American investment," the head of one of Peru's oldest and most powerful families told me. "But we cannot have '*paternalismo*.' You are big enough to be the father, but we are too old to be a son."*

Peru is no banana republic carved from the wilderness by Spanish conquerors. The road from Lima to the oil fields passes only a hundred miles from the plaza at Cajamarca, where, on the evening of November 16, 1532, Pizar-

---

* Some cautions for the reader. Facts in Latin America, historical and otherwise, are often elusive. In some cases, the best one can do is make a reasoned judgment. In others, it is enough to show that uncertainty exists and that the evidence is not clearly and irrefutably in favor of one side or the other. It is also necessary to be aware that a sentence in an American publication can become a banner headline in Lima and an instrument of political purpose or of vengeance. Therefore, it is sometimes necessary to conceal the precise source of information and attitudes. In this exploration, I talked with the President and high officials of the present government, the President and supporters of the deposed government, the principal civilian allies of the military coup, and with the top officers of Standard Oil, its I.P.C. subsidiary, and the United States Embassy, along with many other concerned citizens of the United States and Peru. Where there is no name given, the individual has been judged well informed or a qualified representative of attitudes and convictions.

"It's Saturday, pal. Remember? We're going to spend the whole day together doing whatever you *want to do."*

ro the Conqueror ambushed and captured the chief of the Incas and in a single stroke destroyed the power of the vast Inca civilization, whose roots reached back into still older societies that were building temples and organizing society in the eighth century B.C. After four hundred years of Westernization, of foreign aid and private investment, of the Good Neighbor Policy and the Alliance for Progress, Peru is far less developed in many respects than it was during the Inca rule. Today, there are rocks and brush where an efficient net of roads once united an empire; desert has reclaimed large stretches of land that were once fruitfully irrigated; and the sierra is populated by the scattered and impoverished descendants of a civilization that was highly organized for productivity and common action. The sense of this great past, the mingled blood of conquered and their heroic conquerors, is a source of strengthening pride for the educated Peruvians. Long before American blacks discovered the need for black studies, Peruvians had turned to their Indian past to help them heighten and assert their dignity.

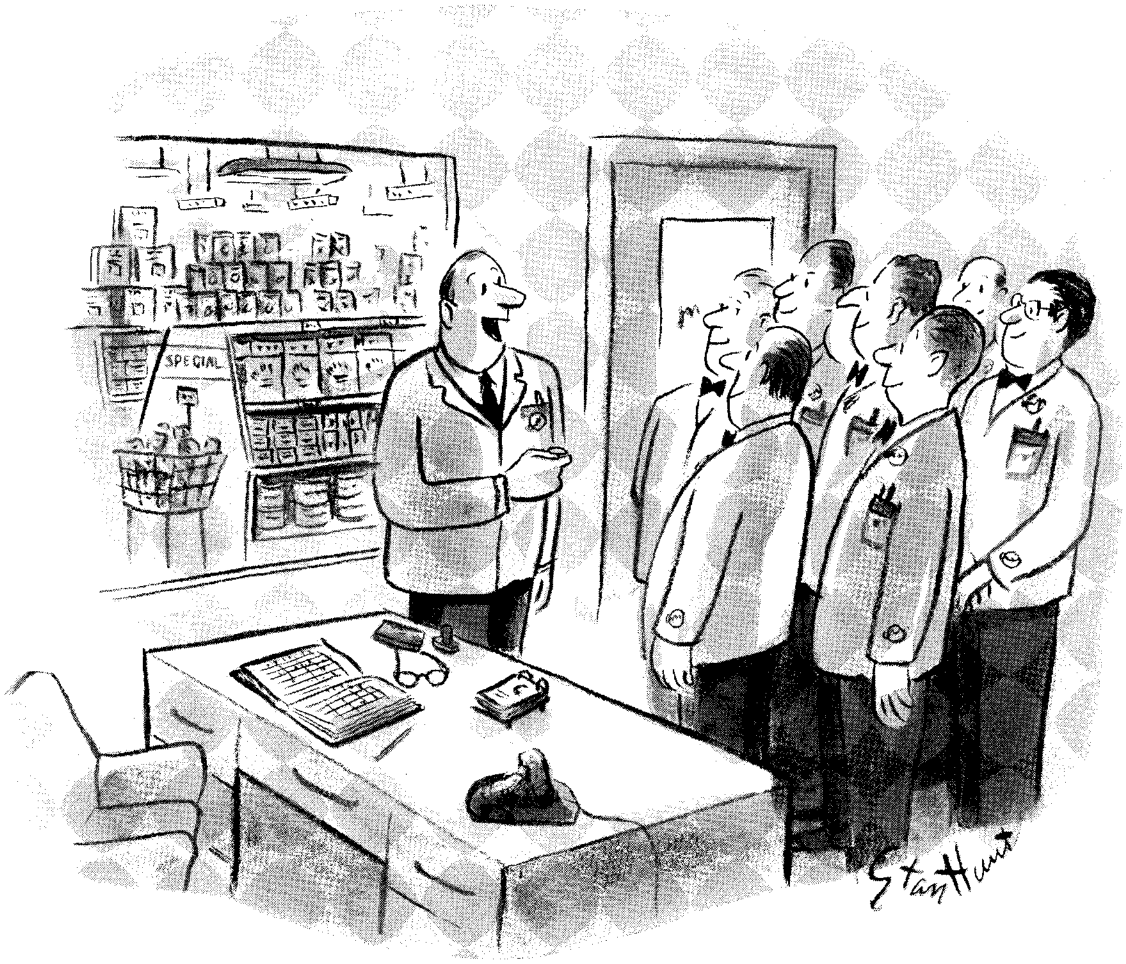
From this past derives another experience that helps illuminate the intensities of feeling behind the present dispute. The history of Peru is, in large measure, the history of the soil and its riches. For centuries the Indians mined and worked the gold that lured their conquerors to Peru. In 1534, a poster in Lyons announced an exhibition of "much inestimable wealth of gold and silver and precious stones found in that province and brought here from that country." The Peruvians' economy has nearly always rested on mineral wealth—gold and silver, copper and nitrates, pitch and oil—although in recent years they have also uncovered the riches that lie beneath the seas in the great fishing grounds of the Humboldt Current. Much of this wealth is still untouched. The copper companies plan a six-hundred-million-dollar expansion of their mining facilities. The jungle lands east of the Andes are thought to conceal enormous and diverse riches. And the oil companies know that Peru contains one of the largest unexplored sedimentary beds in the world. The sense that minerals were the foundation of the state helps explain why under the Incas, the Spanish, and under the Republic of Peru, the state alone could own the Peruvian subsoil and what it contained. Individuals and private companies could secure the right to explore and often received sweeping concessions to mine and refine, and to profit from sales and commerce. But in Peru, as in most of Latin America, no private person could own the subsoil rights. To this traditional law, for almost a century and a half, there was one exception: the La Brea y Pariñas oil field of Standard Oil of New Jersey. That exception has now been ended by the Revolutionary Government of Peru.

Now the United States must decide whether to retaliate by invoking the Hickenlooper Amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act, which directs the President to cut off all foreign aid to any country that expropriates a United States company without taking "appropriate steps" toward "speedy compensation" within six months. The amendment was enacted in 1962 over the opposition of the Kennedy Administration and has never been applied in Latin America. The original deadline was April 9th, six months after the seizure of Talara. But as that date approached without progress toward settlement, the Nixon Administration averted a clash by deciding that Peru's willingness to permit I.P.C. an administrative appeal constituted "appropriate steps" within the meaning of the Hickenlooper Amendment. Thus, the new deadline for decision is early August, when the appeal will be decided not by the courts but by Peruvian administrators, and ultimately by the President of Peru.

The Peruvian government freely admits the company's right to compensation for its seized assets, and has offered to pay a fair amount as soon as the company pays its own alleged debt to Peru. However, this claim of debt—which is the subject of the I.P.C. appeal—is based on the theory that the company had been operating the La Brea field illegally for forty-four years and therefore owes Peru the value of everything produced by that field, which amounts to a good deal more than the value of the assets. Thus, in fact, I.P.C. would get nothing. Imposition of the Hickenlooper Amendment and allied legislation would have serious and perhaps crippling consequences for the entire Peruvian economy. Formally, it would cut off aid and halt United States purchases of Peruvian sugar, which are a major source of foreign exchange. In practice, it would dry up American financing, public and private, of badly needed industrial expansion as well as the refinancing of present debts. An Inter-American Bank expert has estimated that the amendment could cost Peru a hundred and eighty million dollars in a year—an amount roughly equivalent to all of the country's financial reserves and about two-thirds as much as the total aid Peru has received since the Alliance for Progress began, in 1961. Almost inevitably, such Draconian strokes would provoke some form of economic retaliation, perhaps against other American companies, and bright young colonels of the Presidential staff are preparing contingency plans to halt the flight of foreign currency and assets. Even more serious are the potential political consequences. The justice of the seizure is probably the only conviction that unites the historically divided and fragmented parties and classes of Peru. Peace Corps volunteers report that for the first time they hear hostile mutterings about the "gringos" as they walk through the streets of Lima slums or ride the rickety buses of the poor. Applying the Hickenlooper Amendment "would probably increase nationalistic and anti-American feeling," says the American Ambassador, John Wesley Jones. "Blood will flow in the streets," gloomily predicts President Juan Velasco Alvarado. "Peru could become another Cuba," says a high official of the exiled civilian government. Apocalyptic prophecies about Latin America are usually wrong. Still, there is little doubt that application of Hickenlooper would damage our relationships with Peru and with other countries of Latin America. Beyond that, the outcome is highly speculative, but the risks are there. And for President Nixon the choice must have especially ironic overtones. It was in Peru, in May, 1958, that angry, shouting crowds transformed Vice-President Nixon's good-will tour into a dramatic display of rising anti-Americanism that shocked the United States and became one of John F. Kennedy's campaign issues in 1960. When I tried to explain to a Peruvian official that the new Administration had just taken office and probably needed time to study the dispute, he replied unsmilingly, "That's not necessary. Mr. Nixon is very well informed about Peru." In 1958, Mr. Nixon was only a symbol. Now, as President, he faces a decision that could well bring the same mobs into the same streets, shouting his name again.

OVER the years, few nations have been friendlier to American investment than Peru, and the present government proclaims its intention to continue that friendship. Why, then, did a government that is fundamentally pro-American and anti-Communist seize this company at this time? "In my six years," Ambassador Jones says, "the company has been totally generous and reasonable in trying to reach a settlement with Peru." "If you want to know what I think," another American told me, "Velasco just saw this was a good nationalistic issue and grabbed it to stay in power." On February 6, 1969, President Velasco himself declared, "The case of the International Petroleum Company is the problem of a company that has transgressed and offended our laws, usurped our rights by using all available means, and one that is determined to create conflict between two friendly governments. The case of the International Petroleum Company is unique. It is a singular case." The Foreign Minister, General Mercado, asks, "How can you apply the amendment on behalf of a company that is so bad?" And then, in the soft tones of submerged fury, he said, "The story of I.P.C. is a black chapter in the history of my country."

The story starts long before the International Petroleum Company came to Peru, and long before men knew of petroleum and the riches it would bring. Some six hundred years ago, a group of pre-Inca Indians in the remote northern reaches of Peru discovered at the foot of the Amotape Mountains, about thirteen miles from the Pacific, a cluster of small pools filled with a dark, heavy liquid that seemed to ooze mysteriously from the center of the earth. They skimmed the oil from the surface and used it to line clay jars and to mummify the dead. After the Conquest, the Spanish dug



"All right, fellows. Ready? Heads we mark everything up ten per cent. Tails we mark up twenty per cent. O.K.?"

trenches, and as the oil seeped into the excavations they combined boiling with natural evaporation to leave a thick, scummy black residue known as *brea*, or pitch. Transported down the coast, the pitch was used to caulk the hulls and tar the rigging of the Spanish fleet. During this period, the pitch mine, like all the mineral properties in Spanish America, remained the property of the crown, which granted often sweeping concessions to favored individuals and companies. In 1821, after declaring its independence of Spain, Peru reconfirmed the colonial mining ordinances, which provided that ownership of the subsoil rights to all minerals, and to other substances in the earth, belonged to the state. And in 1824 Bolívar drove the last Spanish troops from the country. Like revolutionaries before and since, Bolívar needed money to finance his struggle. One of those who helped him was Don José de Quintana. In 1826, to discharge its debt to de Quintana, the new Peruvian government deeded him the pitch mine at Amotape. The deed declares that the agents of the Peruvian government "abdicate, strip, and separate from the state which they represent all right, title, and dominion held by or appertaining to it over the said mine of 'pitch,' and they cede, renounce, and transfer the same to the purchaser." It is on the basis of this 1826 deed that successive owners have claimed a unique ownership of the subsoil rights, and for forty-five years the deed has been the legal basis of I.P.C.'s claim to title. Peru's denial of that title is the legal foundation of the claim against I.P.C., which is the principal issue of the current crisis. Peruvian experts argue that even if the deed did grant ownership to subsoil rights in the pitch mine—which they do not admit—it could not have included ownership of petroleum, a substance whose use and value were then unknown. However one interprets the deed itself, the history of this claim is entangled with the entire history of Peru and illuminates both the tenacity of its holders and the resistance of many Peruvians to an assertion of private dominion that they have found deeply offensive to their concept of national sovereignty. As Peru became more nationalistic and more sensitive about its independent sovereignty, that resistance increased.

By 1830, Don José de Lama had merged ownership of the mine—which he had acquired in 1827—with the huge estate on which it was situated, thus creating the property known from then on as La Brea y Pariñas. Thirty-eight years later, only a decade after the world's first oil well was drilled in Pennsylvania, his daughter struck oil on the La Brea property. Shortly afterward, the Peruvian government took a new interest in this distant northern province. In the eighteen-seventies, Peru passed its first mining laws since independence. They required, *inter alia*, that all "owners of mining claims . . . of coal or petroleum . . . present their title . . . for revalidation" and registration within four months or the claims would be declared void. The laws also set up a new system of taxation. With some exceptions, all mines were to be divided into arbitrary sections of ten acres each, known as *pertenencias*, and a flat tax would be imposed on each *pertenencia*. The then owner of La Brea, Don Genaro Helguero, neither registered his title nor paid any tax, presumably on the ground that as the absolute owner of the subsoil rights he was immune from the new national mining legislation. However, in the next decade a British group became interested in buying the oil field, and we can reasonably conjecture that before making the purchase they wanted some official confirmation of Helguero's special rights and tax status other than the 1826 deed. In any event, Helguero, after a decade of indifference to the law, petitioned a local court for judicial confirmation of his title. What happened next is obscured by time and the baffling intricacy of nineteenth-century Peruvian bureaucracy. Although the judge said that Helguero was indeed the absolute owner of the subsoil, the decree of a local magistrate was clearly not enough protection. Therefore, in 1887, Helguero petitioned the Department of Mines of Peru to recognize that no tax or mining law could apply to his property, since it came to him by the "real and perpetual sale" of Bolívar's government. After the Department reported in his favor, a higher official, the Attorney General of the Supreme Court, found that "the government cannot and should not admit in the Republic rights over mines other than those stipulated by the law." There then followed a series of petitions and official decrees that registered the mining claims in Helguero's name and divided the entire property into ten *pertenencias* for purposes of taxation. None of the official acts or decrees refers to Helguero as the absolute owner of subsoil rights, and, in fact, the final decree of 1888 calls him "the concession holder." Moreover, if he was the owner there was no need for him to register his claim or pay any tax at all, since those requirements of the mining law depended on the legal proposition that the state, as owner of the subsoil, was regulating the concessionaires. Later proprietors of La Brea have argued that Helguero accepted all these conditions because he was in a hurry to sell the property.

THE HOUSE TREE

(A Painting by Paul Klee)

It is autumn, perhaps.
The tree that might still be covered with leaves
Has grown three houses.

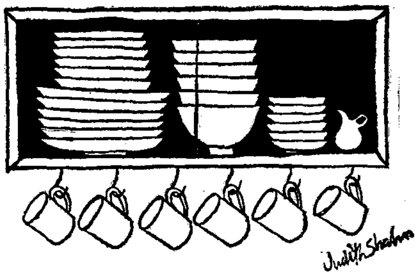
In a sky of smoky crimson, a bird descends,
And moons and six-pointed stars
Seem on the edge of appearing and disappearing.

A stick ladder leans against the tree
Where a stick man poses,
Doubtless before making the ascent.

Much is in motion, but when the stick man moves
In profile to start his climb,
The dream will dissolve like leaf smoke,
Like a distant arpeggio,
And the dreamer wake.

—Mark Perlberg

• •



"Just Molly and me,
And baby makes three . . ."

• •

However, to the outside observer this episode would seem to provide the strongest legal argument against later claims to ownership of the subsoil, although it is hardly mentioned in the lengthy Peruvian accounts. It could be strongly argued, at least before an American court, that even if Helguero had been the owner he had exchanged that ownership for official recognition of his rights and for a special tax status. For even though the standard *pertenencia* was ten acres, Helguero had managed to have his huge estate, of over four hundred thousand acres, divided into only ten *pertenencias*, which meant that for the next thirty-four years the annual tax on the oil field was about a hundred and fifty dollars. One could even maintain that it was then, in 1888, that the state exercised its legal right to expropriate the subsoil rights. In any event, five days after Helguero received the government's final decree he sold the property to two British citizens—a Mr. Tweddle and a Mr. Keswick—who, a year later, leased it to the London & Pacific Petroleum Co. for ninety-nine years. It may help us to guess at the atmosphere surrounding these intricate machinations to know that this was a period in Peruvian history when an American soldier of fortune named Henry Meiggs took over the construction of railroads for the entire nation, bribing politicians and importing coolie labor until his empire collapsed, leaving him to die a penniless derelict. The atmosphere of the time has been described somewhat harshly by the nineteenth-century Peruvian political leader Gonzalez Prada: "Riches served as an element of corruption, not of material progress. . . . No means of acquisition seemed illicit. The people would have thrown themselves into a sewer if at the bottom they had glimpsed a golden sol. Husbands sold their wives, fathers their daughters, brothers their sisters."

The next serious eruption of the now historic problem of La Brea began in the early nineteen-hundreds when an official mining engineer reported to the Peruvian government that somehow a serious mistake had been made in measuring the property: it appeared to be far larger than the figure of ten *pertenencias* would indicate. The government agreed, and on March 31, 1911, decreed that the owners "of the said mine do not pay the amount of taxes . . . corresponding to the number of lawful *pertenencias*" because of an "error" made in measurement. The London & Pacific Petroleum Co. protested the decree, and matters took their customary leisurely course until April of 1914, when Peru rejected the protest and ordered surveyors to remeasure the property. The argument might have dragged on for years, except that by this time London & Pacific had urgent reasons to press for a settlement. For in 1914 the International Petroleum Company had taken over the oil field, intending to buy the property. But even Mr. Herbert Hoover, then the consulting engineer and chief negotiator for the British interests, could not persuade I.P.C. to complete the purchase until there had been a final settlement of the legal and tax status of La Brea y Pariñas. By early 1915, the surveyors had remeasured the property, and in March a Peruvian decree specifically rejected British protests that the sale to de Quintana in 1826 had given absolute ownership of the subsoil and thus exempted the oil field from mining taxes. The decree asserted that "the rights acquired by that sale could not be other than those conferred by the Mining Ordinances in force when the . . . contract was made . . . nor did it confer any greater rights . . . than those which any private individual could grant, nor was there any declaration that the absolute ownership thereof was granted." Therefore, as the remeasurement showed, the tax should be paid not on ten *pertenencias* but on 41,614. Once again the Peruvian government had denied the special and unique claim to private ownership of the subsoil rights of La Brea y Pariñas.

London & Pacific, however, had resources not available to previous Peruvian owners, and for the first time the La Brea y Pariñas problem evoked the concern and pressure of a foreign government. The British Ambassador in Lima, acting on instructions from London, delivered a note to the Peruvian Foreign Office protesting the decree. The dispute dragged on for years, with neither side willing to yield, although there is no record that the higher taxes were ever paid. Suddenly the prospects for the oil company brightened when, in 1919, dictatorial power was seized by Augusto B. Leguía y Salcedo, whose rule was to bring a large expansion of American private investment into every sector of the Peruvian economy. Two years later, the long-smoldering dispute was submitted to a three-man arbitral tribunal consisting of representatives of Peru and Great Britain and the president of the Swiss Federal Court, Dr. Fritz Ostertag. For almost half a century, this arbitration has been the subject of debate and agitation. Lawyers and politicians have built reputations and careers analyzing, attacking, and defending the award of the tribunal. It has continually antagonized the many Peruvians who have firmly believed that a specially privileged oil company was forced on them by illegal and coercive pressures from abroad. Much of the present dispute revolves around the Peruvians' contention that the award was illegal and thus I.P.C. owes them the profits of its entire operation since the time it bought the field in 1924. And the Peruvian government points out that the arbitration took place at about the time that Harding's Secretary of the Interior, Albert B. Fall, was accepting the bribes from American oil interests that later sent him to prison. Even a high official of the deposed civilian government, which was attacked for its supposed generosity to I.P.C., says that "everyone knew that the arbitration was no good." I.P.C., of course, denies this, and claims that in any event it acquired its ownership of La Brea y Pariñas not through the award but by virtue of the deed of 1826. At this point in time, no one can evaluate the charges of fraud and corruption, but the actual decisions of the arbitration are another matter. Even before the tribunal met, the representatives of Peru and Great Britain had worked out their own private agreement, which, in 1922, was dutifully incorporated by Dr. Ostertag into an international decree. One of the most important and puzzling aspects of this decree is what it failed to decide. Although the ancient issue of subsoil ownership had helped to evoke the controversy, it is left unresolved by the final document. The most probable conclusion is that the arbitrators could find no way to resolve the question. Nor did it seem necessary. For the decree recognized the British right to La Brea y Pariñas and provided that for fifty years—until 1972—virtually the only tax the oil company had to pay (with some slight exceptions) was about fifteen dollars a year for each of the 41,614 *pertenencias* it was actually exploiting and about fifty cents for those it was not working. This special tax status, with its

Handelsman

"How long must I endure this insult to my intelligence?"

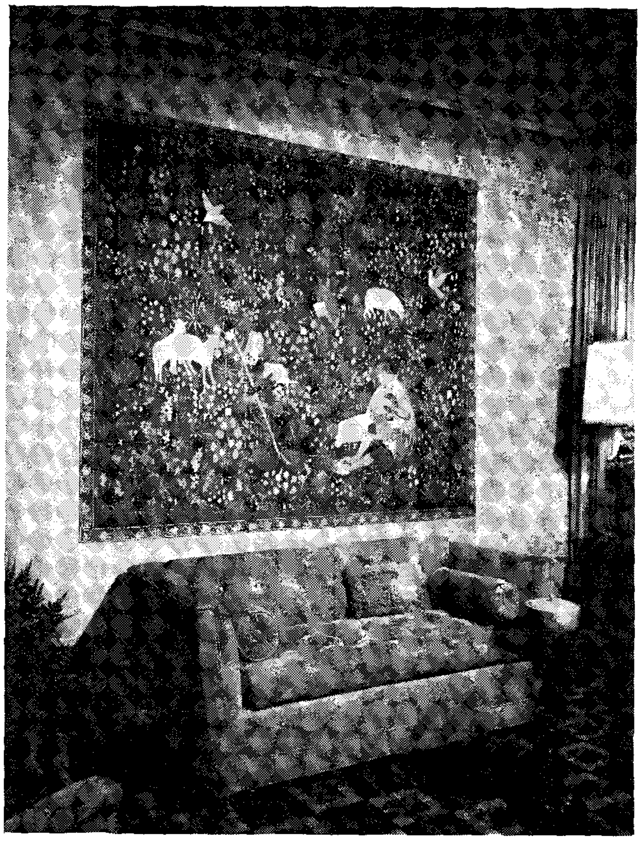
©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

Estée is the
first super perfume.

And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder

estée
super perfume
estée



For a most luxurious decorative accent in your home . . . see

Flemish Tapestry

. . . a wallcovering with the look of a rare medieval wall hanging . . . a dramatic focal point when used on an important wall. Available in five rich, fabric-like colors.

Albert Van Luit & Co.

WALLCOVERINGS

FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ROOM IN YOUR HOME

Send 50¢ for a full color miniature of **Flemish Tapestry** or $1 for miniature plus Decorator Kit of pictures showing interesting ways to use Van Luit wallcoverings.
4000-TF CHEVY CHASE DR., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90039

AT BETTER INTERIOR DESIGNERS AND WALLPAPER DEALERS

For an authentic Dry Margarita...

You better use Gavilan—the Dry Tequila
A wet tequila will never make it.
With Gavilan, you can mix the authentic Dry Margarita...the authentic Bloody Maria... the authentic Tequila 'n Bitter Lemon...the authentic Tequila Sour...or Tequila on the Rocks.
Anything else is for authentic Tourists!

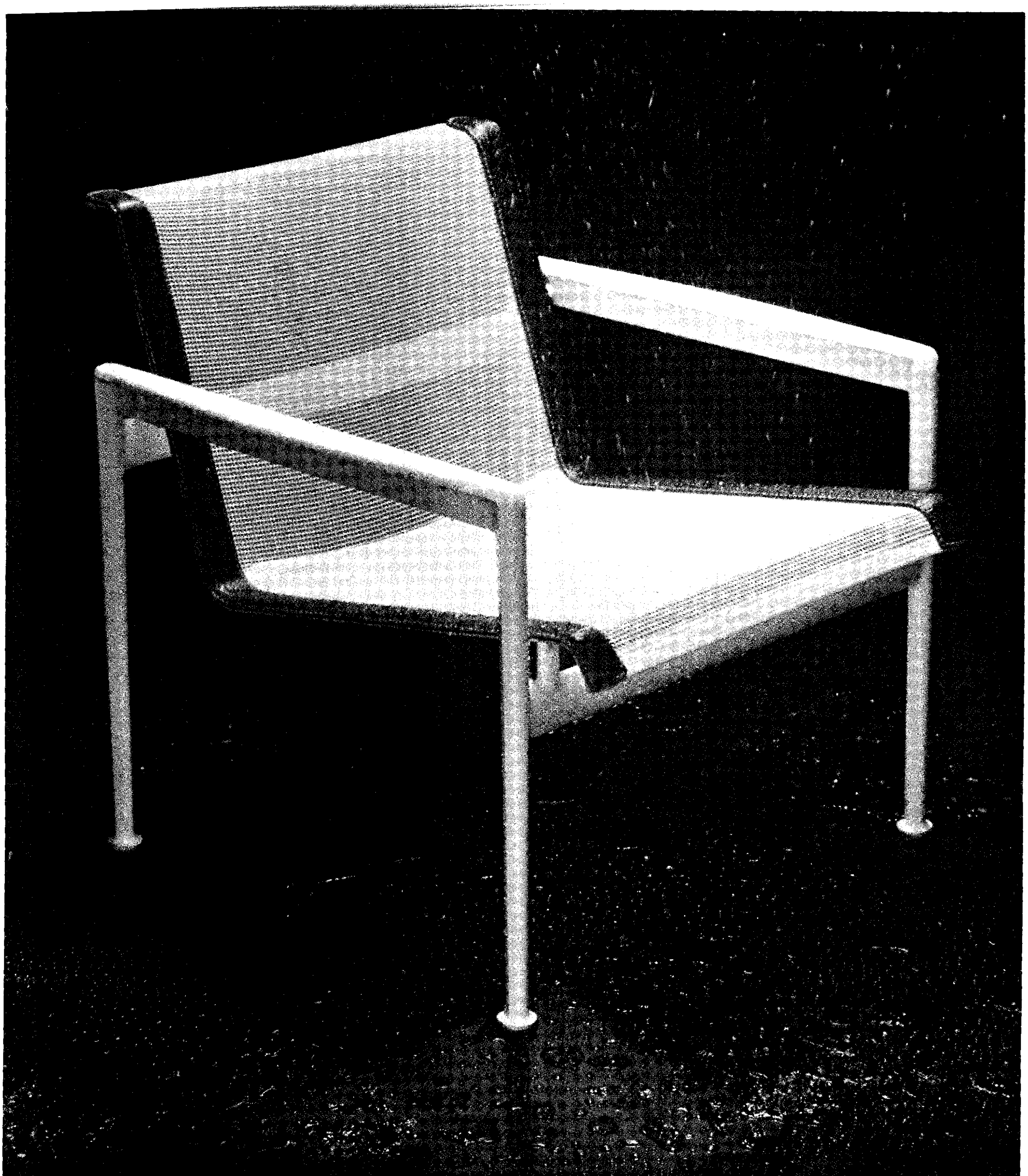
GAVILAN TEQUILA

Imported
TEQUILA WHITE
PRODUCE OF MEXICO
TEQUILA
GAVILAN

The Mexican Government has awarded the Official Seal of Guaranteed Quality to the Distillers of Gavilan Tequila.
Free Recipe Book! Write Dept. 100. Foreign Vintages, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York 10020—90 Proof

exemption from all other levies, inevitably was to become a source of increasing discontent. Ten years later, after the dictator Leguía had been driven from office, the new Peruvian government attacked the award and made a futile effort to bring the matter before the World Court. As late as 1959, only the appearance of the Peruvian Foreign Minister before a secret session persuaded Peru's Congress to reject a resolution annulling the arbitration. And on November 6, 1963, that Congress finally enacted a law providing that "the so-called . . . Award (arbitral) on La Brea y Pariñas for having violated the pertinent legal requirements [is] null *ipso jure* and [does] not obligate the Republic." But by this time Fernando Belaúnde Terry had been elected President of Peru and had begun the five-year effort to reach an accommodation with I.P.C. that ended only when the armed forces overthrew his government and seized the oil field.

No formal historical sketch can fully explain the clashing passions and interests that shaped and colored the negotiations of the Belaúnde period. For by then I.P.C. had come to occupy a special position in Peruvian life, and one seen very differently by I.P.C., the American government, and Peruvian nationalists. "We were the largest taxpayer in Peru and our labor practices were a model for the country," accurately reports an official of I.P.C., while the American Embassy asserts that over the last several years "I.P.C. was always very generous, and honestly worked hard to reach a settlement." Yet on December 4, 1968, the Peruvian general who seized I.P.C. summed up the feelings of many Peruvians when he said, "No people can live in dignity and with respect for its sovereignty . . . when it tolerates the insolent arrogance of another state within its own frontiers." It is not that the truth lies somewhere in between. Rather, it is a case of parties whose assumptions, needs, and habits of action were so divergent that a conflict seemed almost inevitable. Perhaps I.P.C. did not act wisely, but it acted as an oil company might be expected to act, pressing every advantage and withholding every concession within the limits of its power and the sometimes sordid possibilities of Peruvian politics and intrigue. If at the end overconfidence and shortsightedness helped undo I.P.C., it must be remembered that the company had prospered and maintained its special privileges amid growing agitation for almost half a century. And it has not lost every-

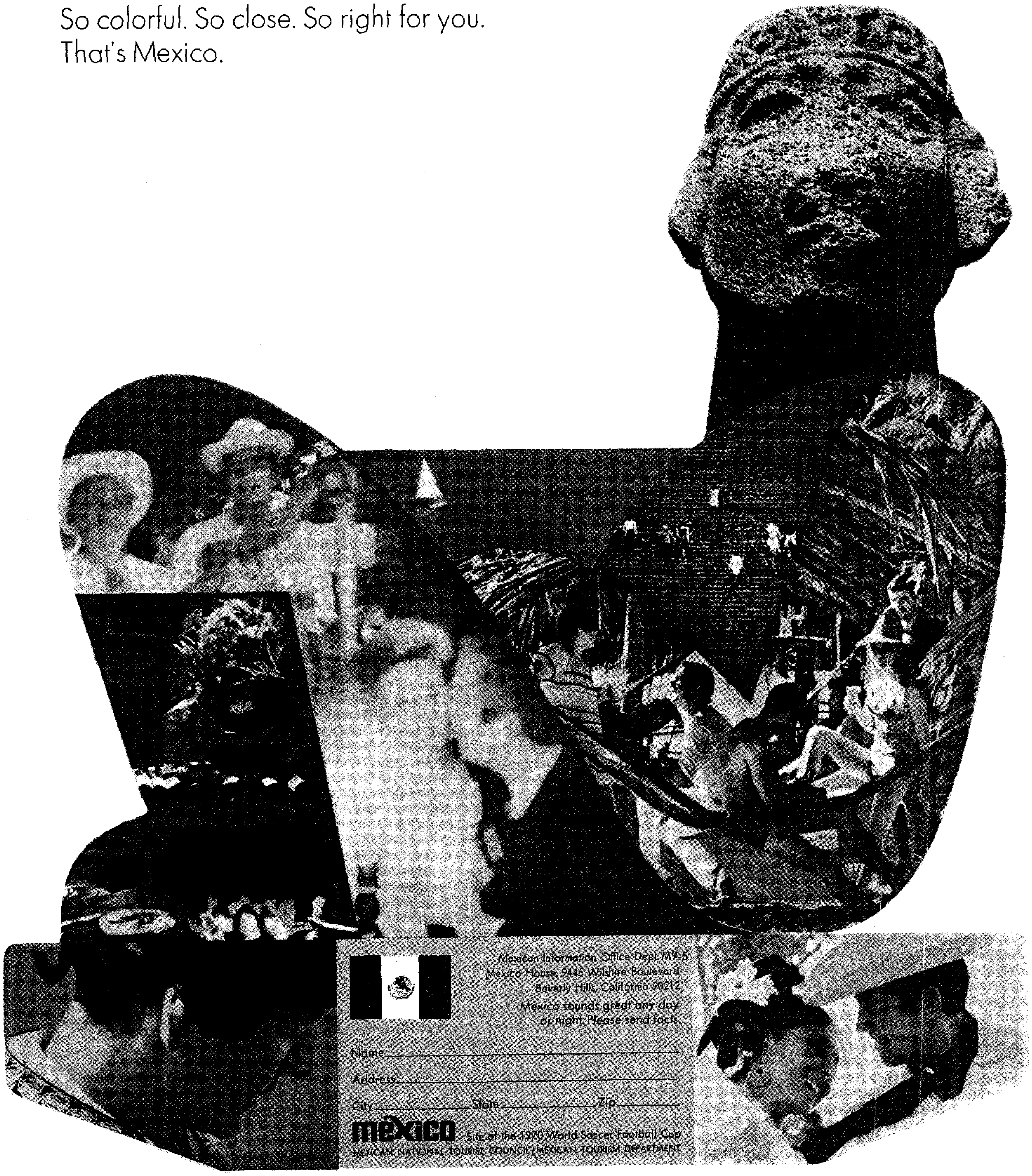


Richard Schultz designs furniture for indoors and out. The same furniture.

Richard Schultz set two goals for this Leisure Collection: It had to work equally well indoors and out. It had to be maintenance free and durable. The result is furniture that is cool to sit on, won't collect rain, dries rapidly and is rust-proof. The construction features aluminum frames coated with textured plastic. Nylon-dacron mesh sling seats with extruded vinyl edge bands. Stainless steel connections. The Knoll Leisure Collection includes lounge chair and dining chair, with or without arms: contour chaise; adjustable chaise; rectangular and square dining tables and coffee tables. In white or beige. Knoll Associates, Inc., Furniture and Textiles. 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Knoll International operates in 26 countries.

Today. Tonight.
To Mexico.

Beaches and waters are warm the year 'round.
And the fun doesn't stop after dark.
So colorful. So close. So right for you.
That's Mexico.



Mexican Information Office Dept. M9-5
Mexico House, 9445 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90212

Mexico sounds great any day
or night. Please send facts.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________ Zip__________

méxico Site of the 1970 World Soccer Football Cup

MEXICAN NATIONAL TOURIST COUNCIL / MEXICAN TOURISM DEPARTMENT thing yet. Peru, on the other hand, is not a business but a country and a people. The mass of Peruvians hardly knew of I.P.C.'s existence. Yet among many of those most sensitive to the dignity and independence of their country the activities of I.P.C., combined with its unique claim to a part of the Peruvian dominion, planted seeds of hatred which the years were to nourish. Only United States policy could have reconciled these diverging perceptions, for only the United States could command the respectful attention of both I.P.C. and the Peruvian government. This force was not brought to bear, and today's crisis is in large measure a result of that failure.

In the decades preceding the crucial 1963 election of Belaúnde, I.P.C. steadily expanded its operations. By the time of the seizure, the company's interests in Peru extended far beyond the La Brea y Pariñas field near Talara. It also owned a half interest in the more productive Lobitos field. It had a refinery in operation at Talara and controlled fifty-five per cent of the marketing and sale of gasoline in Peru. In addition, I.P.C. had reasonable expectations of obtaining concessions to explore for oil in the potentially rich jungle lands east of the Andes. (Mobil Oil has already invested twenty million dollars in the search.) Obviously, I.P.C.'s other assets were far more valuable than the increasingly less productive La Brea y Pariñas field (now producing at about half its former peak), yet only La Brea claimed exemption from the normal requirements of Peruvian law. Moreover, history was reshaping traditional attitudes. Throughout the nineteen-fifties, poor nations asserted with increasing intensity their right to be independent of the historical domination of the Western powers. This was the decade that brought the final disintegration of the great colonial empires, the Bandung Conference, Algeria, the retreat from Suez, and Castro. Peru, like much of Latin America, was touched by this global surge, and a mounting nationalism was combined with an anger at the United States that erupted dramatically during the Nixon trip. There was some justice to the specific grievances that fed anti-Americanism, but equally important was the fact that Latin America, alone among the underdeveloped continents, was not made up of colonies and could only assert its nationalism against the historically dominant, if noncolonial, power of the Western Hemisphere. I.P.C. was presumably aware that in such a changing environment

Craftsmanship lives in Benchmark.
Measure your Bourbon against it.

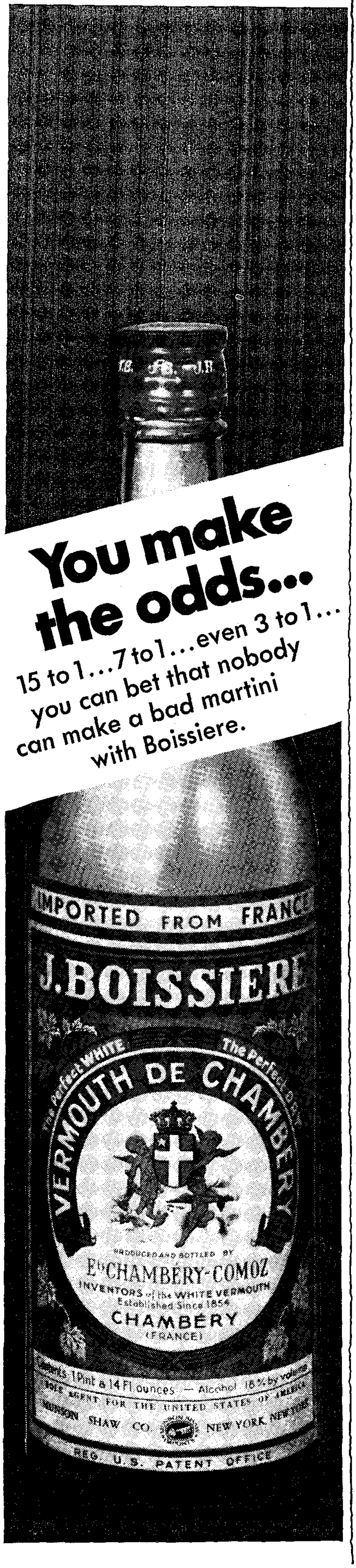
The men who make this Bourbon still think you can do a better job if you care a lot for your craft.

So, they were happy with the name Benchmark. It means, "that which others are measured against".

They think their Bourbon lives up to its name. Taste it and see what you think.

INTEGRITY · TRADITION
CRAFTSMANSHIP
Seagram's
BENCHMARK
PREMIUM BOURBON
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.


You make the odds...
15 to 1...7 to 1...even 3 to 1...
you can bet that nobody can make a bad martini with Boissiere.
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
J. BOISSIERE
The Perfect WHITE
VERMOUTH DE CHAMBERY
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
Ets CHAMBERY-COMOZ
INVENTORS of the WHITE VERMOUTH
Established Since 1854
CHAMBERY
(FRANCE)
Contents 1 Pint & 14 Fl ounces — Alcohol 18% by volume
SOLE AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
SHAW CO. NEW YORK NEW YORK
REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

the privileged position of La Brea y Pariñas endangered the company's whole position in Peru. In 1951, the company submitted to the regular fifty-per-cent income tax on profits, a tax it had protested, with limited success, since 1934. In 1957, for the first time, I.P.C. offered to "assign" its subsoil ownership to the state in return for an "exploitation concession" covering the same field along with expanded concessions for its other activities. The company did this, the official I.P.C. history reports, because it realized that "ownership of the petroleum property was a cause of resentment in Peru [and] inconsistent with the general pattern of petroleum legislation . . . in South America." The offer was rejected, apparently because by 1957 the Peruvian government felt it could not afford to grant further concessions for rights that many Peruvians believed to be already theirs. In this period, not only had I.P.C. made some gesture toward relinquishing its subsoil ownership but it had become an exemplary employer. Housing and working conditions at Talara were the best in the country, and the company paid excellent wages and benefits. Still, as Peru entered the nineteen-sixties the accumulated grievances of decades were steadily building.

IT is not difficult to find illustrations of the process that transformed these grievances into personal convictions and a political weapon. One can leave the heart of Lima, emerge from the nest of tourist shops stocked with trinkets of copper from American-owned mines, and drive past neon Coca-Cola and Esso signs before entering the pleasant suburbs of Miraflores and San Isidro. From there, as the city thins, the road widens to four lanes, cutting through occasional *barriadas*—fields of houses huddled around dirt streets and open sewage, where six hundred thousand migrants and children of migrants from the distant mountains live in poverty. Ahead are the hills of the gray, barren coastal desert, which stretches two thousand miles from northern Chile to Ecuador, relieved only by an occasional stand of trees—the fruits of experimental irrigation systems that are only a miniature replica of the great Inca waterways that once conquered much of the desert. Shortly after passing an American satellite-tracking station, the road moves down a long hill to the town of Ancón, where layered coöperative apartments overlook a small beach on which thin strips of gray-black sand can barely be glimpsed among the thousands of outstretched Peruvians who come here each summer weekend. Here, on the concrete patio of a twelfth-story apartment thrust out over the crowded Ancón beach, sits Don Luis Miro Quesada, a slight man in his eighties, with light skin like a fragile, roughened parchment, who heads one of the oldest families in Peru. He also directs the powerful newspaper *El Commercio*, which has led the attack on I.P.C. for more than thirty years, and whose violent assaults in 1968 were to precipitate the military coup and the seizure. "I know America well and I have many friends there," he told me, "but there is a difference between your country and the State Department—which cares mostly about the welfare of American companies. It is a great country, but"—he smiled—"that is not the same thing as I.P.C., is it? I first became interested in I.P.C. about forty years ago, when I came back from a trip to Europe on a Grace ship. We landed at Talara, where the refinery is, and the landing papers said 'Talara-Puerto Norteamericano.' I crossed out 'Norteamericano' and wrote in 'Peruano.' When we landed, they had separate dining rooms for Peruvians and North Americans. So when I got home, I began to read about I.P.C. It's not enough for an oil company to pay taxes and salaries. Peru should get a share of the profits. Once minerals are taken, they are gone. They don't grow—not like trees. I am a nationalist. That doesn't mean I am against other countries, but I am *for* my own country. There is nothing wrong with that. I am anti-Communist. They have some good criticisms, but they do not have liberty, and that is the most important thing to men. Especially to journalists. A journalist is nothing without the ability to write freely." Later, he said, "Our people are terribly poor. I don't think the United States will apply Hickenlooper."

However distorted by time and anger, similar recollections, usually vaguely documented, can be elicited throughout Peruvian society. At the home of an American Embassy official, a successful Peruvian lawyer listened politely to his host's prediction of a settlement and then, when the official had moved on, related a transaction between one of his clients and I.P.C. "They

"Direct from La Scala...the opening performance of Pagliacci." 25 meter band

"Wave heights expected: 15 to 18 feet off Montauk Point." 162.55 MHz weather band

"The British are 100 for 5 at cricket in Karachi." 19 meter band

"This is North American Service of Radio Moscow with the news." 16 meter band

"Boise: altimeter, two niner seven niner. Ceiling, twenty-five hundred." 150-400 KHz band

"This is ZD8ZAD Ascension Island calling W9DCN Peoria." 13 meter band

"We've taken two marlin here at Pompano...looks good." 1.6-3.5 MHz band

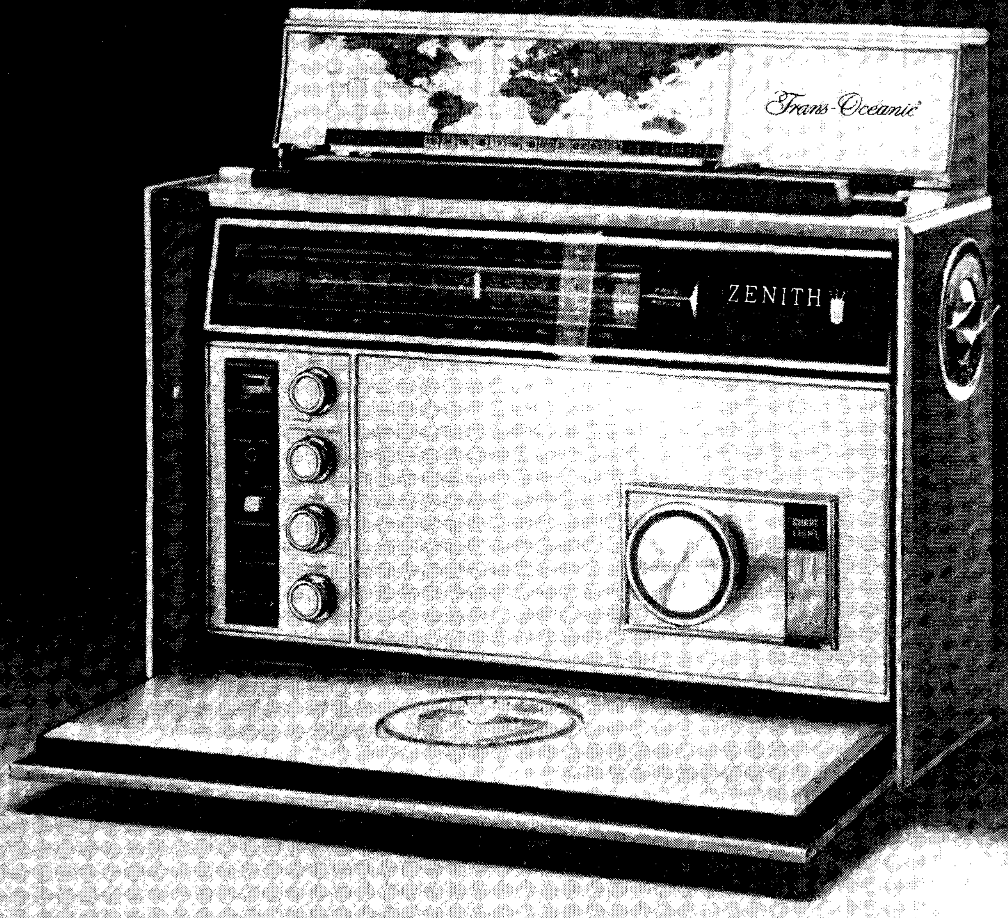
"Next tone begins at 14 hours, 6 minutes, Greenwich Mean Time." 31 meter band

"Hurricane winds of Force 12 expected from 20 hundred hours." 3.5-9 MHz band

"Bulletin: the Coast Guard has sighted survivors." Standard Broadcast band

"And now WEFM presents West Side Story." FM Broadcast band

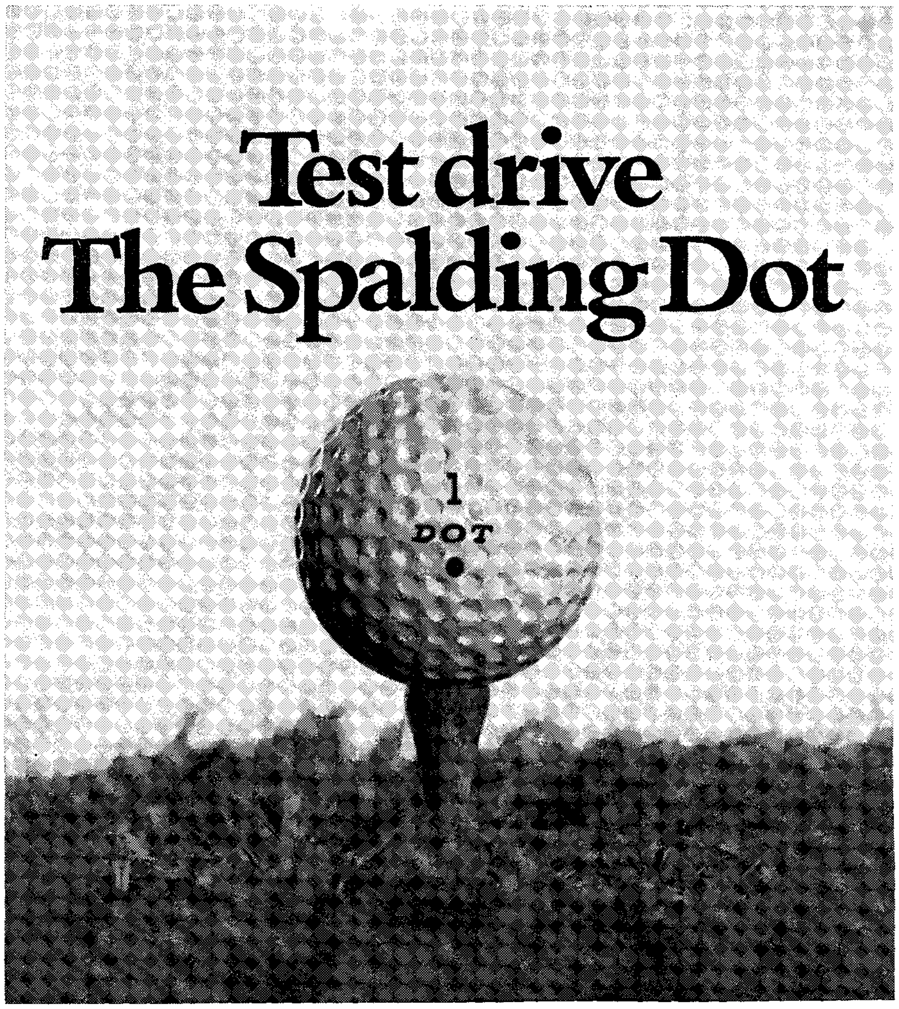
Introducing the all-new 11 band Trans-Oceanic.
The last word in radio. About $270.*

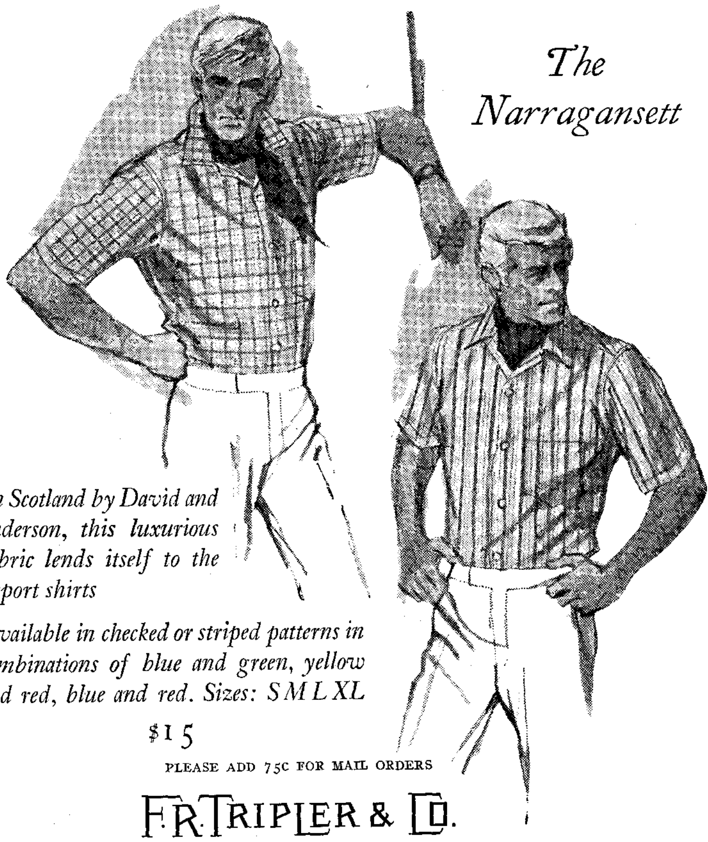


Built to tune in the world with simplified precision tuning. Electronic band spread tuning widens dial space for easier station selection on five shortwave bands. BFO control for Single Side Band and CW code reception. Tuning meter shows signal peaks for fine tuning. Manual RF gain control to pinpoint RDF locations and facilitate SSB and CW reception. *Model Royal 7000Y, price optional with dealer.

ZENITH®

The quality goes in before the name goes on.




The Narragansett

Woven in Scotland by David and John Anderson, this luxurious cotton fabric lends itself to the finest in sport shirts

Available in checked or striped patterns in combinations of blue and green, yellow and red, blue and red. Sizes: S M L XL

$15

PLEASE ADD 75c FOR MAIL ORDERS

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.

Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK 10017

didn't even want to talk," he said. "They just told me, 'This is the way it is,' and walked out." Indeed, it is difficult to hear a good word spoken for the company anywhere. Even many officers of other substantial American businesses grumble privately about I.P.C. and claim that its conduct has endangered all foreign investment in Peru. "They got what was coming to them," said one American businessman, while another, with a genius for understatement, said, "They had bad public relations." An I.P.C. official recalled a visit twenty or more years ago by a young Colombian, Alberto Lleras Camargo, who was later to be President of Colombia and host to President Kennedy's triumphant visit in 1962. "Lleras looked at all our installations and had long talks with our managers. As he left, we asked him how he liked it. 'It's a wonderful, progressive place,' he said, 'but I didn't meet any Peruvians.' "

In evaluating the stories told by Peruvians to illustrate I.P.C. misdeeds and arrogance, one must remember that the oil company, in most cases, was behaving no differently from many large foreign enterprises at various periods in Peruvian history. "Why don't you like I.P.C.?" I asked a Peruvian general who is now an important official. He replied angrily, "They bribed ministers, corrupted governments, and promoted revolutions." Yet even if this is true, it takes two to make a bribe and you cannot corrupt the incorruptible. Certainly, to the mass of Peruvians, I.P.C. was just another company. But in the present period of emerging nationalism these tales and complaints fuelled the resentments created by the economic power of the company and its claim to special status for La Brea. Only two years ago, there was an incident that illustrates the inevitable clash between the logical business practices of the company and Peruvian pride. It was an event, moreover, that was to have a special impact on the present crisis. In 1967, a serious inflation had forced the government to cut the value of Peruvian money almost in half. I.P.C. then applied for an increase in the government-fixed price of gasoline. "Because of the change in the value of currency, we were actually losing money on each gallon we sold—not much, but a little," explains a company official. The government refused the increase, and I.P.C. threatened to stop importing the gasoline needed to make up the difference between the country's own production and its needs. Why, the company asked, should it import

MARTELL
J&F MARTELL COGNAC
FONDÉE EN 1715
J&F. Martell
COGNAC
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN COGNAC (FRANCE)
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Exquisite Martell. There's nothing lost in translation.

No matter how you interpret Martell, it never loses its meaning. The taste is exquisite. The aroma, superb. And these beautiful qualities come through any way you serve it. The original is for purists—in the snifter. But see for yourself how Martell translates your favorite drink into something eloquent.

MARTELL...THE LARGEST SELLING COGNACS OF THE WORLD

DOES LOVE EVER JUSTIFY DIPPING INTO A TRUST FUND?

Ask the Trust people at Chase Manhattan

Today even banks recognize the power of love. And therefore the need for flexible planning. So that personal trusts can provide for the withdrawal of principal for good and sufficient reasons like marriage.

The Trust people at Chase are experienced, understanding, and creative in helping people find ways to fulfill their personal planning objectives.

How can we help you? Come in with your lawyer and talk it over. Remember, in trust services, you have a friend at Chase Manhattan.

Personal Planning Division • 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza or 535 5th Avenue

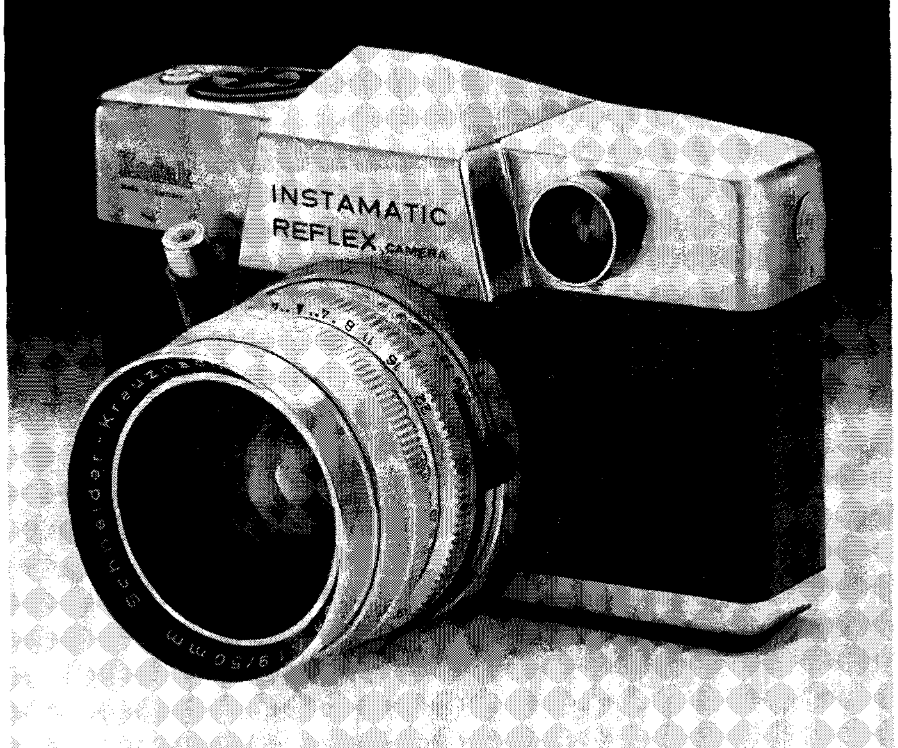
THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK, N.A.

gasoline to sell at a loss? Finally, the general manager of I.P.C. was summoned to a meeting with the Minister of War, General Julio Doig Sanchez, and angrily told that if importation stopped the company would be seized. When the I.P.C. manager proposed to fly to the company's Florida headquarters for consultation, he was ominously told that such a trip was not necessary, that he could use the telephone. After the Florida headquarters became convinced that the generals were indeed "serious," I.P.C. withdrew its threat, and a few months later it was allowed to raise its prices. However, sitting beside General Doig throughout the meeting, in sullen fury, was General Juan Velasco Alvarado, now the President of Peru, who later explained that this event helped fortify his resolve to bring I.P.C. under national control. To Velasco and others, it was intolerable that Peru should be vulnerable to the acts of a foreign company acting under the partial protection of a foreign government. To I.P.C., on the other hand, a price rise was economically necessary, and an interruption in imports was a logical and just response to Peruvian unfairness. Perhaps the gap in understanding is best summed up in lines from a ballad of student dissent:

> Please don't burn that limousine,
> Don't throw tomatoes at the submarine.
> Think of all we've done for you.
> You've just got those exploitation blues.

YET despite these resentments—which were shared, one must remember, by only a small, but influential, group of Peruvians—it is probable that the government and I.P.C. could have resolved their dispute peacefully any time between the election of Belaúnde, in 1963, and the decline of his political strength, which began in late 1966. In retrospect, the failure to do so seems like some Harvard Business School version of a Greek drama, with all parties steadfastly honoring their prescribed duties while rushing toward a foreseeable fate. Except, of course, since modern man is more given to wishful thinking, they did not foresee it. That story began in July of 1962, when elements of the Peruvian armed forces crossed the broad Plaza de Armas, in the heart of Lima, entered the Presidential Palace, and took over the country. An extremely close three-cornered Presidential election had just taken place, and although none of the candidates had received the necessary plurality, it was clear that the two candidates least ac-

The 24 hour camera.



Runs automatically on sunlight, moonlight, candlelight, any light you've got.

This is the new *Kodak Instamatic* Reflex camera—for "pictures unlimited," without complications.

It combines the best of everything. Big, bright reflex viewing and focusing. Automatic electronic shutter that times exposures from 1/500 up to 20 seconds. Lens interchange, for wide-angle, telephoto. Flashcube, and electronic flash. Drop-in cartridge loading for color snapshots, color slides, black-and-whites. Everything, in fact, to make picture-taking fast, easy, and sure—any time, anywhere.

See the most capable automatic camera in the world at your Kodak dealer's, and ask for a demonstration. With *f*/2.8 lens, less than $200; with ultra-fast *f*/1.9 lens, less than $250.

Prices subject to change without notice.

The new Kodak Instamatic® Reflex camera.

Kodak

"We love roughing it here in the Canadian Wilderness"

If you're looking for a teepee, igloo or wickiup. Forget it. We've tamed the Canadian wilderness at Sutton Place—and replaced it with the kind of elegance you thought went out with the British Empire. You can choose a room in traditional or contemporary decor.

Enjoy cocktails overlooking the city. Relax in the swimming pool. Dine grandly in The Royal Hunt Room. Go slumming in The Bull and Bear Pub.

You'll enjoy roughing it at Sutton Place—just steps from Toronto's fashionable boutique district.

THE SUTTON PLACE HOTEL
Our kind of service is a practiced art.

The Sutton Place Hotel • 955 Bay St. • Toronto 5, Ont. • (416) 924-9221

The unhurried silver.

Authentic three-tine design. Each tine hand-ground to a perfect point.
WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION
Extra thickness for luxury weight.
Each piece bears the Williamsburg hallmark of excellence.
Shown: Stieff Williamsburg

You can't call a reproduction authentic unless you take time to do the hand-crafting that makes it a classic. Stieff takes the time . . . for hand-grinding, hand-buffing, hand-polishing, hand-inspection and hand-packing. It takes a lot longer, but it's the reason why Stieff is the only manufacturer authorized to recreate the original Williamsburg® patterns.

See Stieff Sterling at fine stores throughout the nation. Or write for literature and the address of your nearest Stieff dealer.

It's worth the wait.
Stieff Co. Wyman Park Drive, Baltimore, Maryland 21211

SAVE-BY-THE-SET. From April 14 to June 14, 1969 you can save up to $135.00 on Stieff Sterling. Ask your Stieff dealer for details.

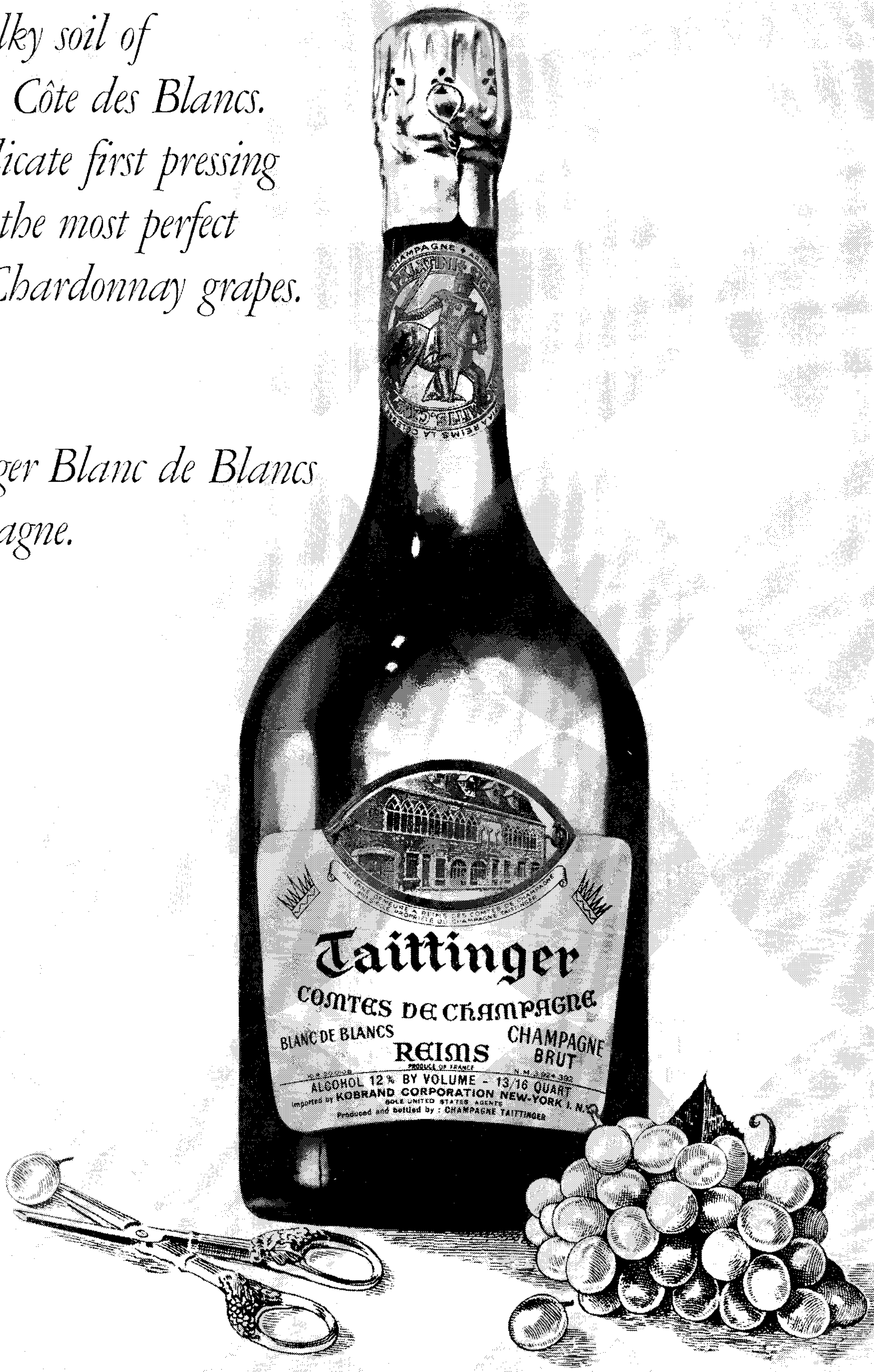
ceptable to the armed forces—one a historic enemy and the other a former dictator—had agreed to combine forces in order to keep the military's favorite, Fernando Belaúnde Terry, the candidate of the Popular Action Party, from winning. Under great pressure from the United States to resume constitutional government, the military leaders scheduled a new election for June, 1963. This time, Belaúnde won a clear-cut victory, and on July 28th he took office for a six-year term.

An architect and politician, a man of the people who can trace his family back fourteen generations to the first mayor of Lima, Belaúnde had campaigned on a liberal and progressive platform of economic development and social reform. Although many later criticized his abilities as a leader, there is no doubt about his personal belief in the principles of the Alliance for Progress. A visionary, he nurtured far-flung plans to build a great highway to unite the lands on the far side of the Andes and open the rich interior to settlement. Recently, in a Lima drawing room, a guest began to criticize Belaúnde in the presence of General Velasco, the man who drove him from office. "Don't talk that way," said the General. "He was a great man. Only he was a dreamer." Dreamer or not, Belaúnde was just the sort of national leader that the United States was hoping for in Latin America, and a logical recipient of generous American assistance.

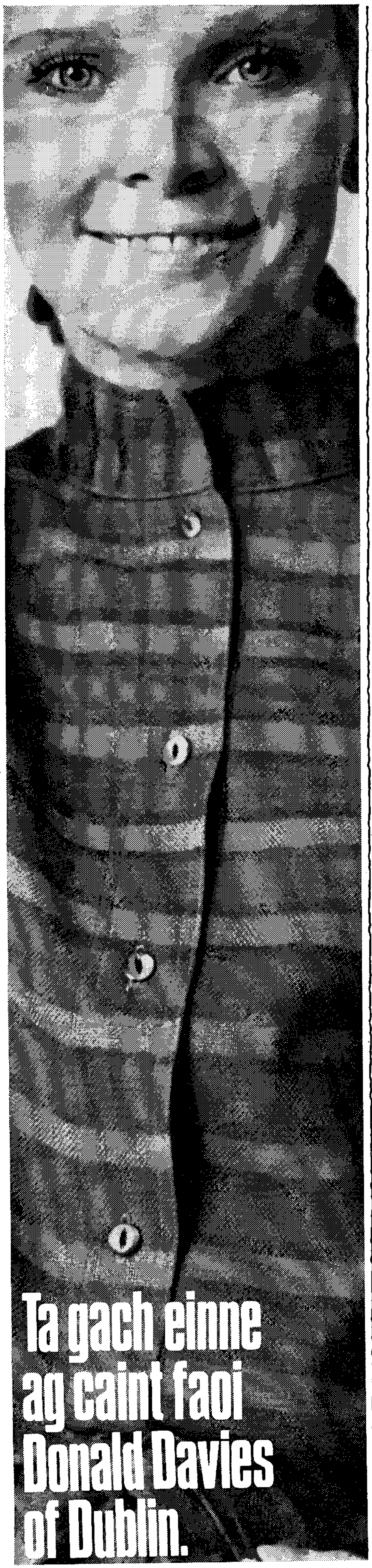
Therefore, immediately after Belaúnde's inauguration, Teodoro Moscoso, President Kennedy's Coördinator for the Alliance for Progress, flew to Peru with offers of immediate and substantial United States aid. There was only one problem. On taking office, Belaúnde had promised to resolve the La Brea y Pariñas question within ninety days. Moscoso realized that even the most reasonable settlement would create political difficulties for Belaúnde, so he decided to withhold action until the ninety days were up. Thus, the announcement of aid could be used by the Peruvian government to help blunt any opposition. No effort was made to pressure Belaúnde, and the aid was to flow whatever the outcome might be. Negotiations between Peru and I.P.C. began in early August, and by the end of October they had broken down. As a result, on November 6, 1963, the Peruvian Congress passed the law declaring that the arbitration award of 1922 was null and void and did "not obligate the Republic." Meanwhile, changes were occurring in the United States

The gentle sun,
the chalky soil of
France's Côte des Blancs.
The delicate first pressing
of only the most perfect
white Chardonnay grapes.

This is
Taittinger Blanc de Blancs
Champagne.


Taittinger
COMTES DE CHAMPAGNE
BLANC DE BLANCS
REIMS
CHAMPAGNE BRUT
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
ALCOHOL 12% BY VOLUME - 13/16 QUART
Imported by KOBRAND CORPORATION NEW-YORK 1, N.Y.
SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS
Produced and bottled by : CHAMPAGNE TAITTINGER

Epluchage, the old world art of meticulously selecting each grape, assures the perfection of Taittinger Blanc de Blancs Champagne. Imported from Reims, France by Kobrand, New York.

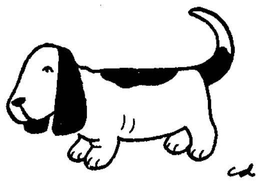


*Donald Davies of Dublin is a cult. 673 color variations in *Wool o' the Wisp*. For nearest store write 417 Fifth Ave. New York 10016.

that were to have a profound impact in Peru. After President Kennedy's death, Latin-American affairs came under the direction of Assistant Secretary of State Thomas C. Mann, a former Ambassador to Mexico. Mann decided to suspend all foreign aid to Peru until Belaúnde reached an agreement with I.P.C., but to do so without delivering an ultimatum or even telling Peru that aid had been stopped. "The idea," one U.S. aid official has explained, "was to put on a freeze, talk about red tape and bureaucracy, and they'd soon get the message. Unfortunately, they believed we were as inefficient as we said, and it took about a year for them to get the message." In fact, virtually no aid went to Peru for two full years as negotiations with I.P.C. dragged on, broke down, and began again. (A few token loans were made, in an effort to insulate the State Department from the charge that it had frozen aid to Peru; but the freeze was real and intentional.)

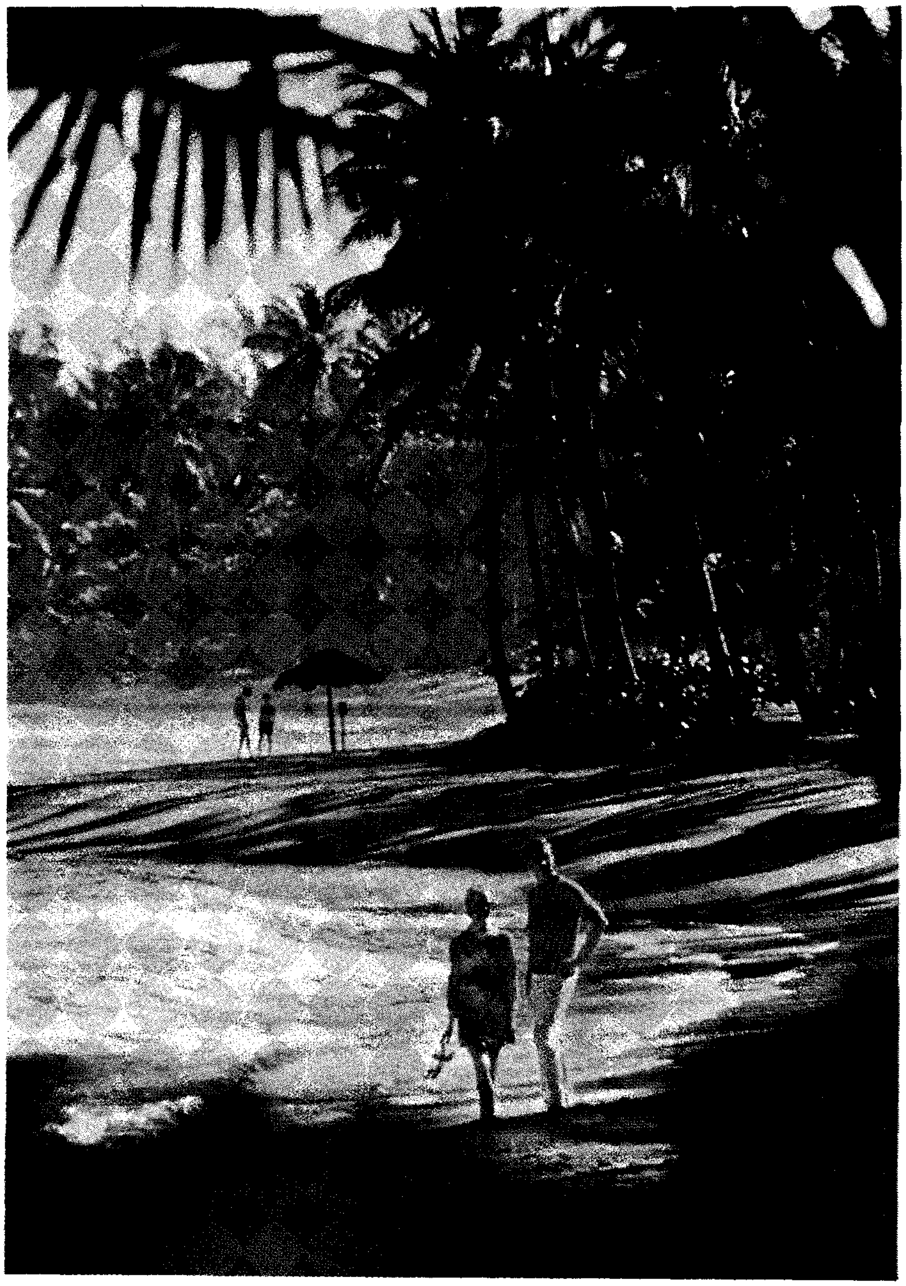
No provision of United States law and no principle of foreign policy required us to suspend aid in order to compel a Latin-American country to negotiate an agreement with a private American company. Nor is there any evidence that I.P.C. ever asked that any such measure be taken. Throughout this whole period, the oil-and-gas business in Peru continued as usual, and none of the company's operations were disturbed. The negotiations themselves were complicated by Peruvian claims for back taxes and alleged debts, along with a host of technical details. On the surface, the major point at issue concerned the way in which the profits should be split between the company and the government—that difference amounted, at most, to a few million dollars a year, and no other I.P.C. operations in Peru were affected. Yet during this period of discussion Peru lost up to a hundred and fifty million dollars in aid because of its failure to agree with the company. However, behind the price dispute—and probably far more important—there was the ancient question of who owned La Brea y Pariñas. The company offered to cede its ownership rights, but it insisted on retaining operating control of the field and receiving a cancellation of all alleged debts. This was obviously a sticking point with a government that had promised to "recover La Brea y Pariñas" for the nation. The manager of I.P.C. saw President Belaúnde sixty times, and each time the President said, "Just cede me your rights and assets in La Brea, and you'll see that everything will be all right." Finally, in 1968, the company offered to do just that, but it was too late.

Toward the end of 1965, the United States began to reconsider its policy. It was obvious that the aid cutoff was not forcing an agreement; nor was it advancing the broader interests of the United States. Economic development was virtually at a standstill in Peru, and although there were other reasons for this, the aid cutoff was clearly a factor. In village after village, one could see children crowded into a single dim room where a teacher struggled to keep order, while, outside, a half-finished schoolhouse stood open to the dry sierra winds. In these villages, the end of aid had meant no education, or no pure water, or a half-built road. Moreover, extremist attacks were increasing against a Belaúnde administration that had proved unexpectedly conservative in office. And Communist guerrilla movements, soon to be crushed by the U.S.-trained counterinsurgency forces of the Peruvian military, had sprung up in the Andes. "We knew we had a losing aid policy," said a high U.S. official. "But we'd said we couldn't give them loans unless they settled, and so we couldn't back down."



By early 1966, however, Lincoln Gordon had become Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs, and in March the State Department sent Walt Rostow to Peru. Rostow told Belaúnde that if he was not going to confiscate the company we would go ahead with aid. A surprised Belaúnde responded that he had never intended to take the company. So aid was resumed, but not for long. However, this time oil was not the reason. In 1967, the Peruvian Air Force decided that it needed supersonic jet fighters, and, after the United States turned down the request, it contracted with the French for Mirages. (At one point, United States officials told the Peruvians that if they insisted on jets they could buy some cheaper American-made F-5s.) First in order to try and prevent the purchase and later as punishment for having gone ahead anyway, the United States reversed a decision to make program loans to Peru during 1967 and 1968 (which probably cut our aid to about half of the

Dorado Beach.
It's hard to improve on Nature.



In a setting of undisturbed natural beauty . . . a green, lush, sun-drenched world of its own, very much the way we found it . . . even the architecture of the buildings is designed to provide total harmony with their surroundings.

Inside, the luxurious accommodations and meticulous service, the exciting cuisine and entertainment, all still somehow reflect this same relaxed style of life.

Dorado can be two magnificent seaside golf courses sculpted from the landscape. Dorado can be fishing . . . or swimming . . . or skimming in a sunfish on our ocean lagoon. Or just lazing on some of the most beautiful beaches anywhere.

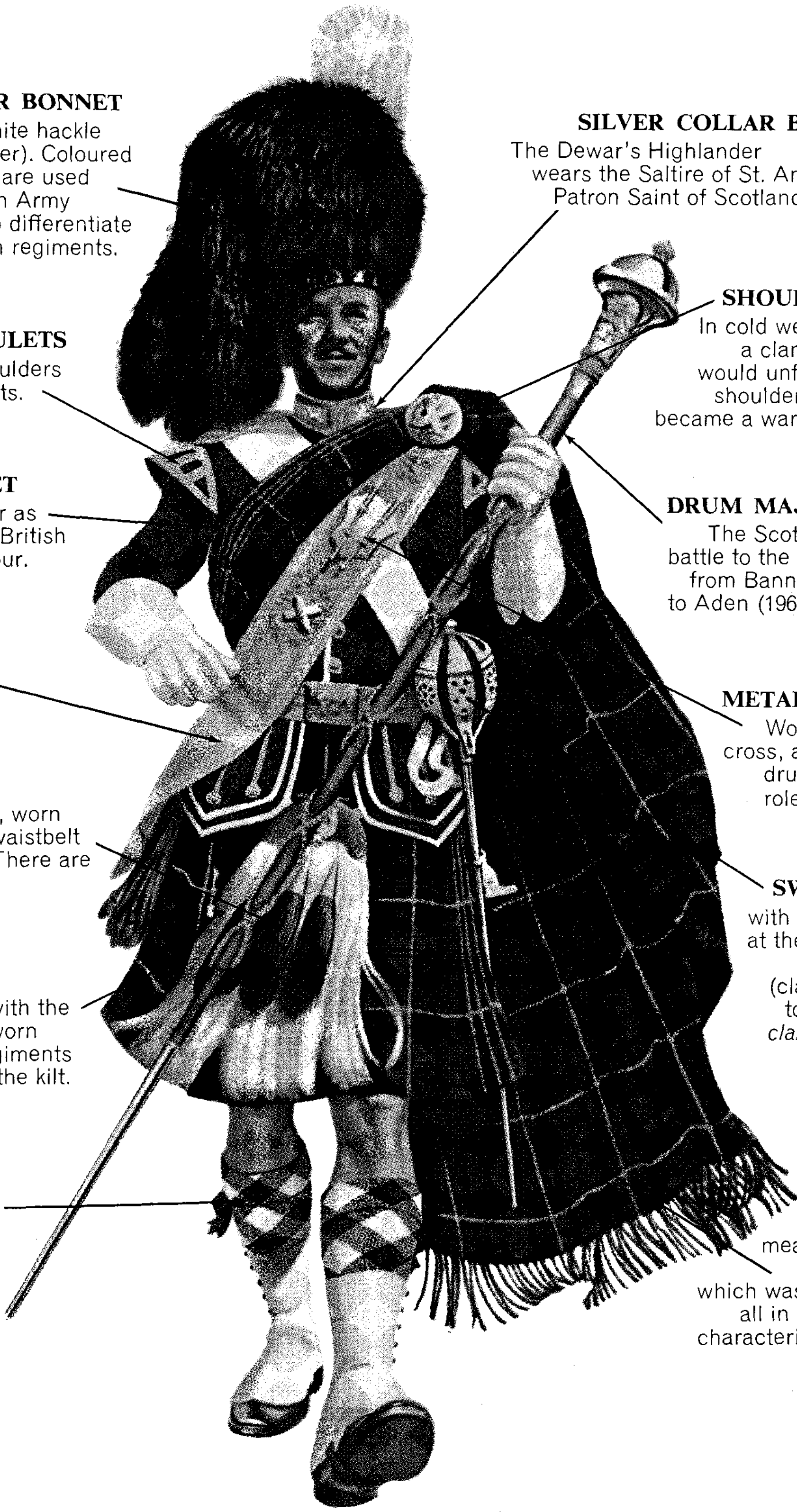
Dorado Beach. . . . It can be anything you want it to be.

Rates from $22.50 per person double, including breakfast and dinner (May 1-October 20). Special Vacation Plans available for Families, Golfers, Honeymooners. See your travel agent or contact Representation Offices in New York (212) 586-1141, Chicago (312) 372-4489, Dallas (214) 741-6814 or Washington, D.C. (202) 347-4951.

**DORADO
BEACH
HOTEL**

PUERTO
RICO, U.S.A.

OPERATED BY ROCKRESORTS, INC.



FEATHER BONNET
With white hackle (feather). Coloured hackles are used in the British Army to differentiate between regiments.

"WING" EPAULETS
To protect the shoulders from sword cuts.

SCARLET DOUBLET
Known the world over as the Scottish and British soldier's colour.

GOLD SASH
Always worn over the left shoulder

SPORRAN
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt.

KILT
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt.

HOSE TOPS
Gaelic name, *caddis*, meaning striped.

SILVER COLLAR BADGES
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

SHOULDER PIN
In cold weather, or at night, a clansman in the field would unfasten the shoulder pin so that his plaid became a warm cloak or a blanket.

DRUM MAJOR'S BATON
The Scots have marched into battle to the skirl of the pipes, from Bannockburn (1314) to Aden (1967).

METAL "BREASTPLATE"
Worn where belt and sash cross, and carrying the drumsticks symbolic of the role of the Drum Major.

SWORD
with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg*, (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

PLAID
means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by

50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS JOHN DEWAR & SONS, LTD.
1891
1893
1894
1895
1897
1900
1904
"White Label"
REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS,
PERTH SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART. 86.8° PROOF
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
REGISTERED JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD.
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Schenley Import Company, New York, N.Y.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Won at International Expositions held throughout the world for over 40 years.

Forty fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label."

In 1846, John Dewar, 40 years old, went into business for himself as a spirit merchant at 111 High Street, Perth, Scotland.

We didn't stop winning medals then. There's just no more room on the label.

Another gold medal won at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904.

Son Tommy Dewar took a booth at the 1885 Brewers' Show in London, to find new markets for his father's blend.

Son Sir Thomas became famous for his terse comments, among them, "Do right and fear no man, don't write and fear no woman."

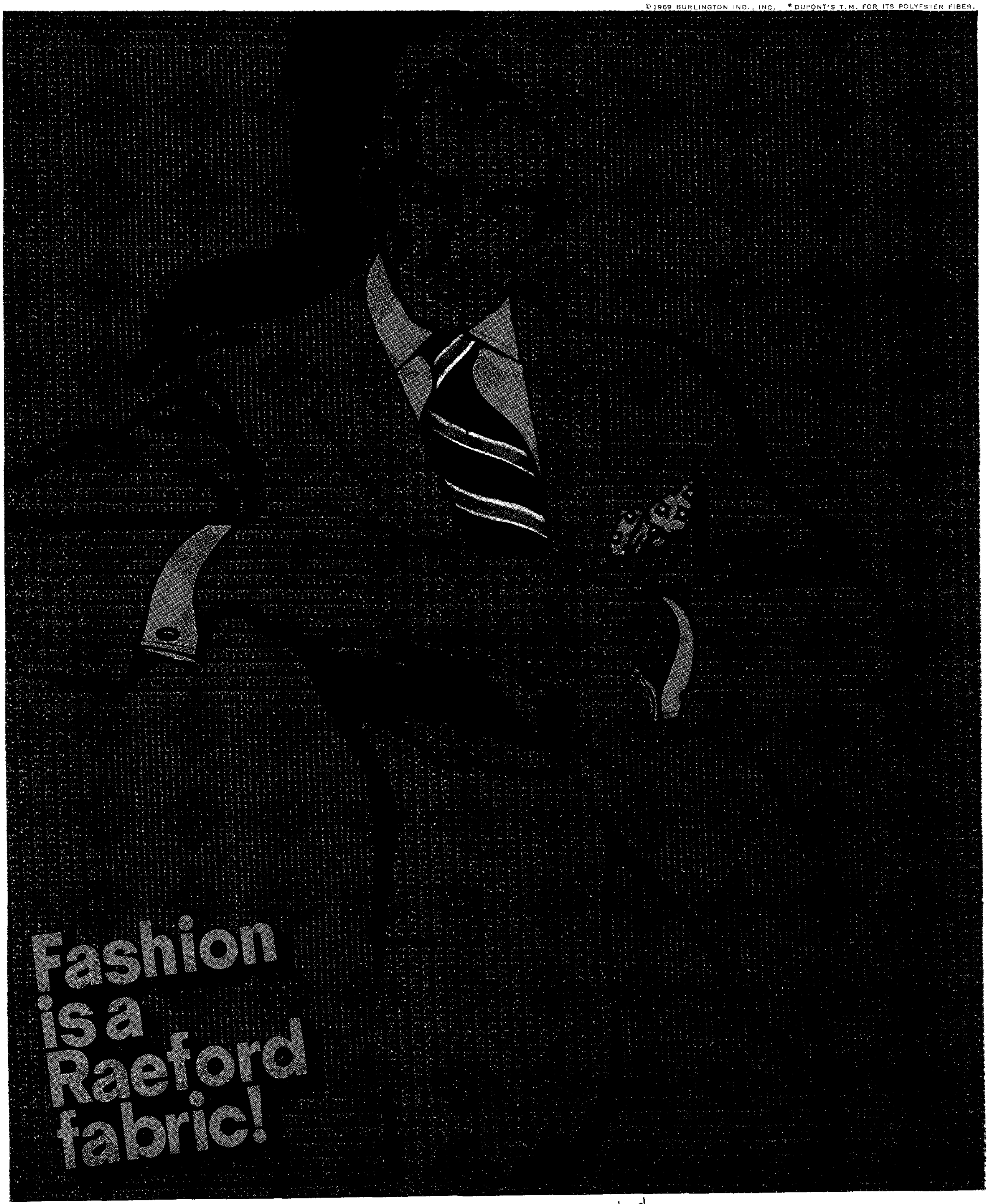
The Scottish city of 40,000 people on the banks of the River Tay.

The authenticity of "White Label" from the House of Dewar has been assured by the dedication of our people for over one-hundred years.

Dewar's never varies

the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

© 1969 BURLINGTON IND., INC. *DUPONT'S T.M. FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER.



Fashion is a Raeford fabric!

For example—this tasteful blend of Dacron,* wool-worsted and mohair. See this new Raeford fabric, as tailored by the nation's leading stylists, at any of the fine stores listed in the adjoining column. You'll agree:
Behind great suits are great American fabrics...by Raeford.

Raeford Worsted Company • A Division of Burlington Industries

Raeford

BEHIND THIS GREAT SUIT ARE SOME OF AMERICA'S GREATEST STORES!

GEORGE MUSE CLOTHING CO.	Atlanta, Ga.
HAMBURGERS	Baltimore, Md.
LOVEMAN'S	Birmingham, Ala.
KENNEDY'S	Boston, Mass.
JACOBI BROS., INC.	Buffalo, N.Y.
FRANKENBERGER'S	Charleston, W. Va.
TATE-BROWN CO.	Charlotte, N. C.
LYTTON'S	Chicago, Ill.
MABLEY & CAREW	Cincinnati, Ohio
B. R. BAKER	Cleveland, Ohio
THE UNION	Columbus, Ohio
JAS. K. WILSON	Dallas, Texas
RIKE'S	Dayton,Ohio
COTTRELL'S	Denver, Colo.
YOUNKER BROS.	Des Moines, Iowa
HUGHES HATCHER SUFFRIN	Detroit, Mich.
VAN STRAATEN'S	Durham, N. C.
SAKOWITZ	Houston, Texas
L. STRAUSS	Indianapolis, Ind.
IVEY'S	Jacksonville, Fla.
ROTHSCHILDS	Kansas City, Mo.
HARRIS & FRANK	Los Angeles, Calif.
LEVY BROS.	Louisville, Ky.
BEASLEY BROS.—JONES-RAGLAND, INC.	Memphis, Tenn.
GIMBELS-SCHUSTERS	Milwaukee, Wisc.
JUSTER'S	Minneapolis, Minn.
METZGER'S	Mobile, Ala.
CAIN-SLOAN MEN'S SHOP	Nashville, Tenn.
BAMBERGERS	Newark, N. J.
GODCHAUX'S	New Orleans, La.
BROADSTREET'S	New York, N.Y.
ROTHSCHILDS	Oklahoma City, Okla.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER	Philadelphia, Pa.
HANNY'S	Phoenix, Ariz.
HUGHES & HATCHER	Pittsburgh, Pa.
MEIER & FRANK	Portland, Ore.
BERRY-BURK & CO.	Richmond, Va.
NATIONAL CLOTHING CO.	Rochester, N.Y.
STIX BAER FULLER	St. Louis, Mo.
Z.C.M.I.	Salt Lake City, Utah
ROOS/ATKINS	San Francisco, Calif.
PRAGER'S	Seattle, Wash.
SELBER BROS.	Shreveport, La.
PENDOLA'S	Tampa, Fla.
DAMSCHRODER'S, INC.	Toledo, Ohio
RENBERG'S	Tulsa, Okla.
RALEIGH'S	Washington, D. C.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER	Wilmington, Del.

total we expected to give). "We just didn't think the Latins were ready for supersonics," a United States official explained. The cost of the Mirages was about twenty million dollars. The loss in aid was probably about sixty million dollars. Thus, because of our oil policy and our "supersonic" policy, Belaúnde faced a complete or partial suspension of United States aid for four of his five full years in office—a fact that certainly did not lessen his economic problems and did nothing to enhance Peruvian confidence in American dedication to the goal of strengthening progressive and democratic governments.

For a while in 1966, the I.P.C. problem receded, as Belaúnde seemed to tire of the effort to reach a settlement. In August, he even concurred in an I.P.C. plan to expand its refinery at Talara, but protest from opposition political parties and newspapers compelled a cancellation. Sporadic discussions continued as the company diligently examined various proposals for tax and profit splits. In the background, however, was the unyielding issue of ownership and control. By the summer of 1967, the deterioration of the Peruvian economy had seriously weakened Belaúnde's general political position. And criticism of his delay in solving the La Brea y Pariñas problem became part of a general assault on his leadership. Once more, in meetings with the company, the President returned to his earlier demand that the field be ceded outright to Peru, and once more the company refused. And although another year of debate and negotiation lay ahead, the stage was now set for the final act. For in the pleasant suburbs of Lima a small group of military officers and their civilian friends were beginning to plan the overthrow of the Belaúnde government and the establishment of long-term military rule. And when the revolution came, the principal actors would be the same armed forces and the same newspaper, *El Commercio*, that had fought so effectively to help install Belaúnde in the Presidential Palace five years before. Oil was among the least of their motives, but oil was to give them their opportunity to strike.

NO one knows exactly when specific plans for a *golpe* (the Spanish term for "coup") began to precipitate out of the vague mist of military power that necessarily enshrouds any civilian government in Peru. One of the best-qualified U.S. observers says that it was early in 1968 when a group of

Reynolds is Portfolio Perspective

Talk to any good Account Executive in the brokerage business about providing first-class service and he'll admit that a lot of it is detail.

Necessary detail, of course. But anybody can supply quotes, enter orders, track down a stray dividend, keep his customers' records current.

The real challenge lies in the area of judgment: In the recommendations he makes to his individual clients; in just how well he answers, "should I buy, sell, or hold XYZ?"

And that's when we think 'portfolio perspective' stands a Reynolds Account Executive in particularly good stead.

Because he's trained to consider your investment program as a whole ...to gear any suggestions he makes to *your* present holdings, *your* investment objectives—to answer any specific questions you ask in terms of the balance and performance of your complete portfolio.

And that goes whether your investments involve $20,000...$200,000 or $2,000,000.

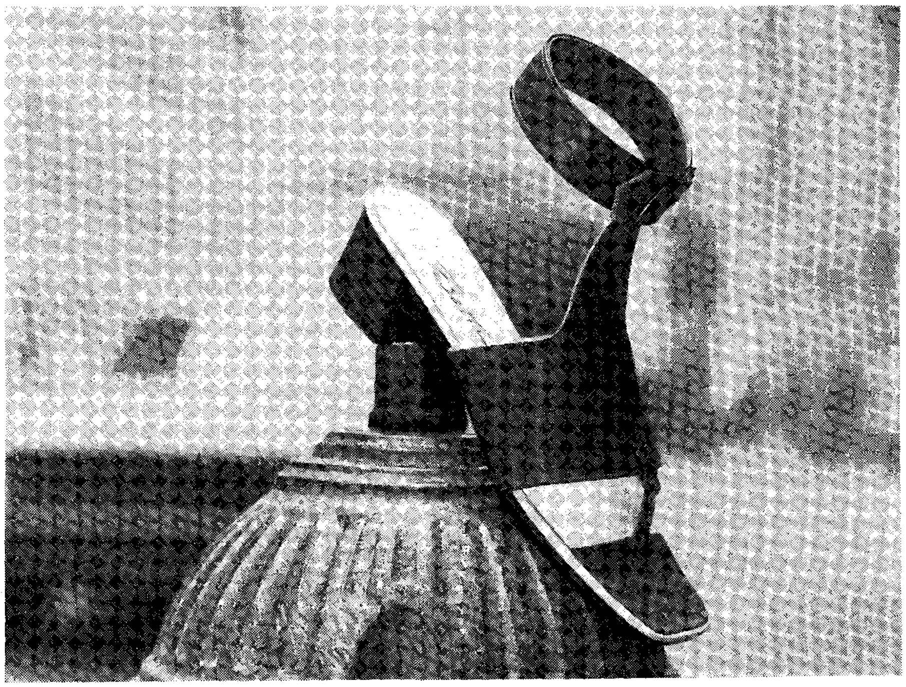
If sound judgment at the portfolio level—*your* portfolio level—is part of the service you expect from an Account Executive, we have more than 850 of them who stand ready to try and supply it.

Why not stop in and talk to one about your own portfolio?

For your sake, perhaps the sooner the better.

Reynolds & Co.
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
AND OTHER LEADING EXCHANGES
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005
TEL: (212) 558-6000
OFFICES COAST TO COAST

DON'T LOOK FOR Battani® IN THE USUAL PLACES



Battanis do their thing in very special shops, where one great idea turns on another great idea. This pant with that shirt, these shoes with that mini. Battanis may complete the look, or inspire it. Like, consider the marvelous possibilities of "Paris", a rousing slave-bracelet leather in black, white, maple, navy, siren pink, yellow, shell green. About $21. For your do-your-own-thing shops, write BATTANI, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 10018.

You'll find them wherever the nicest clothes hang out.

Go with Jerold, baby! You'll have it made!

'The Coat' by Jerold of 100% Dacron®

in a double-knit that keeps its shape. Very protective: Zepel® finish. About $40.00, in off white, navy, coral, wheat and celery. Sizes 6 to 20. You and Jerold. A marvelous match made at 512 Seventh Avenue, N.Y. Find your Jerold at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Capwell's, Oakland, California and fine stores everywhere, or write Jerold.

DUPONT ZEPEL® RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

®TM DuPont

officers around Minister of War Doig started to prepare contingency plans for a takeover. One of the closest advisers to the new government has said the decision began to take shape in a private conversation between General Velasco and a Colonel Rodriguez, who is one of the most brilliant and influential members of the Palace staff. However the revolutionary plans began, two of the motives were the same as those that had led the military to support Belaúnde in the first place: the desire to modernize the country and hatred of the APRA Party.

For decades, the Peruvian armed forces have nourished a deep and furious hostility toward one of Peru's most distinguished leaders, Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre, founder of the APRA Party, and Belaúnde's chief opponent in the 1962 and 1963 Presidential elections. As the disciple of a Peruvian poet whose slogan, "Old men to the tomb, young men to work," was the ultimate expression of the generation gap, Haya was exiled to Mexico in 1923 after leading a protest meeting of students and workers against an alliance between the Peruvian dictatorship and the Catholic Church. There he founded the American Popular Revolutionary Alliance, or APRA, whose adherents were known as *Apristas*. Although APRA disavowed Communism, it called for an overthrow of feudal structures, adopted an anti-imperialist policy, and was the first party to identify itself with the desires of the miserably oppressed Indian masses. As a result, APRA was hated and feared by the governing classes of Peru, and its history was scarred by repeated and often bloody clashes with the Peruvian military. "I want to see the point of each bayonet red with *Aprista* blood," ordered the dictator Luis M. Sánchez Cerro, before a 1932 massacre of *Aprista* rebels in the city of Trujillo. Because of this hostility, Haya has spent much of his life in exile, and at one time lived for five years in the Colombian Embassy in Lima while Peruvian troops constantly aimed rifles at the windows across a trench they had dug around the building. Yet the size and ardor of his popular following persuaded occasional Peruvian governments to let him come home. And when he did return, Indians and workers poured from the hills to crowd the roads to Lima, waving white handkerchiefs as Haya conducted a triumphant procession from the place of landing to downtown Lima, where crowds of a quarter of a million and more waited to cheer his eloquence. His APRA Party

There's just one thing wrong with Alfa's 1750 GT Veloce.

We can't get enough of them.

Maybe it's the name.
1750 Gran Turismo Veloce. You just know it means a fast, luxurious car in the great tradition of European road machines, always ready to race or roam.

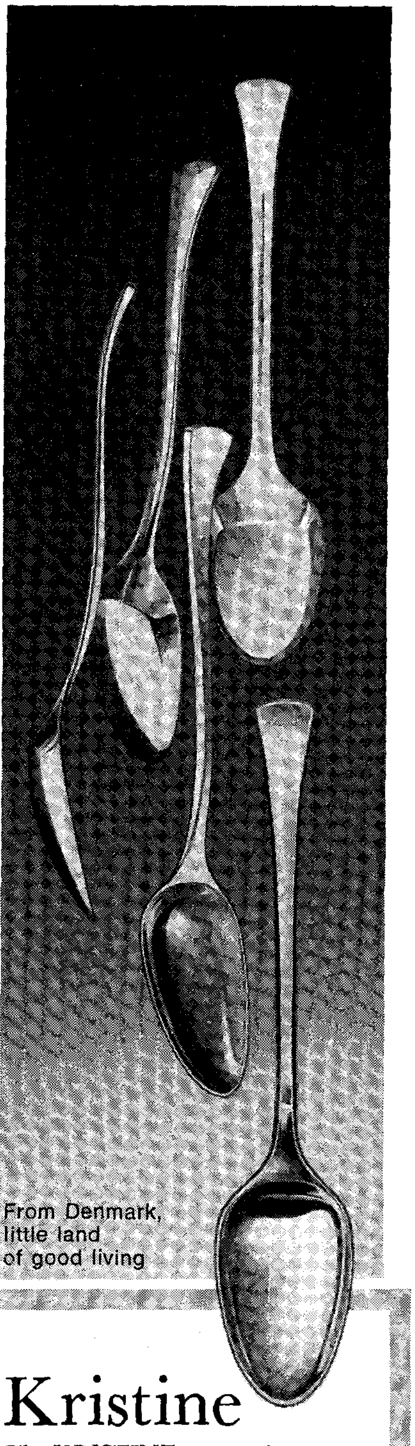
Or maybe it's the body. That brilliant styling has made this Bertone masterpiece a modern classic. Inside, the GTV is handsomely fitted with solid mahogany trim. New-design bucket seats that enfold you in arm-chair comfort even at nearly 120 mph. And a full complement of instruments, including a tachometer.

Most likely, though, it's the famous Alfa performance, even livelier this year. A new stronger engine with race-proven fuel injection. Five forward speeds to cope with any traffic or terrain. Four-wheel disc brakes that stop you right now, in a safe, straight line. Wide-tread radial-ply tires that seem part of the road, take corners with race-car sureness. Racing suspension and precise steering that make the car do what you want to do, the instant you want to.

Alfa Romeo's new 1750 GT Veloce. Better hurry to your dealer now.

Alfa Romeo 1750 GT Veloce.® $4446 East POE.

Alfa Romeo Inc., 231 Johnson Ave., Newark, N.J. 07108/215 Douglas St. So., El Segundo, Calif. 90245/Alfa Romeo (Canada) Ltd., 26 Greensboro Dr., Rexdale, Toronto, Canada.



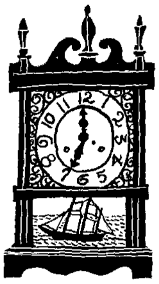
Kristine

The KRISTINE pattern in sterling silver, splendidly sculptured to please the most discriminating hostess. A unique combination of traditional craftsmanship and design as modern as tomorrow. For added beauty, all KRISTINE spoons are available with firegilded bowls on request. Designed by Karl Gustav Hansen. Six-piece handcrafted place setting: $107.00. For catalogue and name of store near you, write:

DANISH
SILVERSMITHS INC.

573 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

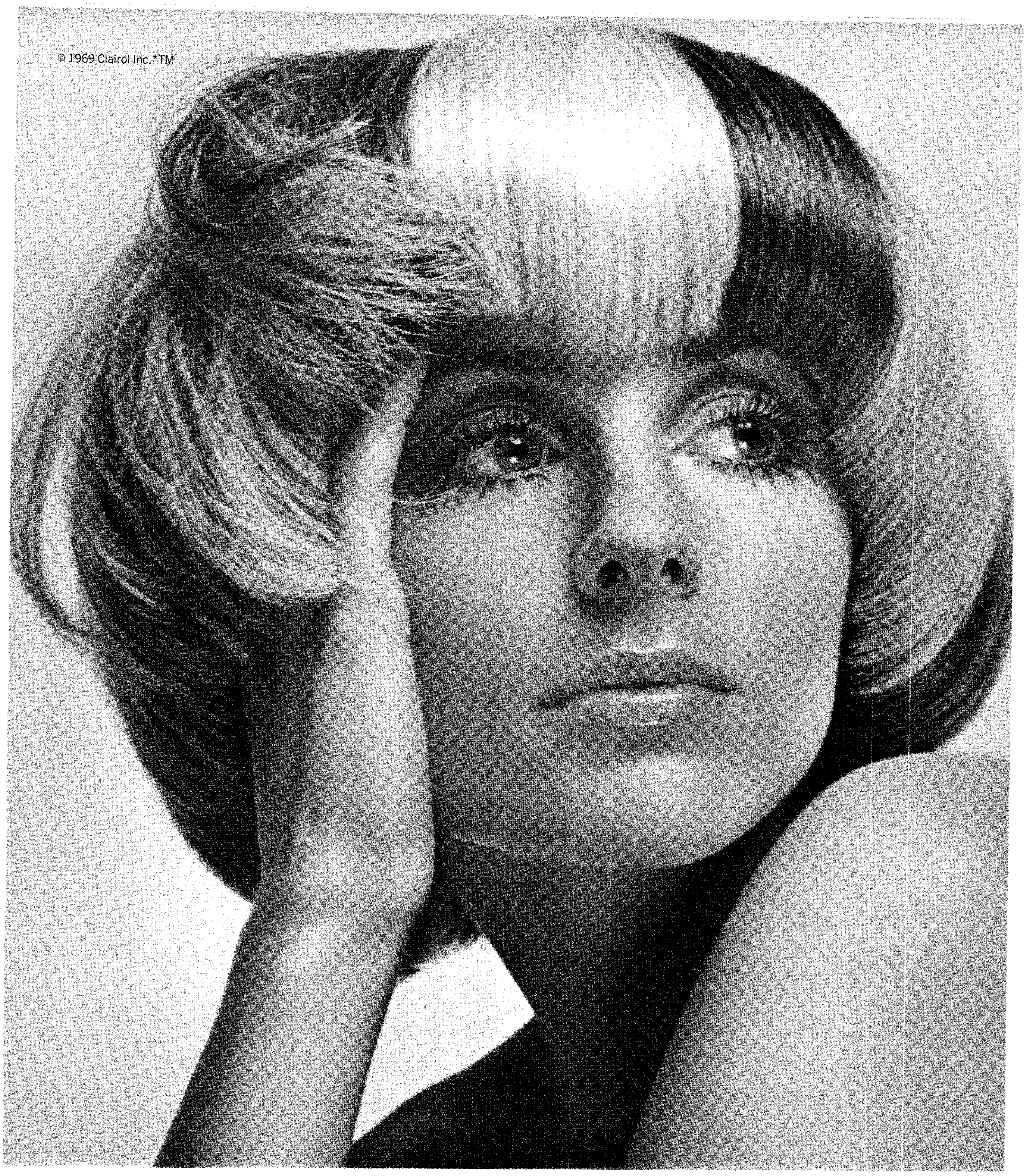
was the principal source of the entire popular democratic movement in Latin America, and most observers would agree with Robert Alexander that "Haya de la Torre remains the most significant single spokesman for the social revolution in Latin America during the first half of the twentieth century." Yet although his ideas are now widely accepted, even by the Peruvian armed forces, the anger and resentment bred of those earlier clashes make the thought of an APRA government—especially under Haya, who is seventy-four and vigorous—intolerable to the military. This hatred of APRA has been shared by *El Commercio*, which has warred against APRA ever since Don Luis's brother and his brother's wife were slain by a young *Aprista* assassin on a street in downtown Lima. In order to understand the depth of such feelings—whether against APRA or I.P.C.—it is important to realize that Lima is a small and ancient city, more like nineteenth-century Boston than modern New York or Washington. The number of influential families is small, and the lines of hostility, clashing interests, or diverging beliefs, once drawn, are likely to persist for generations. Opposing factions representing opposing economic interests are often referred to by family names, and certain names recur with great frequency in positions of commercial and political leadership. This is not to say that the country is dominated by an unchanging oligarchy. Peru is more complicated than that, and, as has been frequently demonstrated, the military represents a distinct and powerful force. Still, ancient attitudes persist, including an often violent animosity toward APRA.



The other reason for military support of the liberal Belaúnde was the change in the convictions and the nature of the armed forces. Until the late nineteen-fifties, the Peruvian armed forces, in the historic pattern of most Latin-American countries, represented a static or reactionary social force. They were, in the words of a young Peruvian colonel, "the strong right arm of the oligarchy." But in recent years a quiet shift has taken place in some Latin-American military establishments which may have profound consequences for the future of the hemisphere. In Peru, the unexpected focus of this potentially revolutionary change is a sprawling complex of brick buildings on the outskirts of Lima known as the Center of Higher Military Studies. There, and in other military schools, officers spend two years in advanced study. For a decade, the course material has given increasing emphasis to social and economic systems taught by civilian experts, some of whom are far to the left, and most of whom are disciples of a liberal, and highly technocratic, brand of development economics. In these schools, the importance of the military role in "social and economic progress" is constantly stressed—an approach that is fully in accord with the emphasis that the United States and its influential military missions have given to "civic action." Most officers have also received American training in doctrines of counter-insurgency. From the irrefutable thesis that guerrillas are fish that swim in the sea of the people, they have drawn the inexorable conclusion: if they are to suppress guerrillas, they must win the support of the people. Most Latin-American officers, at one time or another, attend United States military schools and often develop close relationships with officers of our overseas missions. In recent years, it has been American policy to stress the role of the Latin-American military in economic progress. This has undoubtedly been a liberalizing influence, but it has also led many officers to believe that the job of modernization can only be accomplished under their own rule. The officers themselves are rarely oligarchs. For the most part, they are drawn from lower-middle-class families, or even from among the poor. And they believe, as one general explained, that they "are the only people who really have lived in all parts of Peru during their career, the only ones who know the country." The emerging conviction that traditional, conservative thinking has been a source of explosive inequalities is coupled with a growing contempt for the inefficiency or corruption of civilian leadership and a mounting belief that it is the mission of the armed forces to take their country in a new direction. Although the new military leadership is fundamentally nationalistic and anti-Communist, many officers are coming to share Lenin's belief that "no revolution of the masses can triumph without the help of a portion of the armed forces that sustained the old regime." It was natural, therefore, that the military had been drawn to support Belaúnde, with his liberal and reformist beliefs and his emphasis on technology and construction.

Many of these same convictions

europe begins in belgium
and belgium begins on sabena.
SABENA
BELGIAN World AIRLINES
"EUROPE'S MOST HELPFUL AIRLINE"
SABENA IS A MEMBER OF
1919
IATA
1969
QUALITY IN AIR TRANSPORT
where
europe really begins



If you can't beat'em, join'em.

We've told and told you the only way to compete with the Clairol Creme Toner blondes is to be one.

Now you're ready for lesson 2: the way to stand out in a crowd of Clairol® Creme Toner* blondes.

Be a 3-toned Clairol Creme Toner blonde.

Like Joan of Arc above. First she used Creme Toner's 10B Sandy Blonde® on her pre-lightened hair. Then Creme Toner Ivory Chiffon* for her middle stripe. And Creme Toner Buttercup Beige* for her two side stripes. (She's wearing Clairol lip color and makeup for blondes, too.)

Only Clairol Creme Toner gives her this delicate blending of blonde colors because only Creme Toner has 32 delicate blonde colors to choose from.

Now even in a gaggle of gorgeous Clairol Creme Toner Blondes, wouldn't you notice her? You see, once you join 'em, you don't have to stop there. You can still use your head to beat 'em.

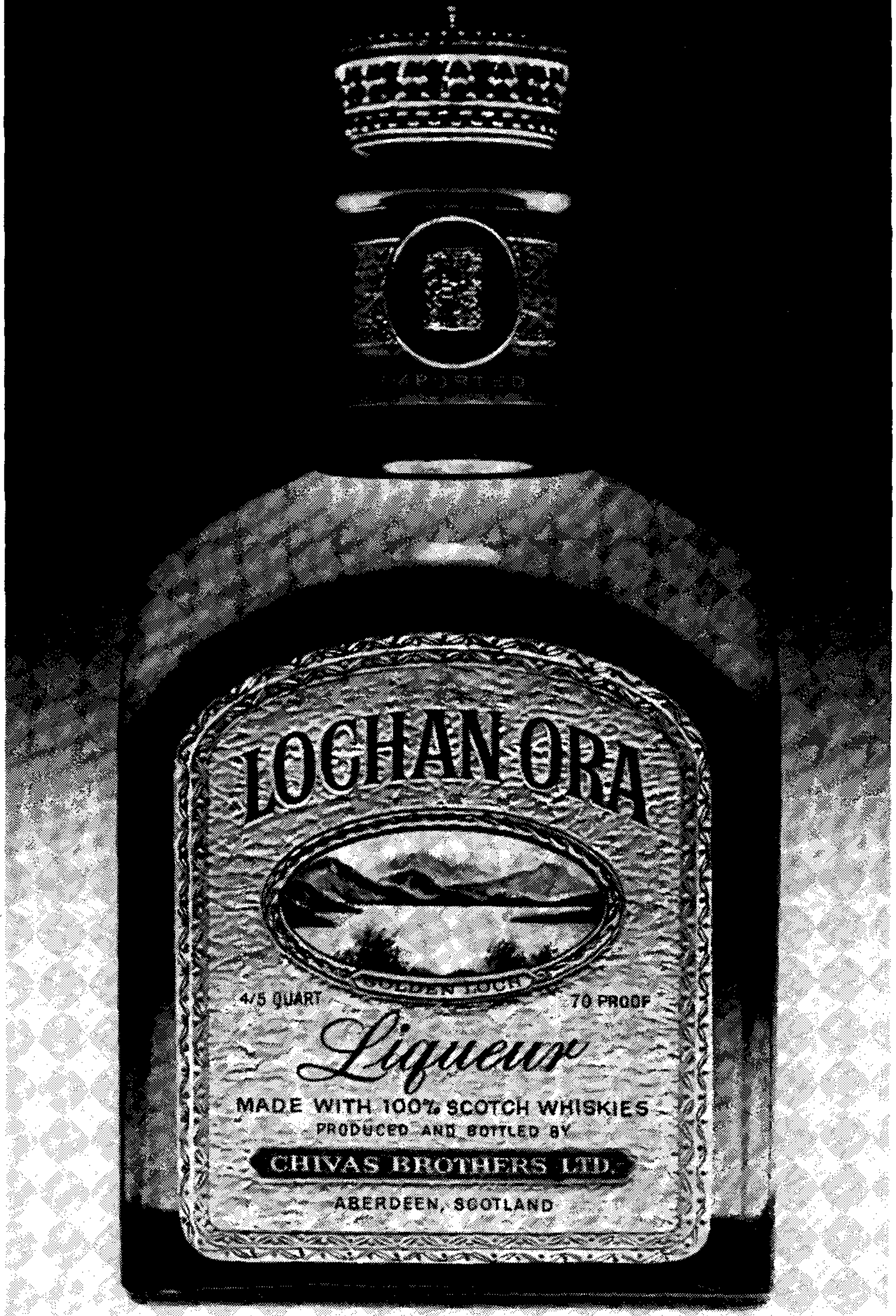
CLAIROL
Creme
TONER

The 32 Clairol Creme Toner Blondes

and expectations that had attracted the military and other powerful supporters to Belaúnde in 1963 were transformed by the events of 1967 and 1968 into the motive for his overthrow. Even before 1967, many of Belaúnde's efforts to bring about moderate reform, especially land reform, had been blocked by the opposition parties, which, having more than a majority in Congress, could exercise control whenever they agreed. This opposition grew in strength and determination throughout 1967, as Peru entered a period of economic crisis. By November, the weakening position of the Peruvian sol, which had been stable for a decade, compelled a drastic devaluation. From a rate of twenty-seven to the dollar, the sol tumbled to forty-eight before stabilizing at about forty-two to forty-four in the middle of 1968. The result was a sudden and drastic increase in prices affecting every sector of the economy. The poor were especially hard hit as food prices soared. Business dropped, unemployment rose, and public discontent mounted. In 1968, the hard-pressed Belaúnde was further beset by a series of scandals involving smuggling and bribery. Though the scandals did not touch him or his top officials (some members of the military were involved), they further weakened public confidence. Some of these difficulties were undoubtedly due to bad management, as the President's opponents charged, but many also flowed from circumstances beyond his control. Also, by the fall of 1968 a new austerity program had apparently set the country on the way to financial stability, and a record volume of exports, along with the anticipation of a billion dollars in foreign private investment, strengthened hopes for better times. However, many of the military and important elements of the civilian population felt that Belaúnde had failed to fulfill their expectations. In their view, civilian politics had once again paralyzed the needed modernization of Peru, and, justly or unjustly, they believed that Belaúnde had lost his grip on the country and on his own government. Moreover, growing dissension and factional splits within the Belaúnde party made it likely that the unacceptable APRA would win the Presidential election scheduled for the middle of 1969. To this explosive mixture of discontent was added an incalculable amount of personal ambition and a growing sense that the time had come for the armed forces to assume their predestined mission to create a "new" Peru. By the middle of 1968, the

IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Liqueur for people who drink scotch.



To find the smooth, subtle flavors to blend with the Scotch in our liqueur we went as far as Curacao and Ceylon.

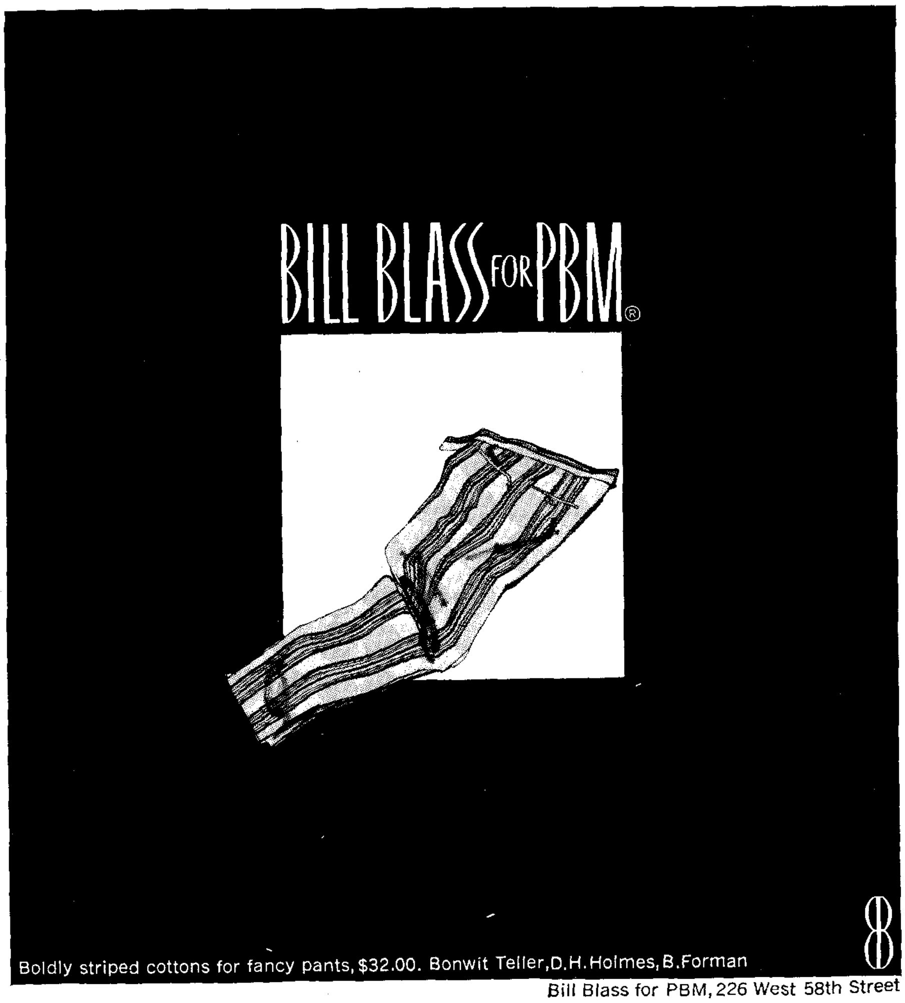
But to get the one ingredient that made it outstanding, we came back home to Scotland.

What can we tell you about the Scotch in Lochan Ora? We can tell you to look at our label. Now you know.

Wind's behind it.
It's all downhill.
1 Maxfli

If you can out drive almost everybody, you can out drive everybody with a 250-feet-per-second velocity, top-compression Maxfli 100 Black. Play one. You'll never know how good you are until you do. Sold by golf professionals only.

Maxfli 100 By DUNLOP



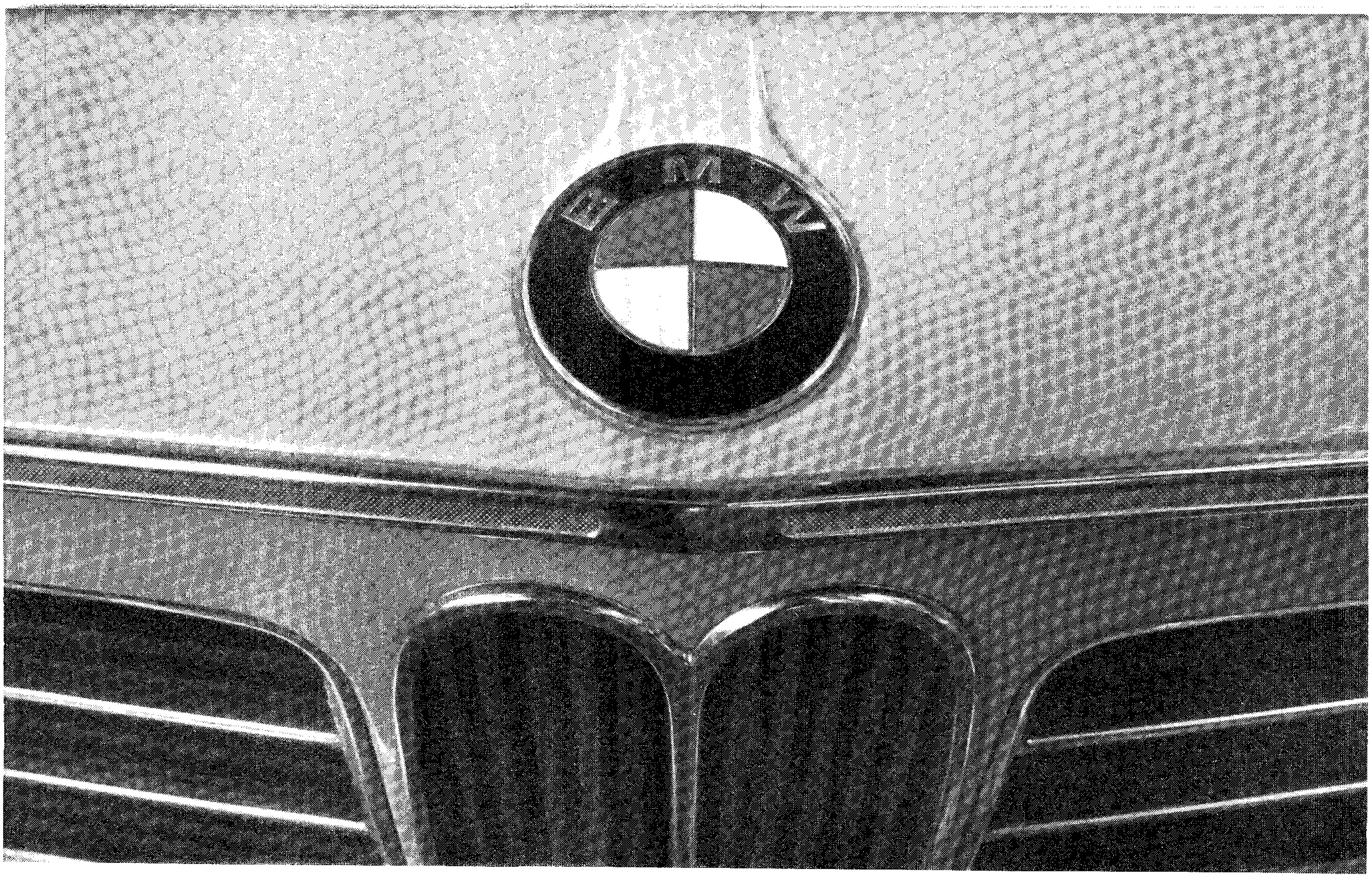
Boldly striped cottons for fancy pants, $32.00. Bonwit Teller, D.H. Holmes, B. Forman

Bill Blass for PBM, 226 West 58th Street

restaurants and clubs of Lima were filled with talk of a *golpe*. It was widely known that the plans were ready and that the generals were anxious. But the moment never seemed right. The military, lacking popular support, hesitated to move arbitrarily against an elected President who still commanded a large following. They needed—depending upon your point of view—an event, a pretext, or a cause. It came when, after five years of negotiation, I.P.C. reached an agreement with Belaúnde.

IN July, 1967, a restless Peruvian Congress passed a law declaring that the La Brea y Pariñas oil field belonged to the nation, and authorized the expropriation of the oil-field installation and the establishment of a "regime most consistent with the national interest." (The wording left open the possibility that I.P.C. might continue to operate the installation if that arrangement seemed "most consistent with the national interest.") Belaúnde was undoubtedly reminded, as he had been before, that any expropriation would mean the application of the Hickenlooper Amendment, and the effort to reach an agreement continued throughout 1967 without any changes at La Brea. In that same year, however, the Peruvian Tax Court found that I.P.C. owed a hundred and forty-four million dollars to Peru. This figure was based on a judicial calculation of I.P.C.'s net profits for the previous fifteen years, on the theory that the company had been operating under the illegal and invalid award of an international arbitration. This money was never collected, and judicial appeals and counter-claims mounted in complexity.

Then, at the beginning of 1968, as General Doig and his staff were laying their plans for a *golpe*, President Belaúnde designated the Peruvian state oil company, Empresa Petrolera Fiscal, or E.P.F., "to represent the state in all acts related to the operation of the La Brea y Pariñas oil field, which belongs to the nation." The president of E.P.F., and from then on one of the chief Peruvian negotiators, was Carlos Loret de Mola. Technician and businessman, mild-mannered and never actively engaged in politics, Loret de Mola had been placed in charge of the state-owned company early in Belaúnde's administration. His knowledge of the oil business would strengthen the government in negotiations, while it could be expected that on any important issue he would yield to the President's



In Germany they say Bey Em Vey. And they get out of the way.

Because they see it happen so often. On the Autobahn, where there's no speed limit, a small sedan pulls away from the pack and heads for the horizon. That's BMW. (Or as they say, Bey Em Vey.) The one that cruises at 100 mph. The car that's known through Europe for speed and stamina.

Now America is discovering BMW. Suddenly that distinctive grille seems to be everywhere. Because BMW is the best possible news for the man who wants a performance car and needs a family sedan. Besides great speed, BMW gives you phenomenal roadholding, supplied by a unique suspension, fully-independent on all four wheels, with a multi-jointed rear axle. The most expensive car you can name can't surpass it.

And most of the cars you'll meet on the highway won't be able to pass it, either. In fact, it may just be that more BMW's are sold on the road than anywhere else. You see one streak by. You want to know more. You visit your dealer, admire the handsome, roomy automobile he shows you.

He tells you that at Germany's famed Bavarian Motor Works, we've been building fine cars for nearly 50 years, and our latest are our best ever.

You learn that the new BMW will deliver up to 30 miles to a gallon of gas. And you find it hard to believe that this practical car is the one you've been whistling at on the highway. So you ask for a test drive. Suddenly everything's getting out of *your* way.

Suggested retail prices start at **$2,597** P.O.E. New York. U.S. Importer: Hoffman Motors Corporation, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 1862 S. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Dealers coast to coast. Advantageous European Delivery Program. Write for free brochure.

Bavarian Motor Works

BMW

CHICAGO

Upjohn

holds sales meetings
at Stouffer's
Oakbrook Inn...

for a number of comfortable reasons...

Stouffer comfort in rooms, fine food, excellent banquet and meeting facilities—all are very real to Upjohn. They could be to you, too.

Stouffer MOTOR INNS

where you always feel comfortable

Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Detroit, Indianapolis, Louisville, St. Louis and Ft. Lauderdale

STOUFFER RESTAURANT-INN
DIVISION OF LITTON INDUSTRIES

wishes. Yet this routine appointment had unexpected consequences, for Loret de Mola was to prove unexpectedly stubborn, and eventually his public attack on the final agreement was to bring on the revolution. Shortly after the negotiations had been turned over to E.P.F., they broke down again. The issue was the same as that which had brought about previous failures: Peru insisted that I.P.C. turn over the oil field, while the company refused to do so unless it was allowed to operate the field as before. Thus, as I.P.C.'s official account reports, "at mid-April of 1968, there were no negotiations in progress with the Government's representatives."

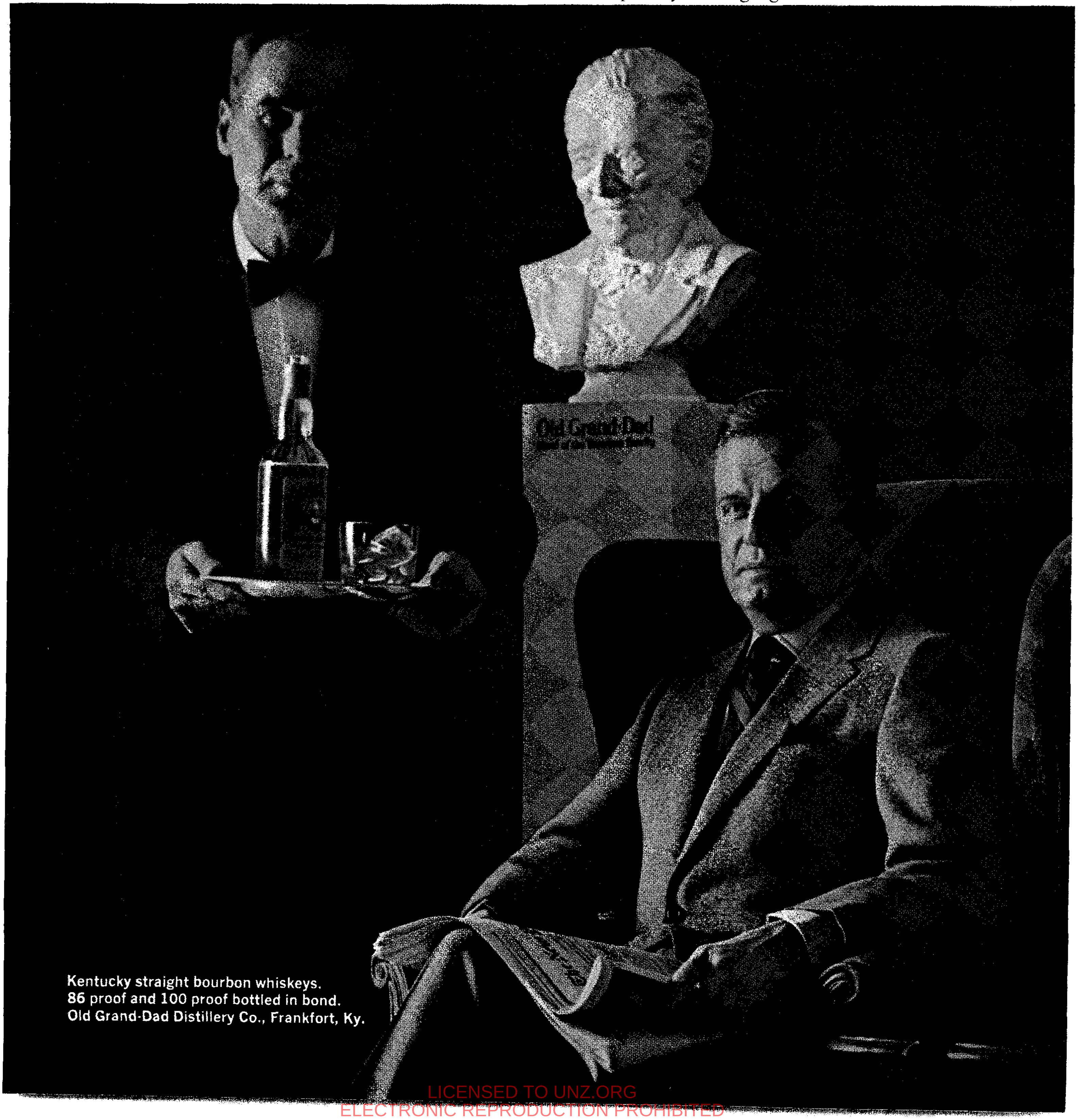
Events in Peru were moving too fast to permit the impasse to continue. Belaúnde's economic and political problems were still acute, political attacks were mounting, and talk of a military *golpe* was in the air. On July 28th, Belaúnde was scheduled to make his annual address to Congress on the State of the Republic, and it was inconceivable that he should appear without announcing some solution of the La Brea y Pariñas problem. At the same time, and more ominously, a regularly scheduled change of command was being carried out in the Peruvian Army. The Minister of War, General Doig, reached retirement and lost his chance to lead a revolution. Velasco, widely thought to be a candidate for the Cabinet position, did not get it. "Belaúnde did offer it to him, but he wouldn't take it," claims a Velasco associate. "The other officers said he didn't have the ability," says a high official of the deposed government. In any event, having failed to assume a Cabinet post that would have removed him from the command of troops, Velasco was now Commander-in-Chief of the Army and the senior general on active duty. Within a couple of months, he had placed officers loyal to him in charge of the Lima Military District and the Lima Armored Division, both of which would be essential to the success of a revolution. Then Velasco waited, although, with his own retirement scheduled for early 1969, he didn't have much time.

Amid the unmistakable signs of crisis, I.P.C. suddenly changed the position it had steadfastly clung to for years. On July 25, 1968, it sent Belaúnde a memorandum offering to transfer to the state "the surface area of La Brea y Pariñas and the installations" and to renounce "any rights it could allege over the subsoil or mineralized zone of La Brea y Pariñas." This memorandum, or proposal, was, with some modifications, the basis of the final agreement between Belaúnde and I.P.C. That agreement, in turn, was to precipitate the military *golpe* and the seizure of I.P.C. Few doubt that several years earlier the same terms would have been accepted, after some grumbling, and I.P.C. would have stayed and prospered in Peru. "It was an incredibly generous offer," say officials of the United States Embassy. "In fact," says one of our chief diplomats, "when the manager of I.P.C. told me about it I was so astonished I asked him, 'But what do you get out of it?'" And I.P.C. itself claims that it "gave Belaúnde everything he was asking for." Yet within a few weeks after its proclamation the agreement was assailed as a sellout, a giveaway, and a fraud.

Undoubtedly, these assaults were greatly magnified by political passion, yet an examination of the terms of the agreement does not support a conclusion that I.P.C. was making a sacrifice. In return for La Brea y Pariñas, I.P.C. was to be allowed to expand and modernize its refinery, thus increasing the production of oil and gas. It would continue, on a regular business basis, all its other activities in Peru, including the marketing of fifty-five per cent of all gasoline sold there. (This monopolistic position seems less impressive when we know that there are only about two hundred and fifty thousand registered vehicles in Peru.) There would also be at least a "moral commitment" that I.P.C. could join Mobil Oil and Gulf in exploring for oil on the jungle slopes of the eastern Andes. And all claims for back debts would be cancelled, including the hundred and forty-four million dollars assessed by the Tax Court. In addition, I.P.C. could reasonably expect that the agreement would free it from most of the continual agitation and hostility that had often threatened, although it rarely interfered with, its activities. Certainly these terms were not onerous for I.P.C., and the refinery expansion, especially, was, in the company's words, "a consideration of value." Of course, Peru would receive all the benefits that flow to an undeveloped country from the investment and skill of a large modern enterprise, something Peruvians may miss in the days ahead. If we compare this offer, which would almost surely have been accepted by Belaúnde in 1964, with the proposals that were

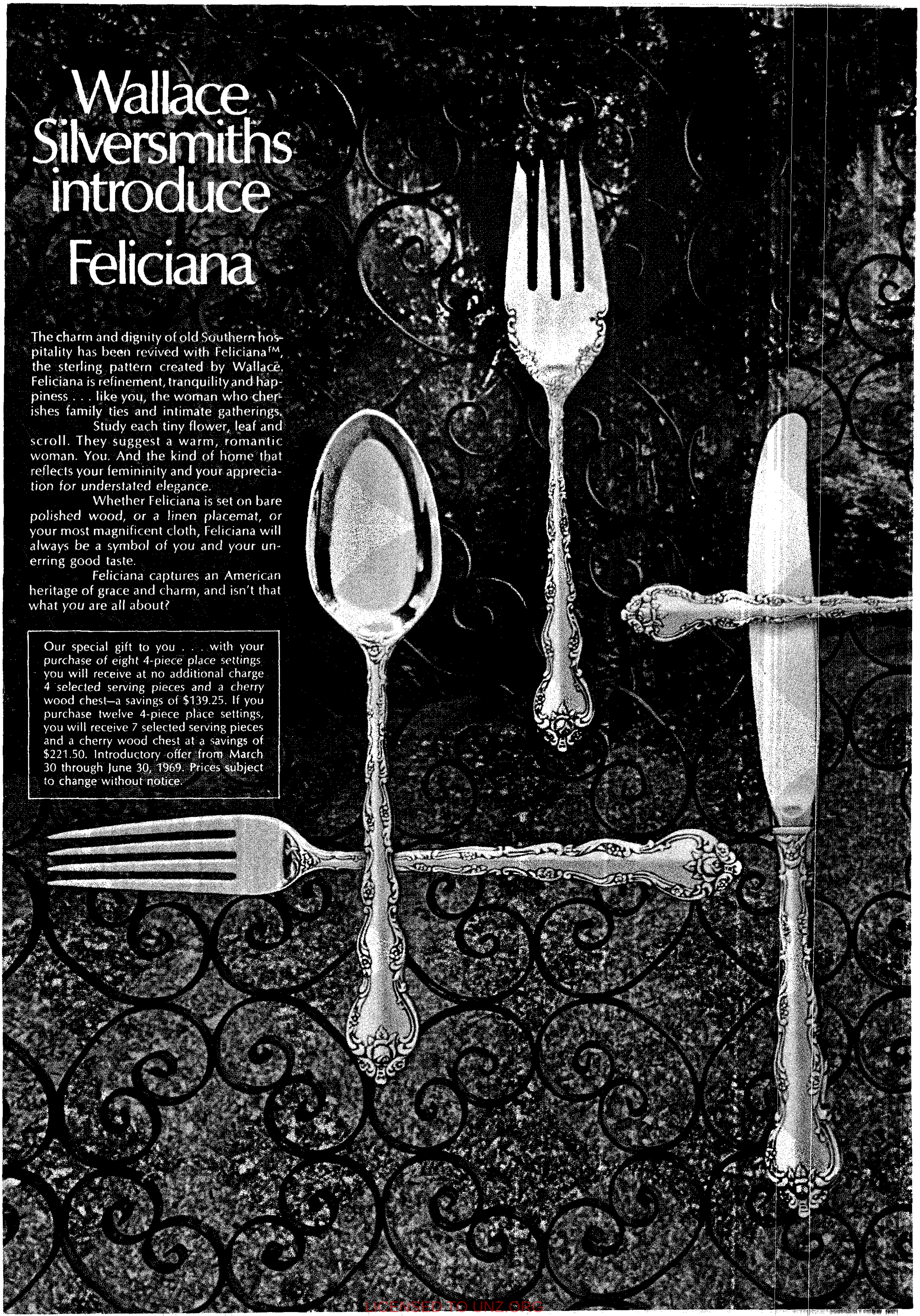
When money talks it orders Old Grand-Dad.

The word is out. Money goes for Old Grand-Dad. And why not? The extra cost is more than worth it because with Grand-Dad you'll discover a smoothness that's unmatched by any other Bourbon. You'll discover a taste that has made Grand-Dad the classic American whiskey. No wonder people talk up Old Grand-Dad. It's the head of the Bourbon family. And it speaks your language.


Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family

Kentucky straight bourbon whiskeys.
86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond.
Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

Wallace Silversmiths introduce Feliciana



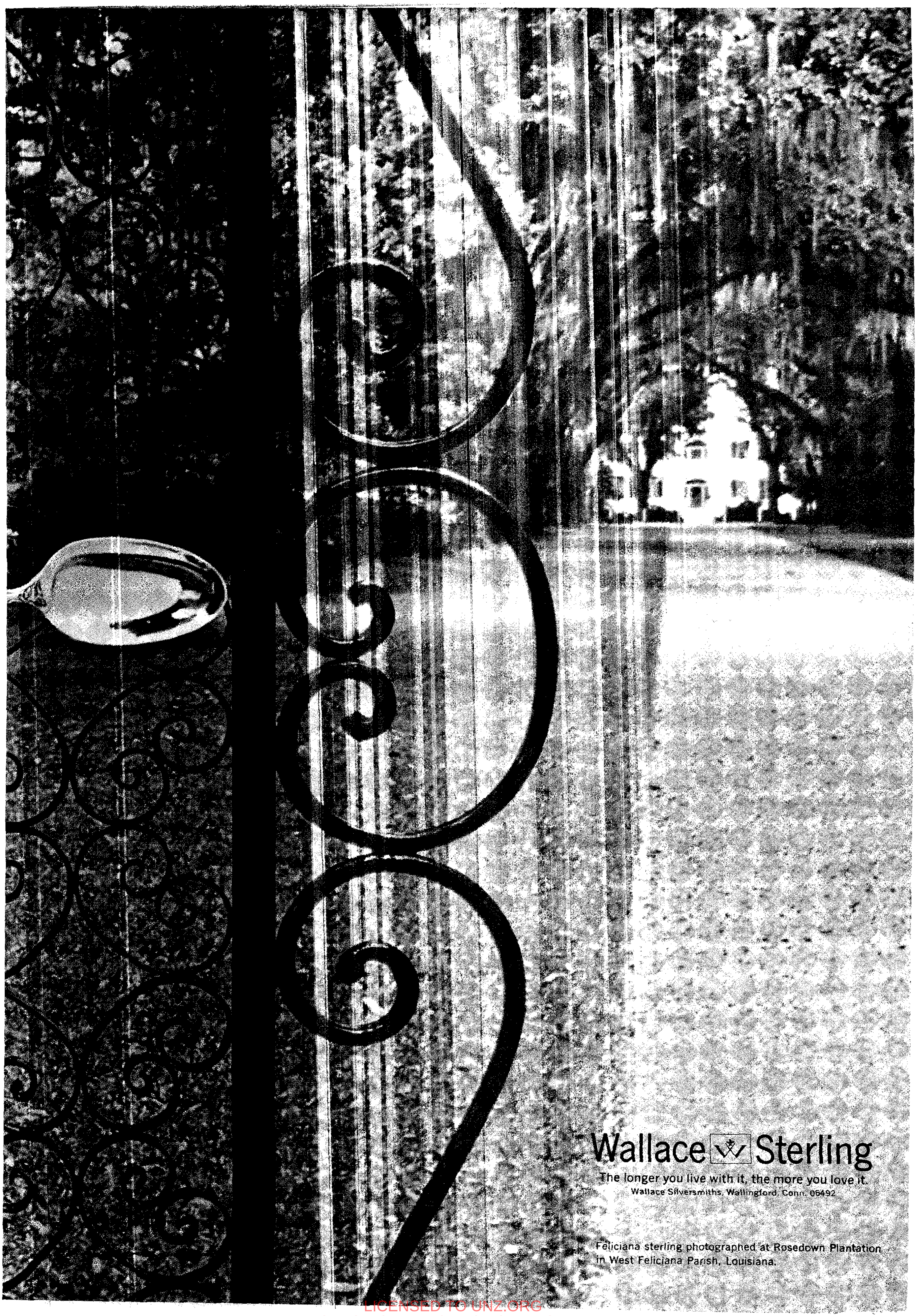
The charm and dignity of old Southern hospitality has been revived with Feliciana™, the sterling pattern created by Wallace. Feliciana is refinement, tranquility and happiness . . . like you, the woman who cherishes family ties and intimate gatherings.

Study each tiny flower, leaf and scroll. They suggest a warm, romantic woman. You. And the kind of home that reflects your femininity and your appreciation for understated elegance.

Whether Feliciana is set on bare polished wood, or a linen placemat, or your most magnificent cloth, Feliciana will always be a symbol of you and your unerring good taste.

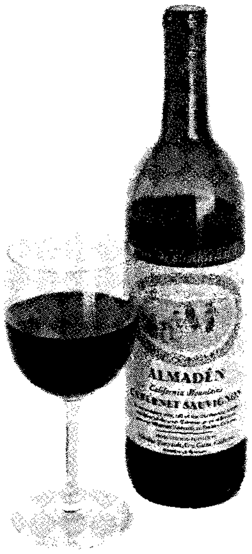
Feliciana captures an American heritage of grace and charm, and isn't that what *you* are all about?

Our special gift to you . . . with your purchase of eight 4-piece place settings you will receive at no additional charge 4 selected serving pieces and a cherry wood chest—a savings of $139.25. If you purchase twelve 4-piece place settings, you will receive 7 selected serving pieces and a cherry wood chest at a savings of $221.50. Introductory offer from March 30 through June 30, 1969. Prices subject to change without notice.


Wallace Sterling
The longer you live with it, the more you love it.
Wallace Silversmiths, Wallingford, Conn. 06492
Feliciana sterling photographed at Rosedown Plantation
in West Feliciana Parish, Louisiana.

Special reasons for serving Almadén

. . . keep cropping up



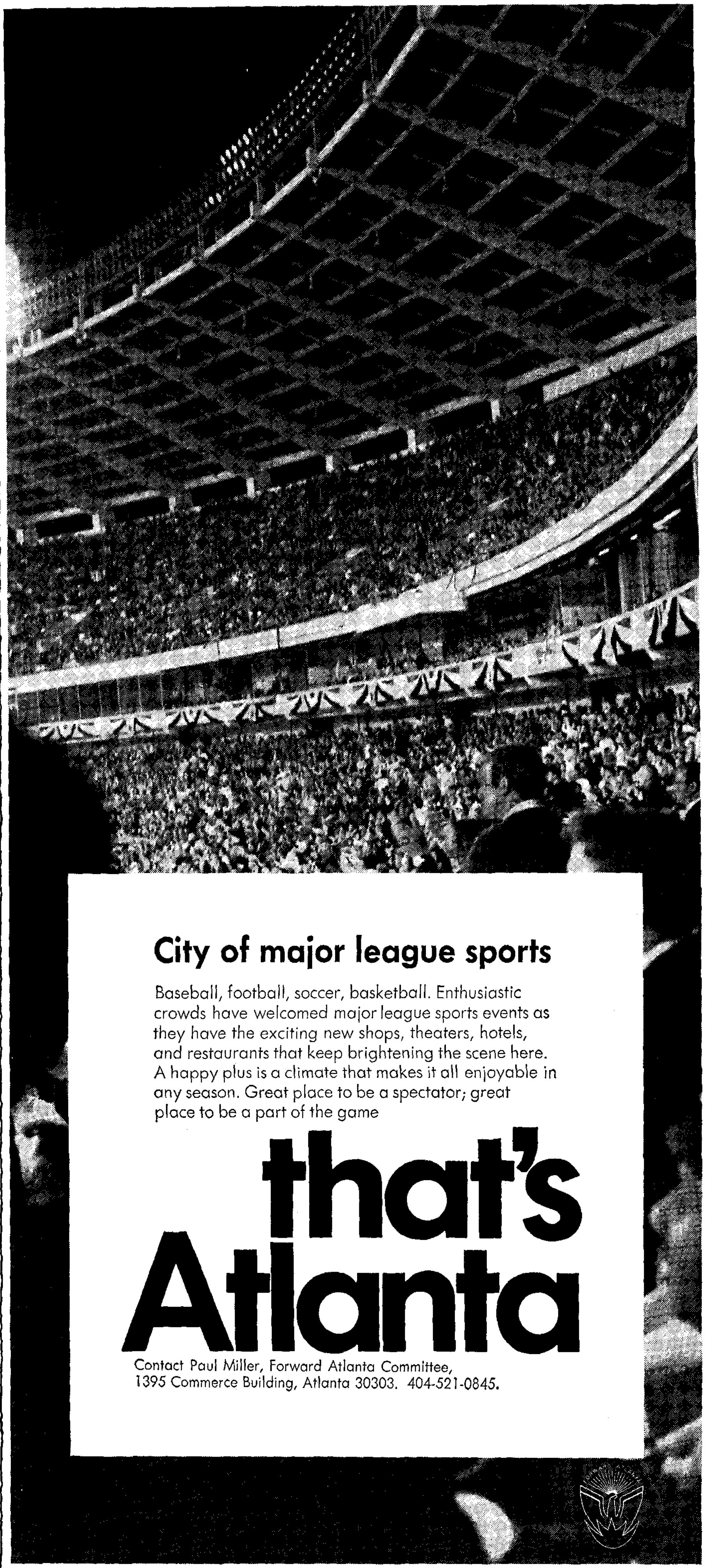
They crop up every year: Cabernet Sauvignon. Pinot Chardonnay. Pinot Noir. Grenache. *All* of the famous European varietal wine grapes . . . *and each promising the superb character demanded for Almadén wines.* How can we be so sure of that?

Because we grow these grapes ourselves. We need not rely on other vineyards. Our unique advantage lies along the cool slopes of California's Gavilan Range: Almadén's Paicines Mountain Vineyards, the world's largest vineyards of fine wine grapes . . . where ideal soil, climate, elevation and care assure outstanding wine grapes. And, eventually, outstanding wines.

So next time you have dinner guests, reserve a special place . . . for your favorite Almadén wine. And notice how the compliments keep cropping up.

ALMADÉN

For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P.O. Box 997-E, Los Gatos, California in fact rejected in 1964 and 1965, the difference appears so slight that the company's stubborn, and fatal, insistence on keeping control of the La Brea field baffles analysis. In earlier negotiations, I.P.C. had offered to give up its ownership rights but had insisted on operating the field. Now I.P.C. offered to give the field to E.P.F., which would then sell the crude oil to I.P.C., which would refine it and market the product. Yet, as one plows through the elaborate maze of figures, it seems that the difference in cost for I.P.C. between operating the field itself (and paying a fifty-per-cent income tax on profits) and letting E.P.F. operate the field was about ten to fifteen cents a barrel. Since La Brea y Pariñas had been steadily running down and was producing only six or seven million barrels a year, the total increase in the cost of crude oil to I.P.C. would probably have been not much more than half a million dollars a year.* Looking at this difference, which is all that separates the hopeful days of 1964,



City of major league sports

Baseball, football, soccer, basketball. Enthusiastic crowds have welcomed major league sports events as they have the exciting new shops, theaters, hotels, and restaurants that keep brightening the scene here. A happy plus is a climate that makes it all enjoyable in any season. Great place to be a spectator; great place to be a part of the game

that's Atlanta

Contact Paul Miller, Forward Atlanta Committee,
1395 Commerce Building, Atlanta 30303. 404-521-0845.

---

* The key fact in the calculation is that much of the company's operation was "vertically integrated;" i.e., the crude oil from La Brea y Pariñas was sold to the company's refinery at Talara, which then sold the gas and oil to the I.P.C. distributors and gas stations, which, in turn, sold them to the public at prices largely fixed by the government. I.P.C. was basically concerned with the total profit from the entire operation. In determining this profit, the important thing was not who owned the oil field but the cost to the company of each barrel of crude oil from La Brea y Pariñas, for its final profit depended on the price it received for gasoline minus the cost of producing the gasoline. Therefore, a comparison of the earlier offers with the 1968 settlement should be made in terms of the cost of crude oil to I.P.C. In 1964, the company offered to cede ownership of La Brea to Peru but insisted on operating control and splitting the profits. Under this offer, it would sell each barrel to the refinery at about $2.50. The cost of producing each barrel was $1.50, leaving a profit of $1.00. Out of this, the company would receive a fee of twenty per cent of the price ($2.50), or $.50. The rest of the $1.00 profit would be split fifty-fifty, or $.25 to Peru and $.25 to the company. Thus, the company would receive $.75 of the $1.00 profit. However, it would have to pay a fifty-per-cent income tax on its profit, or $.375. So the Peruvian government would receive its $.25 share of the profits plus $.375 in taxes, for a total of $.625. The cost to the company, therefore, was the $1.50 in production costs plus the $.625 that went to the government, a total of $2.125 a barrel. This is roughly equivalent to a sixty-forty profit split. In 1968, the company offered to give the oil field to Peru and buy the crude oil for its refinery. It would pay, after certain discounts, $1.97 a barrel. However, since the refinery would be paying $.53 less for each barrel ($1.97 instead of $2.50), its cost would be less and so it could deduct less when it paid the fifty-per-cent income tax. Thus, it would have to pay $.265 more in taxes per barrel (or fifty per cent of the $.53 difference). This made the total cost to I.P.C. $1.97 plus $.265 in additional taxes, or $2.235 per barrel. The calculation is somewhat inexact, because of the difficulty in pinning down precise figures, but it can safely be assumed that the difference between the 1964 and 1968 offer was about ten to fifteen cents a barrel. Even this relatively small gap has to be computed on the assumption that I.P.C. could not find other ways to absorb some of this cost in its accounting, and does not take into account the intricate possibility that Standard Oil could decrease the amount even further by additional deductions or credits on its tax returns in the United States.

It's a new putter we developed. Most players who've been able to get their hands on one think there's never been a putter quite like it before. It's made from Albro, an alloy of aluminum and bronze, the same metals bells are made of. When you stroke your ball, a long slit on the under side of the club head vibrates like a tuning fork and makes the noise that gives the putter its name. With the Pong, your ball runs livelier and truer because it's balanced like the mainspring of a watch. We think the Pong is going to be the best selling putter in America as soon as we can make enough of them.

First Flight ▻
Chattanooga, Tennessee.
Custom built woods and irons, golf balls,
and Hot-Z golf bags. At pro shops only.

This is the Pong.

A distinctive gift for every member of the wedding party...

CROSS
SINCE 1846

CROSS
CROSS

Fine Writing Instruments
from four-fifty to fifty dollars each
at better stores everywhere.

© 1967, A. T. CROSS CO., LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

when Belaúnde was at the height of his strength, from the disaster of 1968, one can take some comfort in knowing that even at Standard Oil irrational convictions, bureaucratic inertia, or sheer delight in the exercise of power can override the logical conclusions of economic analysis.

On July 28th, three days after receiving I.P.C.'s confidential and unsigned memorandum, Belaúnde went before Congress and the nation to announce triumphantly that he had solved the ancient problem of La Brea y Pariñas. The oil field would now belong to Peru. He did not elaborate on the other elements of the proposal, and, intentionally or not, he left the impression that the takeover was almost unconditional. To almost unanimous acclaim, the negotiators then sat down to hammer out the complex series of contracts necessary to transform the new proposal into an agreement. The pressure for swift action was intense, for in June the Congress had given Belaúnde extraordinary powers for sixty days that would permit him to solve the problem by executive decree. When this period expired, it would be necessary to submit any agreement to an increasingly hostile Congress. Belaúnde could not afford to wait, and he told the negotiators that he intended to fly to the oil city of Talara on the morning of August 13th and proclaim the final and definitive solution.

For two weeks, as August 13th neared, lawyers, businessmen, and politicians crowded around tables in the Presidential Palace struggling to construct a new framework for the largest oil-and-gas enterprise in Peru. Belaúnde's Prime Minister as well as his Minister of Development continually joined other government officials in the discussions. The chief negotiator for I.P.C. was the company's gentle and dignified general manager, Fernando J. Espinosa, who, after working as an economist for the New Deal, had spent twenty-three years with Standard Oil. His principal adversary was the head of E.P.F., Carlos Loret de Mola. Toward the end, the negotiations kept breaking down over one crucial point: whether I.P.C. was to guarantee a minimum price for the crude oil it was to buy from La Brea. It was during one of these breakdowns that an incident is said to have occurred that, true or not, undoubtedly contributed to the difficulties of the days ahead, since it is widely believed in Peru. Loret de Mola says that, asked by President Belaúnde to renew the talks, he went to the I.P.C. offices at about 10 P.M. Loret

MOËT
BRUT IMPERIAL
MOËT & CHANDON
Schieffelin & Co.

DOM PERIGNON CHAMPAGNE GLASS BY BACCARAT.

MOËT CHAMPAGNE
in the uncompromising tradition of Dom Pérignon

Since 1743, we at Moët et Chandon have made our champagne according to the precepts of Dom Pérignon, the monk who discovered the secret of making great champagne. In fact, the very vineyards of his monastery are in our possession. That's why we have given his name to our most illustrious champagne—the legendary and ever-scarce Dom Pérignon. We have given our own name, Moët, to a champagne made in the same great tradition. Dry, dazzling, inspired, Moët has become the most celebrated champagne of France, and the world. So enjoy a taste of greatness soon: Moët Champagne.

© IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N. Y.

MOËT

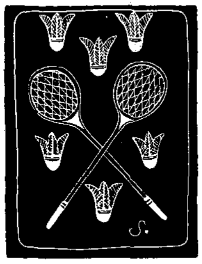
There is a certain kind of woman who'd love a month of sun days. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

The three-piece suit to wear as two.
Just untie the skirt's back bow
and presto! bikini pants appear.
A sheer blend of Avril® rayon
and cotton. Red and white posies
on navy. 8 to 14, 28.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/San Francisco/Boston
St. Louis/Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland
Rochester/Baltimore/Chicago/Providence
Philadelphia/Buffalo/Kansas City/Hartford
Detroit/Washington, D. C./Springfield
Newport/Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

de Mola claims that, after offering him a drink, a company executive (not Espinosa) told him, "Standard Oil never gets out of any place without getting all its money, and the same is going to happen here." The executive then handed him a copy of the confidential memorandum, saying, "Here are our conditions. Your President shouldn't have gone before Congress the way he did, because he deceived the people." "What could I do?" asks Loret de Mola. "I had to believe the word of my President before an unsigned memorandum by a company." Even if his story is true, the substantive terms of the memorandum could not have been a surprise, since those were precisely the subjects under negotiation. However, the suspicion that all the conditions of settlement had been laid down in advance might have had a stiffening effect on Loret de Mola's attitude. In any event, the story has added to the armory of anecdotes used to justify the seizure.

Finally, at about 2 A.M. on August 13th, thinking that final agreement had been reached on the price to be paid by I.P.C. for the crude oil from La Brea, Espinosa went home to prepare for the scheduled dawn flight to Talara. Soon afterward, Espinosa received a call from the Peruvian Prime Minister, at the Palace, who told him there was still no agreement, and then, according to an Embassy official, said, in tones of mounting agitation, "If you don't come back, there'll be an expropriation," and hung up. Peruvian officials then awakened Ambassador Jones, who called Espinosa and persuaded him to return to the Palace, where discussion resumed on the price to be paid for crude oil. As dawn approached, both Espinosa and Loret de Mola, sitting in different rooms, signed the last of a series of contracts, and the entire group drove through the quiet streets to the Presidential airplane. The problem was that each man had signed a very different contract, or so they later claimed. Within a month, this difference was to erupt as "the page 11 scandal," and that storm was to tumble the last flimsy barrier to a military *golpe* and the seizure of I.P.C.



The existing copies of the contract governing I.P.C.'s purchase of the crude oil to be produced by E.P.F. at its newly acquired La Brea y Pariñas field are ten pages long. If there was an eleventh page—and that is what the dispute is about—it contained the final disposition of the one problem that had seemed insoluble until the final hours: the price to be paid for the crude oil. Under the contract as it now exists, I.P.C. agrees to pay, after discounts, $1.97 a barrel for the crude oil. However, the contract also requires I.P.C. to provide certain essential services to the oil-field operation, such as water and gas, but leaves the details, including the costs of these services, to be worked out later. "You see," explains Loret de Mola, "since we didn't know what the services would cost, we couldn't tell how much they would pay for the oil. That's why I wanted a guaranteed minimum price, one they would pay no matter what they deducted for the services." An I.P.C. representative responds that "we couldn't possibly agree to a guaranteed price without knowing about the services." Therefore, as the hours wore on during that last night of negotiations, I.P.C. adamantly resisted Loret de Mola's demand for a guaranteed minimum of $1.0835 a barrel, although the company negotiators did agree to a clause allowing E.P.F. to cancel the contract after six months' notice in case the price fell below that amount. "What good was that?" asks Loret de Mola. "What would we do with the oil? They owned the refinery at Talara. We'd have to ship it down the coast." I.P.C.'s representatives recall that Loret de Mola bent and then yielded to the intense arguments of government officials desperate to reach an agreement as evening stretched into morning. Loret de Mola, on the other hand, says that it was I.P.C. that finally yielded. Neither Espinosa nor Loret de Mola can recall an explicit admission of defeat by the other.

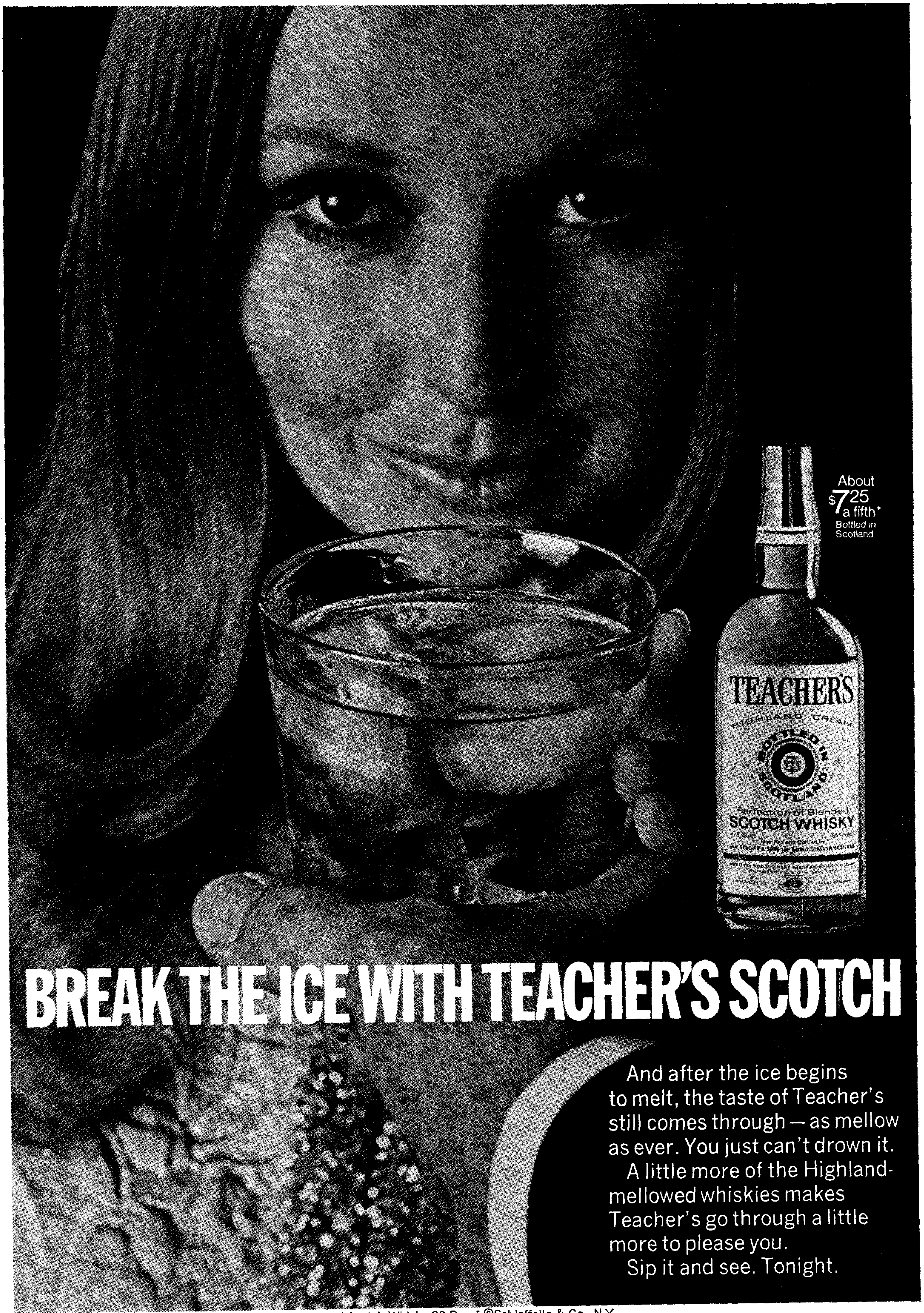
Then, as the chief negotiators joined their aides in different rooms to go over the final documents, the crude-oil contract was brought to them for signature. The two men agree that the original contract was eleven pages long and that the text ended at the bottom of the tenth page. The eleventh page was bare except for a typed dateline—"Lima, August 12, 1968"—and had room for signatures. According to Loret de Mola, when the contract came to him he wrote across the top of the eleventh page, "In any event, the price for crude oil shall be no less than $1.0835," and then signed. Two Xerox copies were made, and Loret de Mola was asked to initial or sign every page of these Xerox copies

This beautiful magazine is getting you nowhere.

Take this page, for instance. It's enough to make you think you've really seen the sun come up in Rio. Except you haven't left home since you can't remember when. And if that's enough to make you cry, dry your eyes. We can show you more islands and countries and continents than you've ever dreamed. Just call a Pan Am® Travel Agent. He has all the bargains in the world. (Our 'round the world Jet Economy fare, for instance, is about $1300.) And we can have you on your way in 24 hours or less. From Nowhere to Somewhere. **Pan Am makes the going great.**

PAN AM®

The world's most experienced airline.


About
$7.25 a fifth*
Bottled in Scotland
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY
BREAK THE ICE WITH TEACHER'S SCOTCH

And after the ice begins to melt, the taste of Teacher's still comes through—as mellow as ever. You just can't drown it.

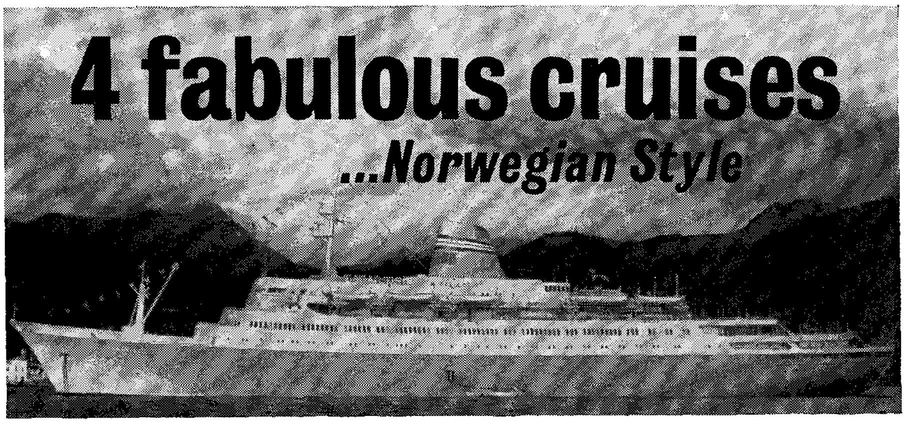
A little more of the Highland-mellowed whiskies makes Teacher's go through a little more to please you.

Sip it and see. Tonight.

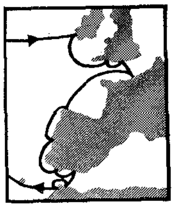
*Prices may vary according to state and local taxes. Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

"for purposes of identification." The identifying initials or signatures are in the margin of each page. He did not sign either Xerox copy at the end of the contract, as he claims to have done on the eleventh page of the original. The documents were then taken from him, and the scene shifted to the room where Espinosa was waiting to sign the agreement. He says that he was brought only the two Xerox copies, and that they were only ten pages long. The eleventh page was no longer part of the contract, and Espinosa explains that when he asked about this "the lawyer said there was too much white space above the dateline on the eleventh page and the contract could be altered later." (Of course, a few lines drawn across the page would have prevented anyone from writing above the dateline.) Espinosa signed both contracts at the bottom of the tenth page, and wrote the date and place beside his signature. Within a month, Loret de Mola's accusation that the vital eleventh page had been removed and that I.P.C. and the government had conspired to defraud the Peruvian nation was to enlarge discontent to a critical mass which swiftly exploded into a military *golpe* and the consequent seizure of all the properties of the International Petroleum Company.

Was there a page 11? The American Embassy maintains flatly that there were only ten pages, and that Loret de Mola was lying for political purposes. This is, of course, possible, and yet—at least up until the time I asked about the matter, a couple of weeks ago—the Embassy had neither studied the documents nor discussed the matter with Loret de Mola, although he is more than willing to tell his story to any who ask. If you examine the documents, one thing is clear. On both Xerox copies of the contract, the only signature that appears at the bottom of page 10 is that of Fernando Espinosa. (Loret de Mola's signature or initial is in the side margin of every page.) It is hardly conceivable that diligent lawyers should not have made sure that both parties signed so critical a contract, as they did in the case of other, far less controversial documents on that frenzied night—unless, of course, Loret de Mola had in fact signed an eleventh page. Meanwhile, the original has mysteriously disappeared. Unless there are other facts to be disclosed, one conclusion is clear: either there was an eleven-page contract or there was no agreement at all, since few courts would enforce a contract signed by only



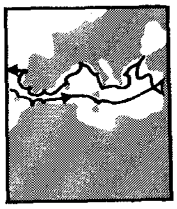
Come join us aboard the magnificent *Sagafjord* or famous *Bergensfjord* for a leisurely adventure cruise to some of Earth's greatest attractions. A dazzling choice of itineraries, four weeks to three months. You unpack only once. The ship is your convenient hotel throughout.



September Cruise to Europe | Popular BERGENSFJORD

Sept. 9 from New York • 28 days • 11 ports • from $625*

Grand Tour "greats" in Europe, plus the offbeat excitement of North Africa. Optional nights ashore in London and Paris. Sail from New York to Glengarriff, Plymouth, Southampton, LeHavre, La Coruna, Lisbon, Cadiz, Malaga, Ceuta, Tangier, Madeira, New York.



Mediterranean Fall Cruise | Famous BERGENSFJORD

Oct. 8 from New York • **Oct. 10** from Port Everglades, Fla.

44 days • 15 ports • from $1,100*

This grand sweep of the Mediterranean covers the whole arena of Biblical history and classical antiquity. From New York to Port Everglades, Madeira, Tangier, Ceuta, Malta, Beirut, Haifa, Istanbul, Piraeus, Messina, Naples, Villefranche, Majorca, Malaga, Cadiz, Lisbon, New York.

Around South America & Easter Island | Flagship SAGAFJORD

Oct. 28 from New York • **Oct. 31** from Port Everglades, Fla.

51 days • 13 ports • from $1,500*

Meet the giant heads of Easter Island face-to-face; see the great sights on both sides of South America by sailing through the Panama Canal and the Strait of Magellan. You cruise from New York to Port Everglades, Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Easter Island, Valparaiso, Puerto Montt, Punta Arenas, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Barbados, Port Everglades, New York.

South Pacific Orient Cruise 1970 | Flagship SAGAFJORD

Jan. 7 from New York • **Jan. 9** from Port Everglades, Fla.

92 days • 24 ports • from $3,150*

Follow the sun on a golden course away from winter to Polynesia, Australasia, the East Indies and the Orient. You sail from New York to Port Everglades, Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Easter Island, Pitcairn Island, Papeete, Moorea, Bora Bora, Auckland, Wellington, Sydney, Brisbane, Port Moresby, Thursday Island, Dili, Bali, Singapore, Hong Kong, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Guadalupe Island, Acapulco, Balboa, Cristobal, Nassau, New York.

Other Carefree Cruises 1969

DATE	CRUISE	SHIP	DAYS	PORTS	MIN.*
Aug. 16	European Vacation Cruise	Sagafjord	31	11	$950
Oct. 10	Columbus Day West Indies Cruise	Sagafjord	17	8	$450
Dec. 19	Christmas West Indies Cruise	Sagafjord	17	8	$525

**Minimum, subject to availability*

SAFETY INFORMATION: *M.S. Sagafjord* and *M.S. Bergensfjord*, registered in Norway, meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and 1948 respectively. Both meet the 1966 Fire Safety Requirements.

N·A·L Norwegian America Line

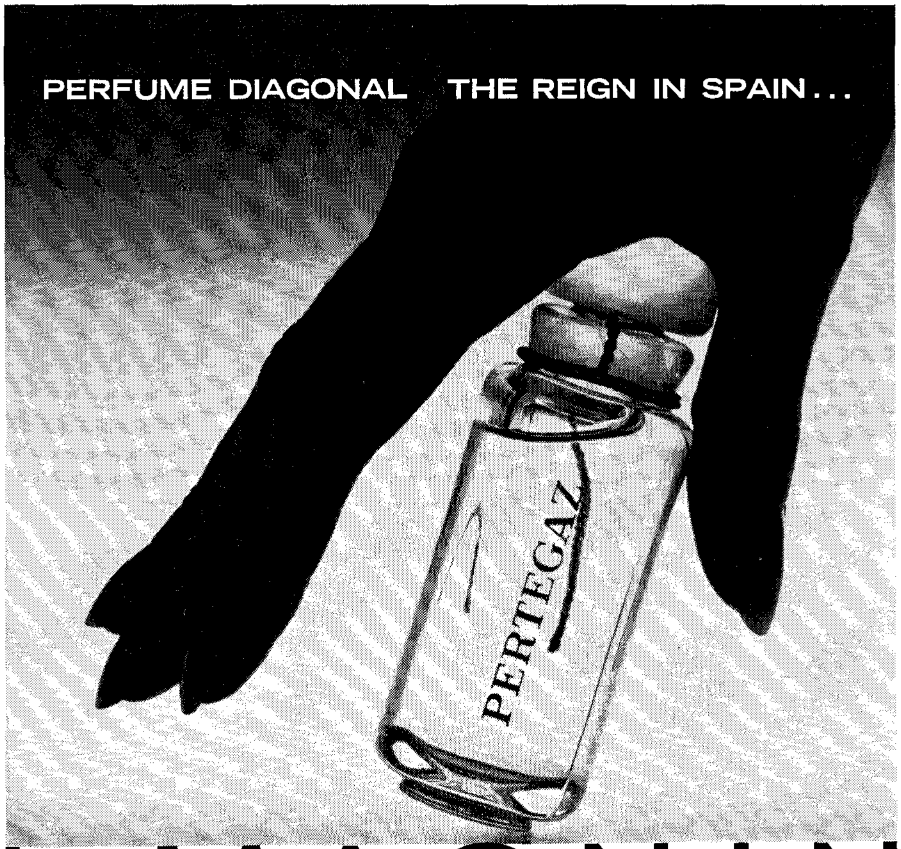
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

29 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006 • Tel.: (212) 944-6900
CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • TORONTO

The new edition of the Baker Album of Collectors' Choices presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
325 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS



I. MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX
mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles

one party. This leaves open the question whether the "page 11" controversy flows from fraud, misunderstanding, or mistake. The accounts of Loret de Mola and Espinosa are consistent with perfect good faith by each of them, and in discussing the episode each of them gives an almost overwhelming impression of sincerity and honorable intent. Nor is there the slightest evidence that President Belaúnde was aware of any of this, although it might prove interesting to interrogate some of the lawyers who were keeping watch on the evening's transactions. A number of people were anxious to reach agreement before dawn, and the most likely possibility is that in the face of Loret de Mola's stubborn insistence on a clearly defined minimum price the eleventh page was removed as the contract went from one principal to the other. Whatever the facts, Peruvians were quick to believe the accusations of fraud by I.P.C. and the Peruvian government, and the American Embassy did not make the kind of investigation that might have convinced them otherwise. When asked what happened to the original, an Embassy official first responded that "there was no original." When it was pointed out that even Xerox's marvellous technology had not developed to this extent, he said that the original was too messy. But making a page neater while copying it is another feat that Xerox has not yet accomplished. If there were only ten pages, why didn't Loret de Mola sign at the bottom of the tenth page? "There was no room," it was explained. Yet one has only to glance at the page to see that there was plenty of room for an additional signature. None of this proves anything about "page 11," but perhaps it does illustrate some of the attitudes that have led many Peruvians to believe that the American Embassy is the *faithful* representative of Standard Oil.

As the dawn of August 13th approached, the weary group of negotiators rose from the table to join the President and congressional leaders for the flight to Talara. But there was, according to some of the Peruvian participants, one more ceremony to come. No formal agreement had been signed granting I.P.C. the right to explore the potentially rich jungle lands to the east. At the request of the oil company, therefore, the highest officials of the Peruvian government raised their right hands and gave a solemn oath to the representative of Standard Oil of New Jersey that a million hec-

You're at a Broadway opening.
Someone mentions the Royal York in Toronto.

Do you know what he's talking about?

He's talking about entertainment. Front row centre in the magnificent setting of the Imperial Room. With the world's most renowned stars shining their brightest. Earl Grant. Myron Cohen. Jose Greco. Sandler and Young. Executive Chef Marcel earning bows for his original cuisine. Your every wish carried out by a professional cast. What a production!

It's the biggest hotel hit in the Commonwealth, playing to packed houses for 40 years. Imaginatively staged. Drawing raves for its rich Canadian decor. Extras that play an important role in your comfort; a complete airline centre to an extensive array of fine shops and services.

The Royal York Hotel. As dazzling as a Broadway opening. You'll applaud.

THE MAGIC OF A GREAT HOTEL
THE
ROYAL YORK
TORONTO

Call your travel agent. **CP Hotels**

May Is Batiki

Lady Arrow introduces The Maxi® to a fantasia of slightly wild tropic blossoms. As seen above, the way to go nicely native, in 100% washable cotton. Seen below, just some of the fine stores stocking it, sizes 6-16, for around $16.00.

Lord & Taylor, New York
Charles F. Berg, Portland
P. A. Bergner, Peoria
Boyd's, St. Louis
Flah's of Albany
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia
Lytton's, Chicago
Miller's, Knoxville
Miller & Paine, Lincoln, Neb.
Nordstrom Best, Seattle
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester
Stern Brothers, Paramus
Young-Quinlan, Minneapolis

Lady Arrow®

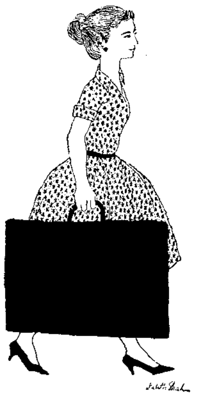
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018
A division of Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Prices slightly higher in West

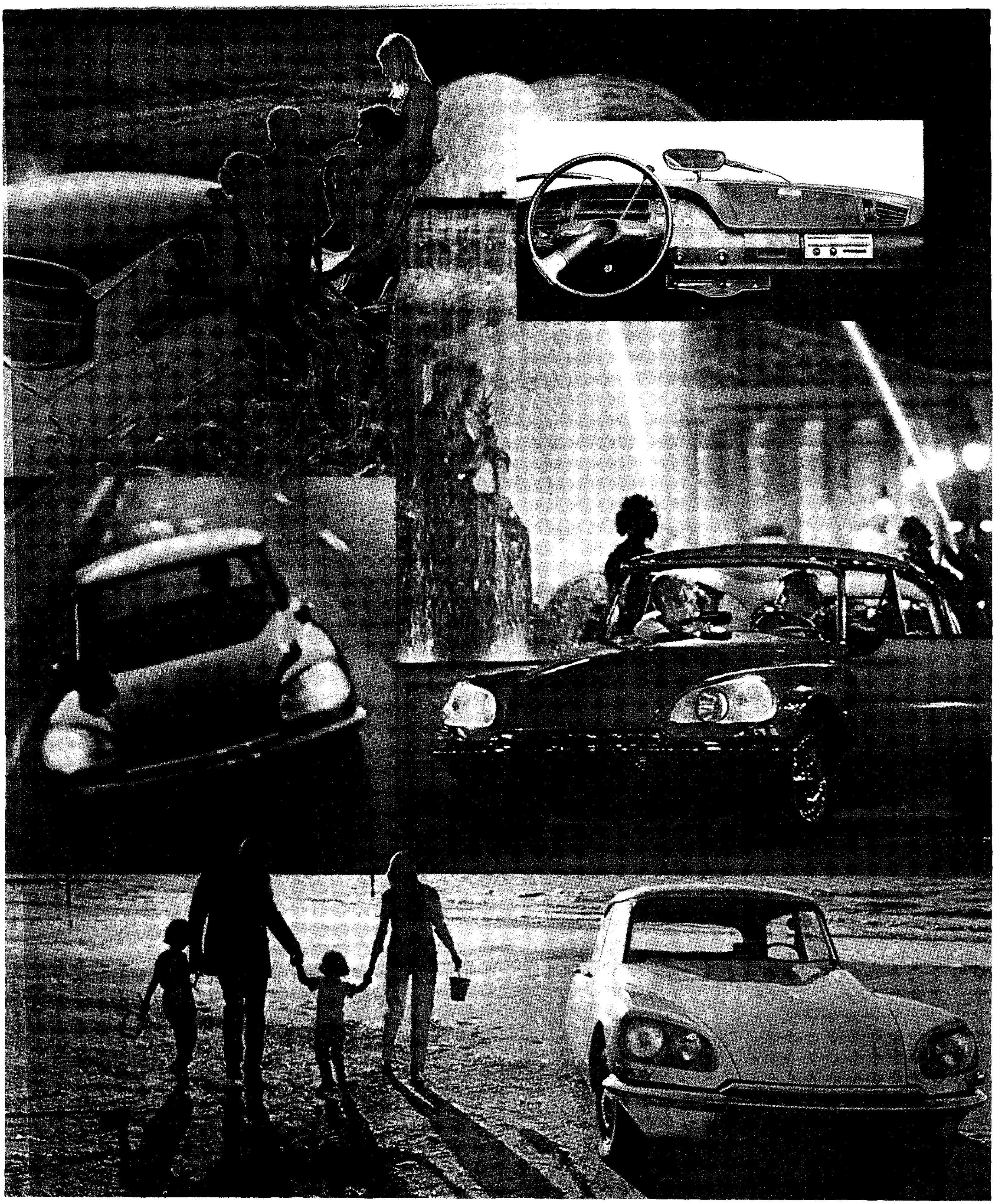
tares of Peru (about two and a half million acres) would be open to their exploration. Did it happen? Two Peruvian eyewitnesses swear to it. I.P.C. says only, "We did get a moral commitment, but we never thought we could count on that." In any event, Peruvians believe the story.

On its flight north to Talara, the Presidential plane passed close to the city and plains where a few hundred Spaniards strangled the Emperor and plundered the gold of the Incas. Now, after a century-long dispute, Belaúnde was about to recover for Peru a more modern but equally legendary treasure. That morning, in the Act of Talara, he proclaimed that the oil field and its installations belonged to the nation, once again omitting any description of the rest of the agreement. However, it did not take long for the nation's applause to die out as details of the settlement began to emerge. In an effort to head off opposition, Belaúnde had previously secured the agreement of his APRA opposition to the compact with I.P.C., but unexpectedly the attack was to come instead from his former friends—the armed forces, *El Commercio*, and Loret de Mola.

Since E.P.F. could not take over the operations of La Brea y Pariñas immediately, the Act of Talara was followed by a rather vague decree permitting I.P.C. to continue operations during a transition period. Shortly thereafter, Loret de Mola wrote I.P.C. that since the oil now belonged to Peru, the total profits from its sale—about half a million dollars a month—should be turned over to E.P.F. On September 3rd, I.P.C. replied in a letter that, whatever its legal justification, could only worsen an already deteriorating situation. "We are in agreement [that La Brea y Pariñas is now] the property of the state [but until E.P.F. actually takes over, we intend to] operate the deposits . . . in the same way and with the same obligations which have governed our activities . . . up to the present time." On September 7th, the Peruvian government confirmed the resignation of Loret de Mola and the entire board of directors of E.P.F., and the next day Loret de Mola, according to an account in *El Commercio*, said that since I.P.C. "refused to pay E.P.F. the agreed-upon price of $1.0835 per barrel . . . the Act of Talara was an event of no consequence." That same week, the new Minister of War, Major General Roberto Dianderas Chumbianca, made the ominous announcement that "the Army was awaiting the official publication of all the annexes of the Act of Talara in order to study them and see if it should issue a statement on the matter."



Agitation grew as it became apparent that far more was involved in the Act of Talara than the recovery of La Brea y Pariñas, and that I.P.C. would continue to expand its activities in Peru freed of all claims for past debts. On September 8th, *El Commercio*, knowing of the plans for a *golpe*, began an editorial attack on the agreement, almost certainly intending to bring down the government. And a few days later Loret de Mola went on national television to make public his charges about the missing page 11. From this point on, the attacks mounted in intensity. Thirty-six generals held a secret meeting, and a pleased General Velasco called the editor of *El Commercio* to report that the vote was "twenty-nine against the agreement and seven traitors." "For a little while," reports an observer, "there didn't seem there would be a coup, but there was no way to bring the thing to rest." Then, in the last week of September, the left wing of the President's own party rebelled against the agreement and demanded the resignation of the entire Cabinet, and APRA, reluctantly yielding to mounting political pressure, withdrew its support of the Act of Talara. On October 2nd, the Cabinet resigned and a new group of ministers was appointed. They stayed in office less than twenty-four hours. Following the long-prepared scenario, at about two o'clock on the morning of October 3rd a column of troops led by tanks of the Lima Armored Division moved across the Plaza de Armas and entered the Presidential Palace. President Belaúnde was roused and taken to the airport, where a large Peruvian jet was waiting to carry its solitary passenger to exile in Buenos Aires. General Velasco was the new President of Peru, and, except for some minor street skirmishing, the takeover was swift and peaceful. A revolutionary manifesto explained that "history will record . . . the loyalty and unquestioned support by the armed forces of the deposed government." However, it went on, the Belaúnde government had disappointed its followers and "these things are evidence

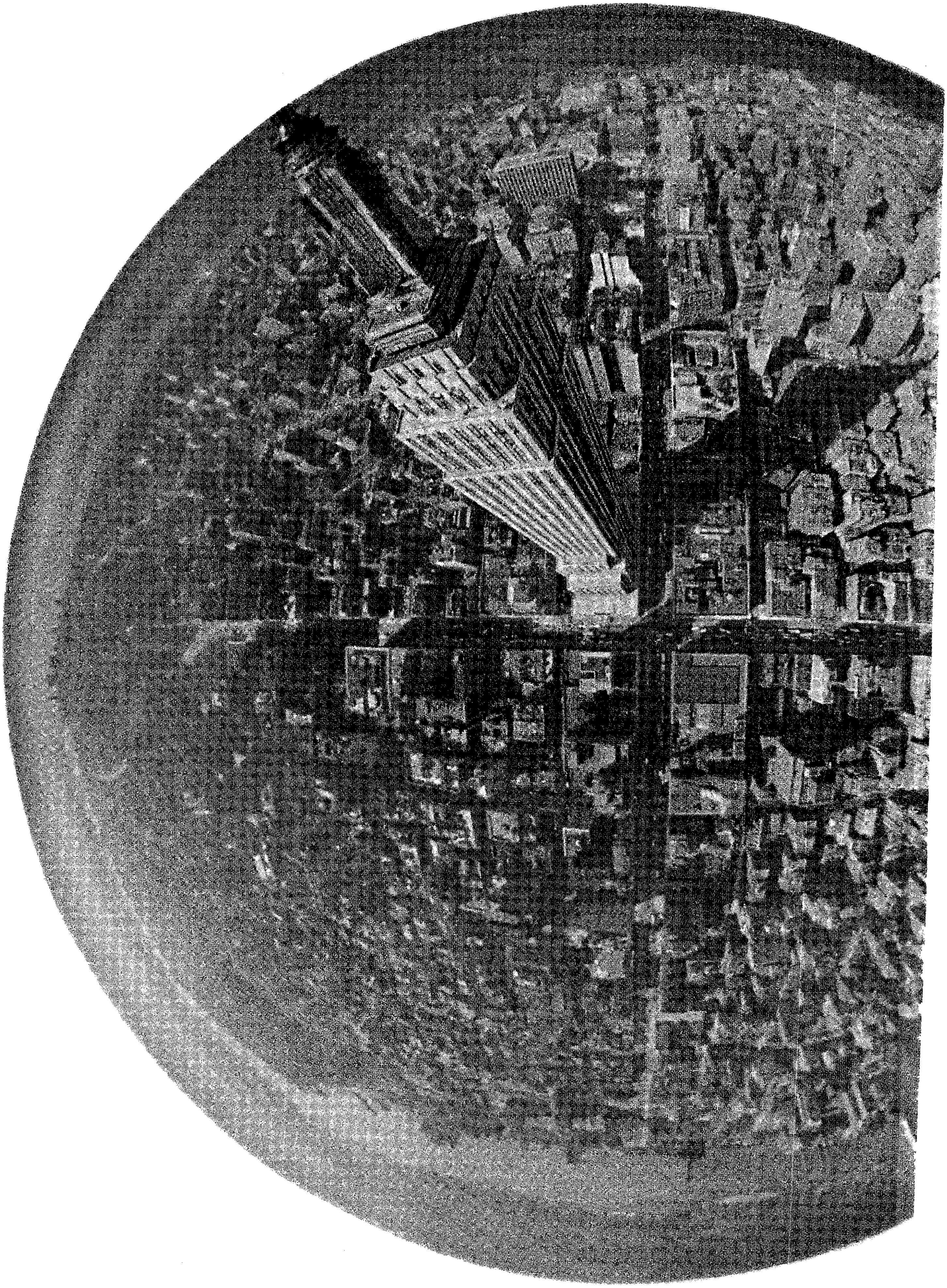


Citromatic Drive, Power Steering, Front Wheel Drive, Fade-Free Disc Brakes, Hydro-Pneumatic Suspension, Power Jacking, and Constant Level Ride are Citroen features.

Citroen. The one car that's all cars in one.

Because you demand the ultimate comfort of a truly luxury car, the responsive, precision performance of a sports car and the carefree maintenance of an economy car . . . you'll appreciate the one car that provides all three. The new Citroen.

Sales and service throughout the U.S.A. and Canada. Check the Yellow Pages. For Dealer List, literature, and/or European Delivery brochure, write: Citroen Cars Corporation, East: 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022. West: 8423 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90211.



Our invention of the transistor made the electronics industry big enough to support a city the size of New York

Twenty-one years ago, scientists at Bell Laboratories announced a new device which would have far-reaching significance in the field of electronics.

That turned out to be quite an understatement.

As a matter of fact, the National Inventors Council ranked the transistor among the most important inventions of our generation.

More important, in those 21 years, the transistor and its solid-state relatives have become a ten billion dollar industry, helping to boost the electronics industry from fortieth place in annual dollar volume to fourth. Today its thirty billion dollars in sales could provide the personal income for seven and a half million people.

This tiny transistor has spurred the growth of a host of other industries. It has led to the new art of integrated circuits...in which over 100 transistor-like devices can fit into a complete circuit smaller than a pinhead. Radio, television, and telephony have been revolutionized by the transistor.

Innovations born at Bell Laboratories are also helping to make it possible for you to send almost anything, anywhere, anytime over our constantly growing nationwide communications network. As we continue to innovate, the network is able to do more things for more people. This versatility and flexibility stimulates still more growth and more innovation—in both services and equipment.

The day is coming when all the industries built on discoveries by telephone company people may amount to enough to support not only a New York, but a Chicago, a Los Angeles, and a Philadelphia, too.

It begins with some very imaginative thinking at Bell Laboratories.

YOUR ANYWHERE ANYTHING ANYTIME NETWORK

SILVER LABEL
Ron
BACARDI
Superior
DISTILLED, PREPARED & BOTTLED BY
BACARDI CORP.
SAN JUAN, P.R.
PUERTO RICAN RUM
MEDALS AWARDED TO BACARDI
CLUB SODA
FRESCA
Coca-Cola
Bacardi
mini-party!
Bacardi rum · the mixable one

"Mixable" because it's light bodied, smooth and dry. Send for **free Bacardi Party Kit** and learn how to use Light Bacardi for subtle flavor, Dark Bacardi for more flavor, Bacardi Añejo for ultimate smoothness, Bacardi 151 for exotic drinks. © BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., 2100 BISCAYNE BLVD., MIAMI, FLA., RUM 80 & 151 PF.

"BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY, LIMITED.

of this: the indecision, conspiracy, immorality, surrender, bungling, improvisation, the absence of social sensitivity," culminating in "the false surrender solution given to the La Brea y Pariñas problem, which evidences that moral decomposition in the country had reached extremes so great that its consequences for Peru are unforeseeable."

The consequences for Peru are still unforeseeable, but the consequences for I.P.C. were, even then, quite predictable. A few days later, on October 9th, to the almost universal applause of press and political leaders, Peruvian troops took over the entire oil complex at Talara: the refinery, installations, and the La Brea y Pariñas oil field. "The revolution is on the march," said Velasco. When I.P.C. went to court to lodge a protest, hecklers threw coins at the feet of their lawyers. Of course, since only Talara had been taken, I.P.C. was still Peru's largest supplier of petroleum products, although it was now receiving gas and oil from a refinery that had been taken over by the government. In January, when I.P.C. protested a bill of eleven million dollars for petroleum products from Talara, the government moved to "attach" most of I.P.C.'s remaining assets as "security" for this debt. Fruitless discussions continued until February 6th, when General Alberto Maldonado Yanez, Minister of Development and Public Works of the Revolutionary Government of Peru, summoned the manager of I.P.C. to his office and handed him a bill of slightly over six hundred and ninety million dollars: the total value, as calculated by the Peruvians, of I.P.C.'s production at La Brea y Pariñas since the company bought the field in 1924. All of I.P.C.'s assets, the General said, would be held as security. Most of I.P.C.'s top officials were already out of the country, many of them pursued by criminal warrants for fraud and tax evasion. That afternoon, General Velasco announced that "Peru has taken the final step to close definitely and forever this ignominious phase in its history." The long battle between I.P.C. and the Peruvian nation was now over. The dispute was now between Peru and the government of the United States.

THE Revolutionary Government of Peru has said that it will be glad to pay compensation for the expropriation of I.P.C. but that I.P.C. must first pay its debt to Peru—an amount

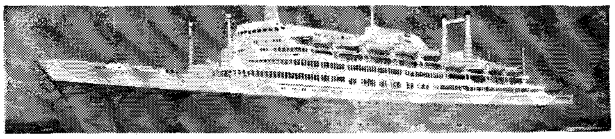
©ROOSTER, INC. 1969

Rooster, Rooster, burning bright.

Exotic colors framed in unexpected symmetries.
Introducing a bright new collection of uninhibited
"Thai Cottons" hand printed in Bangkok exclusively for Rooster.
An imaginative way to awaken a dormant wardrobe.
Rooster People, wearing them, will not go unnoticed.
$3. At very good stores.

rooster

IN A WORD... IT'S SELIG HOW DO YOU DESCRIBE A CIRCLE? WE DO IT WITH BRAZILIAN ROSEWOOD. THE BARREL CHAIR, ON A SWIVEL BASE, OFFERS THE ADDED INTEREST OF FINE BOOK-MATCHED VENEERS AND LUXURIOUS UPHOLSTERY. THE TABLE IS ALL AROUND ROSEWOOD. BOTH PIECES ALSO AVAILABLE IN AMERICAN WALNUT. FOR OUR NEW DESIGN FOLIO SEND $1.00 TO SELIG MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LEOMINSTER, MASS. N.Y. SHOWROOM, D & D BLDG., 979 THIRD AVE.


FLOATEL GOES MEDITERRANEAN

A 42 day, 24 port cruise on our flagship, s.s. Rotterdam. Sailing October 2 from New York. $1765 to $4930.

Six weeks aboard our biggest cruise liner of all, sporting a spanking new Lido Deck; acres of space to be wined and dined and waited on. (And no tipping, please.) Six golden weeks sailing into history and out again to Lisbon, Haifa, Beirut, Istanbul, Crete, Casablanca, and more. The Floatel is not only a great place to live in, it has the nicest places to visit. See your travel agent or send for our free brochure and we'll tell you about them all.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
2 Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001
The people who invented a nicer way to cruise.

SAFETY INFORMATION: The s.s. Rotterdam, registered in the Netherlands, substantially meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960, and meets 1966 fire safety requirements.

that comes to a great deal more than the value of the seized assets. A special Presidential emissary recently completed a mission to Peru in which he held discussions with the top officials of the Revolutionary Government. As a result, President Nixon postponed application of the Hickenlooper Amendment until August while I.P.C. appeals the claim of debt through the administrative machinery of the Peruvian government. Meanwhile, the nationalistic impulses behind that government have led to other changes in Peruvian policy. Peru has recognized the Soviet Union and begun to trade with it (but so have many Latin-American countries); and it has seized some American fishing boats to enforce its claim to sovereignty over the sea two hundred miles from its shores (but that dispute is an old one, and the same claim is made by Chile and Ecuador). These actions flow not so much from hostility to the United States as from the deeply felt nationalism of the armed forces, which have decided that they alone can unite the necessary talent for leadership with the power to reshape social structures. "This is not an interim government," one Minister-General told me. "We intend to remain in power until we have created the conditions for development." Asked how long that would be, he shrugged.

These convictions and expectations are fervently shared by the dark, compact President of Peru, Juan Velasco. A career soldier born into the lower middle classes—for whom the Army has been almost the only route to influence and power in a rigid society—Velasco moved slowly up the ladder through the formal hierarchy of the Army for decades, until, by 1967, he was the third or fourth general in seniority and could look forward to a dignified retirement in January of 1969. While stationed in Lima, and aided by a sophisticated wife, he began to mingle with members of old and wealthy families, many of whom had summer homes at Ancón. Their views and their growing discontent with Belaúnde undoubtedly influenced Velasco, along with other officers, whose appearance in Lima society in recent years has signalled an erosion of the social and personal barriers that had traditionally made strangers of the armed forces and most of civilian society. This regular and leisurely rise was suddenly accelerated when he became Commander-in-Chief of the Army and then President of Peru, not so much by virtue of his personal qualities as because at the moment of revolution he was at the

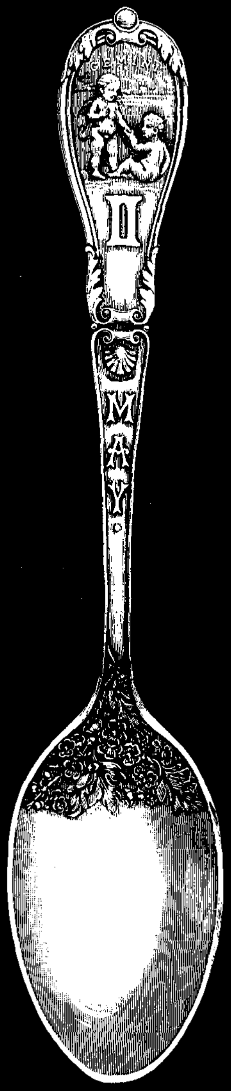
To live.
To laugh.
To forget time.
Cointreau.

COINTREAU

SPÉCIALITÉ LIQUEUR 80 Proof. Produced and Bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Lawrenceville, New Jersey

How to tell
a Gemini:

Witty. Versatile. Energetic.
Mentally and
physically agile.
Born between May 21
and June 20.



A unique Gorham Sterling spoon for every Zodiac sign. Each also shows the month the sky sign starts and the flower of the month. All twelve are crafted in solid silver from the original, priceless dies made in 1894. Zodiac teaspoon $11.50; 4" demi-spoon $6. At finest jewelry stores and silverware departments.

GORHAM

GORHAM DIVISION OF textron
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

top of an institution traditionally deferential to formal organization and hierarchy. He is much more than that now. The I.P.C. seizure has made him a hero to many, and has—for the moment, at least—paralyzed potential rivals and adversaries. "I didn't care about being President," he told me as he strode restlessly back and forth across the carpeted floor of the Presidential offices, pausing only to take an occasional message from one of the many uniformed aides who crowded an adjoining office. "I really wanted to go home and retire. Now I'm going to stay and work hard for the country, and when they want me to go I'll go." Then, slapping his desk, he said, "And I won't make any money while I'm here!" Waving a thin green pamphlet, he explained, "We prepared plans in the military school, and we must develop the country. We are going to stay in office until there have been reforms, until we have created the conditions for development. You can read it." The document contains a generally unexceptionable program for social reform and economic development, reflecting liberal thought and the general philosophy of the Alliance for Progress.

When he was asked if he really hoped to accomplish what all previous civilian governments had failed to do, he replied sternly, "We will die trying. But we can do nothing until we end the I.P.C. matter. We are going to cooperate, and we have a commission to report on compensation. Why doesn't the United States send a group—a group of clean, fresh people without any ties to I.P.C.? I will open every door. They can see everything."

What about negotiations, he was asked.

"This is an internal matter, and it must be solved internally. It is not between Peru and the United States. It is between Peru and a private company. We can't solve it in the O.A.S." —presumably because he shares the widespread, if distorted, view that the Organization of American States is a creature of the United States. "A lot of people thought that I.P.C. would overthrow this government, as it had in the past," he continued, "but it can't, because this revolution is in the minds and hearts of the people. And we will be absolutely incorruptible, because that is the only way to fight Communism."

When asked if the coup had been prepared before the Act of Talara, Velasco said abruptly, "Of course." Then he asked, "But why does the

In the middle of this world are the glories of India. And so, in the middle of our round-the-world tour, we give you 13 days in India.

You'll see the high and mighty Himalayas, the breathtaking Taj Mahal, Old and New Delhi. You'll spend two days luxuriating in Srinagar, aboard a private houseboat with your own staff of servants.

Before and after India, you'll see the rest of the world. And a lovely world it is to see.

One price covers everything, and we do mean everything: round-trip air fare, deluxe hotels, three meals a day, sightseeing, tips and taxes, your tour director, entertainment and transfers.

$2,691 for 38 days, $3,461 for 57 days. Regular departures through May, 1970.

Hello, world.

Relax, you're on Air-India.

India with the world around it.

38 or 57 days, from $2,691.

AIR-INDIA NY-9517
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10019

Dear Air-India:
Please send me your Taj Mahal and Classic Around the World tour brochure.

Name__________

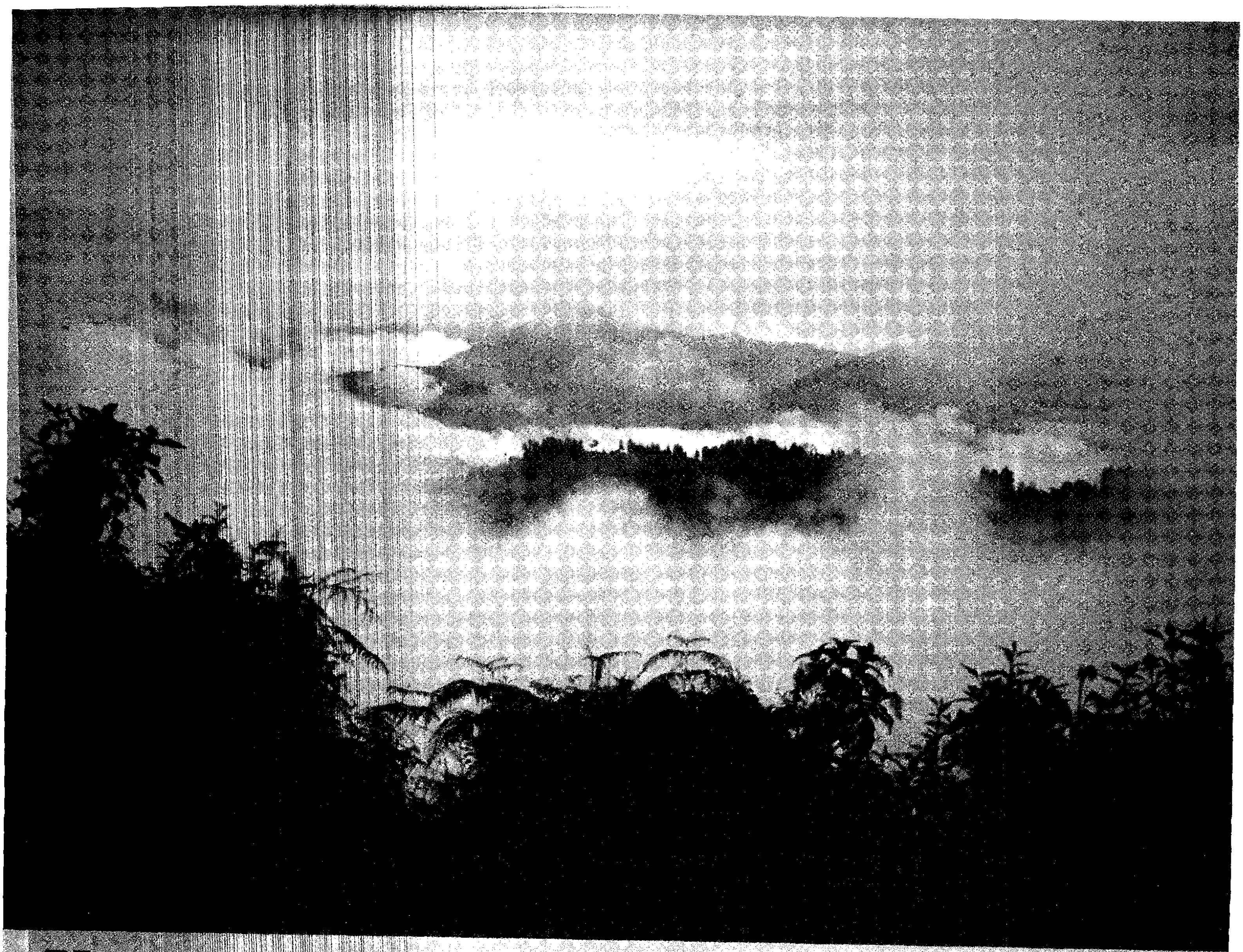
Address__________

City__________

State__________ Zip______

My travel agent is:__________

TOUR PRICES BASED ON ROUND-TRIP GROUP ECONOMY AIR FARE FROM NEW YORK.



You may have traveled far and wide. But how high have you been?

A few hours from Calcutta, there is an incredibly beautiful retreat from the cares of the everyday world. It is known as Darjeeling.

The road to it from the airport takes you across the greenest landscape imaginable. Winds around terraced tea gardens. And through a tropical forest. Past streams, waterfalls and bungalows on ledges.

And all the while, it climbs. Up, up, up you go into the cool mist – until the valleys below you look like an immense, multi-colored carpet.

As you go, you can see the impish faces of Tibetan children. Literally reach out and pluck bargains from the exotic roadside bazaars. Or find yourself in a race to the top with a toy-like locomotive pulling three tiny coaches.

That is, if you can take your eyes off the big attraction looming above you. The Himalayas. Snow-capped. Ominous. Breathtaking. 13,000 feet higher than anything you'll find in Switzerland.

For an even closer look at them, and beyond to Mt. Everest, take a jeep to Tiger Hill, preferably at sunrise. On the way back, be sure and stop at the Buddhist monastery in Ghoom. And by all means see the railroad station where that tiny train stops puffing and rests up.

When you come back down to earth, you'll be among the most gentle people you have ever encountered. You'll find a number of comfortable hotels in which to spend the night.

Even if this is your first venture into the world, you might consider coming to India to visit Darjeeling. It would be starting at the top.

For more about India, high and low, see your Travel Agent or mail this coupon.

Government of India Tourist Office: New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Also in Canada.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

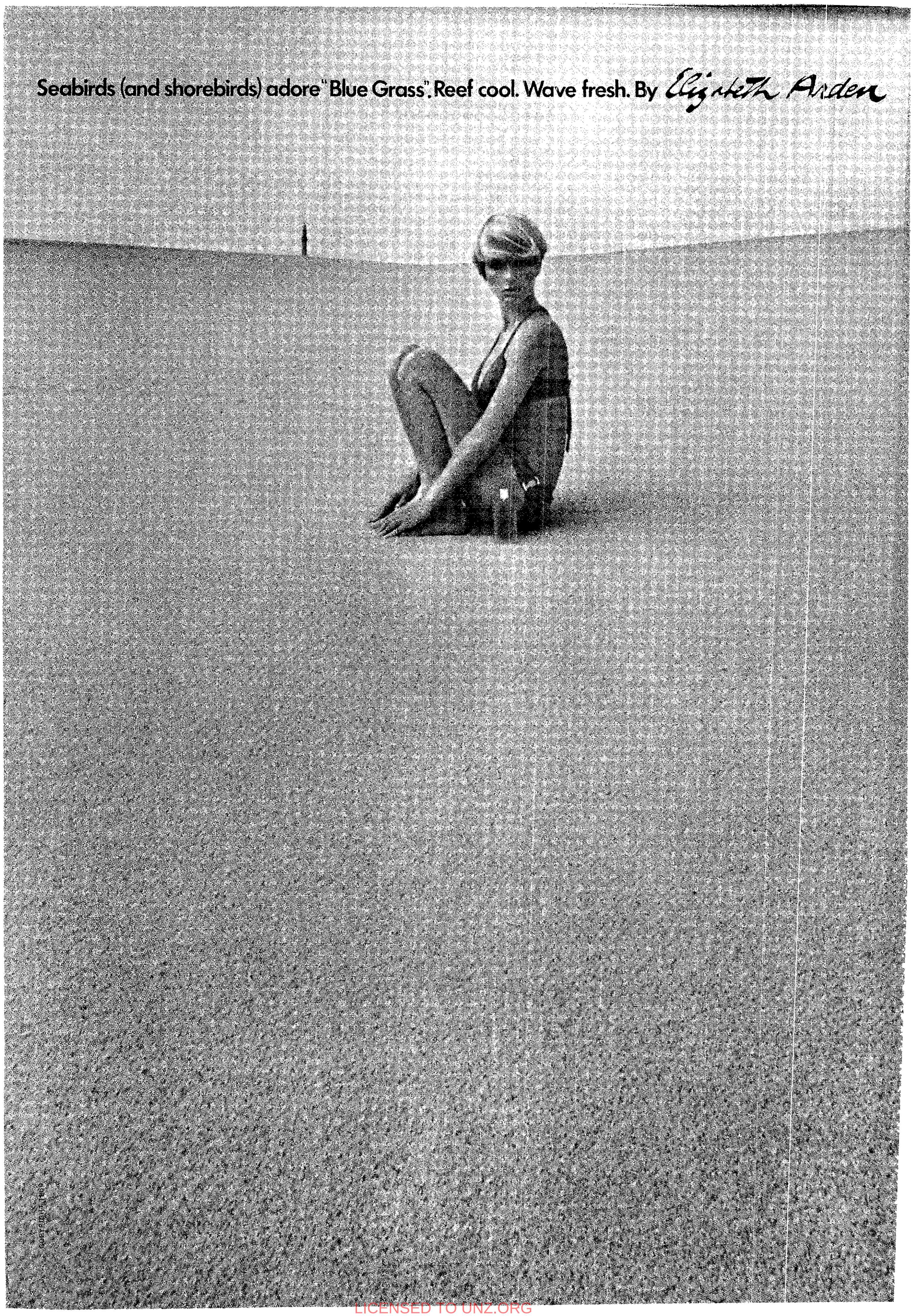
City______________________________

State_________________Zip Code______

My Travel Agent is____________________

India.

For those who seek more of life.


Seabirds (and shorebirds) adore "Blue Grass". Reef cool. Wave fresh. By Elizabeth Arden
COPYRIGHT 1969

Hickenlooper Amendment protect a company which corrupted the government and officials? If you apply Hickenlooper, the armed forces might not be able to control the nationalism of the people. We will try, but it will be very dangerous. You can be sure that there will be no other nationalization after this. This is a unique case." Then, nearing the door, he said passionately, "We cannot give in. We are not a colony. We cannot be a colony."

For a more academic approach to the hopes of the Revolutionary Government, one must go to a civilian—the young, intense editor of *El Commercio*, Augusto Zimmerman, whose editorials helped bring on the revolution. "You have to know," he explained to me, "that in Peru there are four major sectors: the military, the intellectuals, the economic power, and the people. If you have any three, you can make reforms, and we have three against the economic sector. I thought the same when Belaúnde took power and the military backed him, but he didn't have the courage. We need great structural changes that are still opposed by the privileged classes, but we do not need Communism. I believe in liberty."

Is there any solution to the oil crisis, he was asked.

"We could find a formula, but not compensation. We cannot compensate I.P.C., not even if you give us the money under the table for us to give them. We don't want Hickenlooper—it would be very bad, and we don't want to fight with the United States—but if you apply it, it might make reforms easier in the atmosphere of national unity that would be created. The Alliance for Progress was a great thing, but when Kennedy died the soul went out of it. It is gone. We have to re-create that spirit ourselves, here in Latin America. We all loved Kennedy."

What about Velasco personally, he was asked—can he do all this?

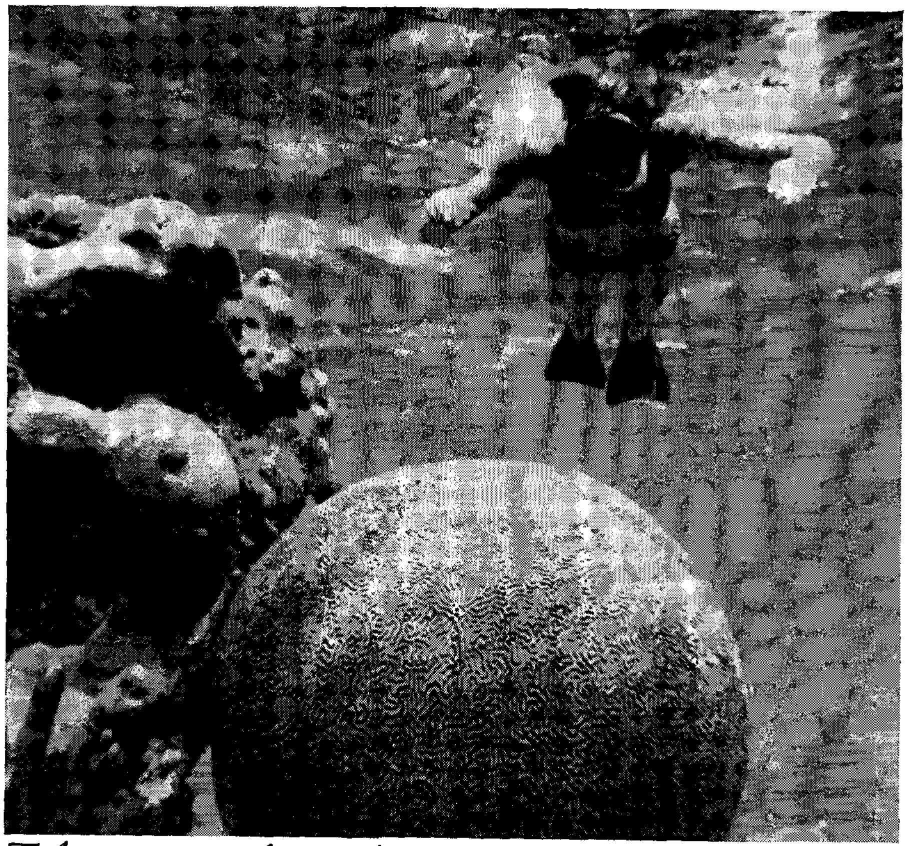
"He is not an expert," Zimmerman replied, "but he is strong and determined and"—he spoke tenderly—"he loves his country."

Similar convictions about the need to modernize Peru pervade every level of the government, and they are often coupled with a passionate anti-Communism. "The only way to fight Communism is through reform and development," a Minister-General patiently explained. "That's why we have a new organization for the *barriadas*. We fought the guerrillas in the Andes, and we know. We saw men so desperate that they faced certain

$1800.00

Men's watch with sapphire
crown in 18K yellow gold
by Audemars Piguet.

Distinctively
GÜBELIN
3 West 57th Street New York
(212) PL 5-0053
Jewelers to the world since 1854



Take a swim through our garden this summer.

Ask your Travel Agent about our special rates for September/October vacations or call our Reservation Offices: New York, (212) 246-4699; Chicago, (312)372-4489, Washington, (202) 347-4951.

CANEEL BAY PLANTATION
VIRGIN ISLANDS NATIONAL PARK
ST. JOHN, U. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
OPERATED BY ROCKRESORTS, INC.

Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.

If he has any doubts about himself, give him something else.

FABERGÉ
BRUT
FOR MEN

For after shave, after shower, after anything! **Brut.**

death to fight us, and we asked ourselves what made them so brave. Then, look at Vietnam. You can't win against guerrillas unless you have the support of the people."

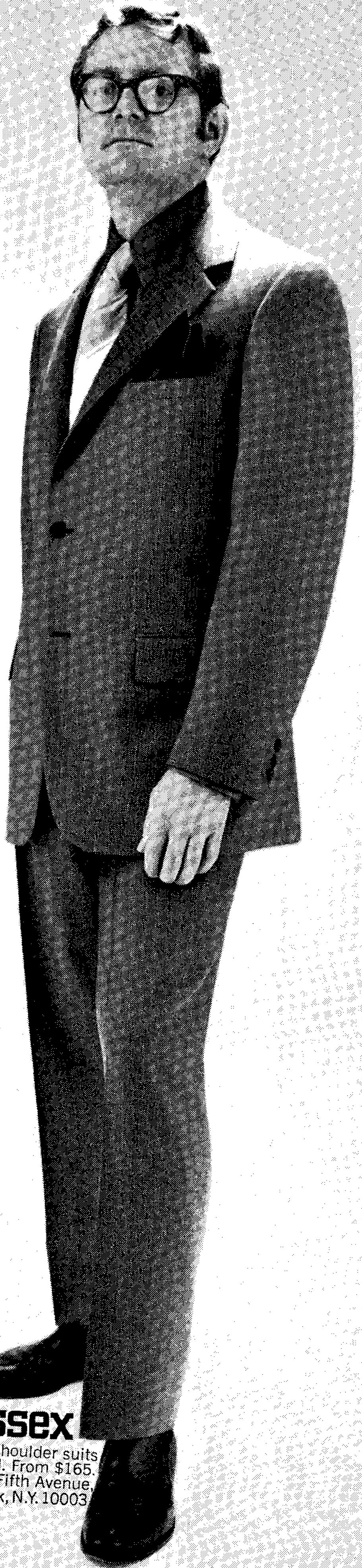
General Velasco's government does not yet have the support of the people. Last January, in the midst of the crisis, the aging Haya de la Torre returned to Lima from Europe and was greeted by a huge and tumultuous crowd. The effort to mount a similar popular rally for Velasco, despite intense publicity, drew only a few thousand people. "In the *barriadas*," a Peace Corps volunteer explained, "the people don't believe that any government will help them. They know they have to do it themselves." Still, this government is making some effort to win the support of the poor, and uniformed officers are descending on the crowded *barriadas*. "I have never been here," one colonel told a puzzled group, "and I don't know your problems, but maybe we can help." Among Velasco's supporters can also be found individuals who are more extreme and groups that are more conservative. There are, for example, some members of the extreme left among the small group of lawyers summoned for advice on the legal intricacies of La Brea y Pariñas. However, their influence does not seem to extend beyond the legal complexities of the oil problem. At the other end of the political spectrum, Velasco has found support among the conservative banking and commercial families, who see his accession as a way to increase their wealth and have encouraged him to place new restrictions on their foreign banking competitors. And even those who do not favor the Revolutionary Government support the action against I.P.C. To do otherwise publicly would mean political suicide, for few issues in Peruvian history have generated such unanimity of feeling. Thus, it is virtually impossible for Velasco to back down or compromise. Should he do so, the passions that this issue has engendered could sunder his support and end his rule. For even within the ranks of the armed forces other ambitious officers are waiting for Velasco to falter, and if we do apply Hickenlooper, once the unity generated by shared resentment begins to fade the consequent distress will undoubtedly turn many elements of the "economic power" and some of the workers against him. "What will happen?" said a leading political rival. "Well, life is full of surprises. You've heard of Heisenberg and the uncertainty principle. That's the principle of Peru." In addition, there is always APRA, the only organized popular force in the country, still led by the eternally patient Haya de la Torre, who waits quietly in his simple house on the outskirts of Lima unshaken in his belief that democracy is the only road for men who wish both progress and freedom. There are even rumors in Lima that the C.I.A. is trying to overthrow Velasco. Although it is inherently incredible that we should promote a revolution on behalf of Standard Oil, the recent history of Latin America makes the rumors believable to many Peruvians. Thus, President Velasco is treading a fragile and uncertain path. Where it will lead him and Peru is largely in the hands of the United States government, which must bear the considerable burden of its past policies while seeking to resolve the present crisis.

ON a recent cover of a leading Peruvian magazine was a picture of the American Ambassador to Peru, with the caption "The Ambassador from I.P.C." Undoubtedly, this is unfair to the Iowa-born John Wesley Jones, who has headed our Embassy since the beginning of the Belaúnde government. The dignified, slightly stiff, and soft-spoken Jones, serving in Latin America for the first time since 1930, was, in many instances, simply carrying out instructions from Washington. Yet the caption reflects the almost universal opinion of knowledgeable Peruvians. Businessmen and politicians, military leaders and intellectuals, whether they support Velasco or doubt the wisdom of the seizure (none seem to doubt its justice), all believe that the dominant goal of United States policy was to advance the interests and desires of Standard Oil of New Jersey as embodied in its Peruvian subsidiary. The truth, as usual, is more complex. Yet the chronicle of the last five years does not make it easy to refute the Peruvian contentions. As we have seen, during the first two years of the Belaúnde government the United States suspended virtually all aid to Peru in an effort to compel an agreement between the country and the company. Although top Embassy officials had misgivings about this unprecedented and rather startling policy, there is no evidence that they fought it very vigorously. When asked what terms we had in

May 13, 1969

"I can't wear those new shaped suits, I'm too heavy..."

May 14, 1969



Sussex

The finest natural shoulder suits
in the world. From $165.
Sussex Clothes Ltd., 71 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10003

Hickory dickory dock
there's a radio in this clock.

Most clock radios are radios with clocks in them.

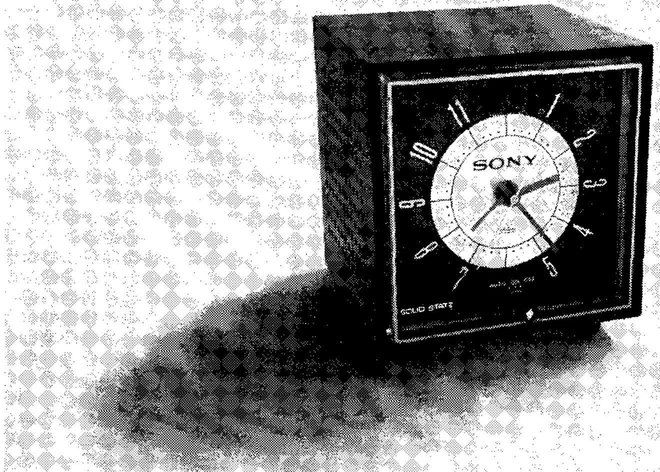
This is a clock with a radio in it.

It wakes you up to commercials just like a big clock radio. But it takes up less than 5 inches square of space.

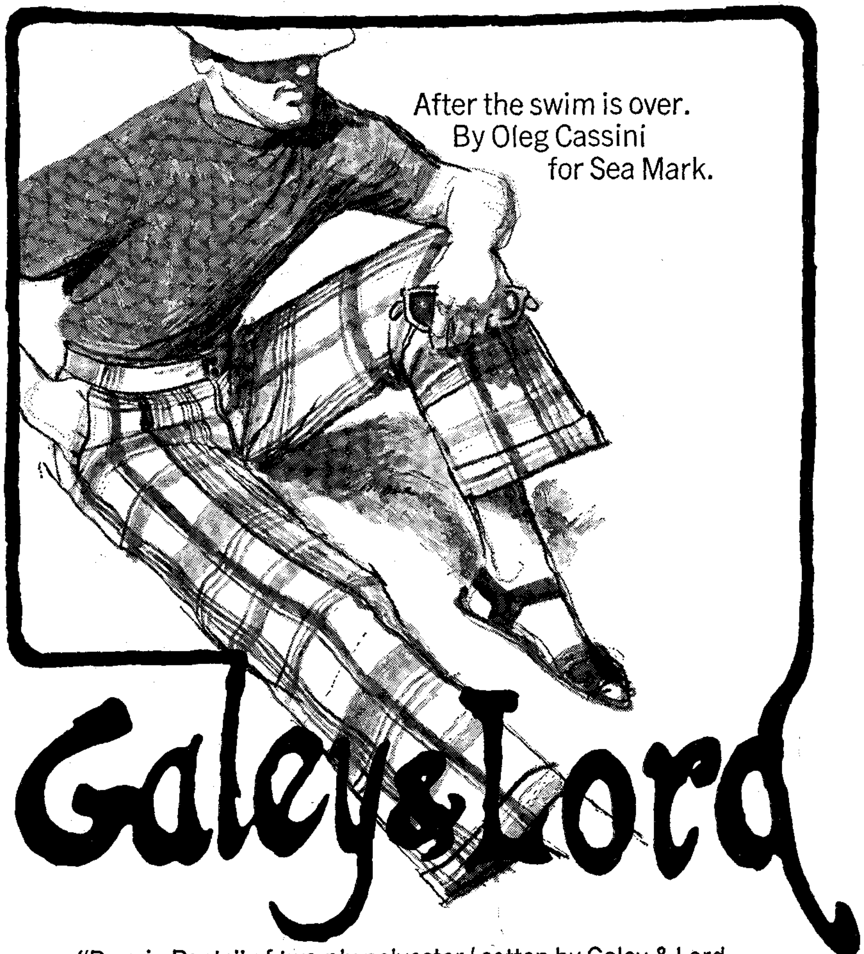
So you get a lot more night table. And a lot more clock to look at. But you don't spend a lot more money.

In spite of its rich-looking walnut-looking finish, it costs just $19.95.*

We want it to wake you. Not break you. **SONY 6RC-23**



*Mfr.'s suggested retail price
© 1968 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

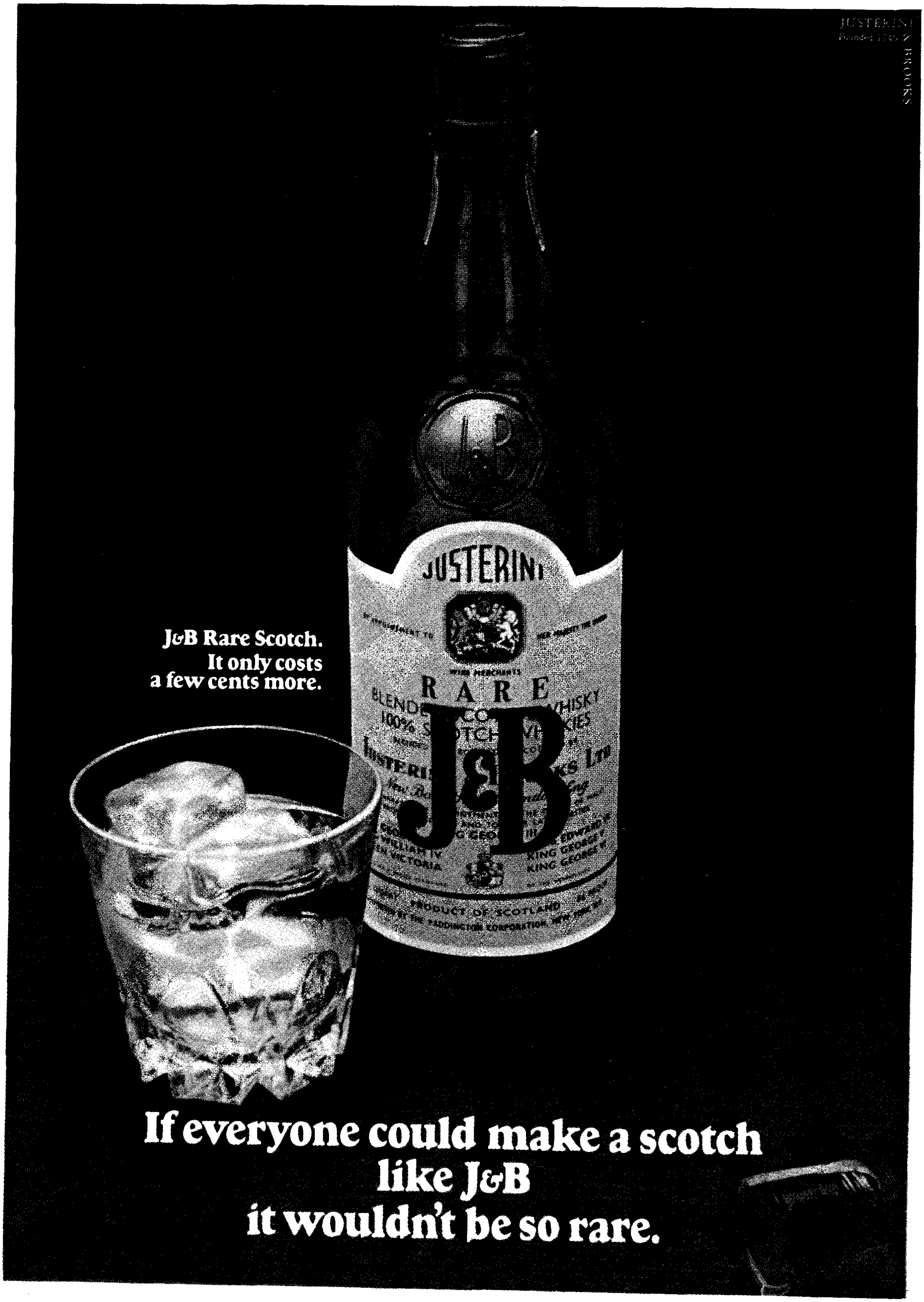

After the swim is over.
By Oleg Cassini
for Sea Mark.
Galey&Lord

"Baggie Pants" of two-ply polyester/cotton by Galey & Lord—
a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019.

mind, an Embassy official replied, somewhat righteously, "We never involved ourselves in the substance of negotiations—that was between I.P.C. and the Peruvian government." Yet the United States had staked its national policy toward Peru on the outcome of these negotiations. By failing to become "involved," the United States virtually entrusted the future of that policy to the negotiators for I.P.C. If they did not agree with the Peruvian government, Peru would receive virtually no aid from the United States. Even after 1966, when aid was resumed, there is no evidence that the United States even tried to persuade I.P.C. to modify its terms, although, on the other hand, we constantly reminded Belaúnde that any action resembling expropriation would call down the wrath and retaliation of the United States in the form of the Hickenlooper Amendment. When I.P.C. offered, in 1968, to turn over La Brea y Pariñas—a proposal that would probably have ended the entire dispute a few years earlier—a high Embassy official reports, he was "astonished at their generosity" when he was "told" of their intention. I.P.C.'s natural and warranted impression that it was backed by the full weight of the United States undoubtedly stiffened the company's attitude, just as it restrained, and perhaps intimidated, the Peruvians.

Ironically, this impression may have actually been a disservice to the oil company, leading it to an unjustified belief in its safety from arbitrary action. Throughout this whole period, many outside observers and some U.S. officials knew that a serious clash was always a possibility. Perhaps if the United States had acted as a neutral and actively influential mediator, an earlier agreement might have forestalled the present crisis. Certainly we could have tried, as we have done successfully in reconciling disputes between American enterprises and other countries of Latin America. I.P.C., after all, was a business, and it behaved as a business. On the other hand, it was the State Department's job to examine questions of wisdom and justice, and to measure the strengths and hazards of Peruvian nationalism against the clear American interest in a friendly and developing Peru. Signs of the failure to do this are everywhere. Even though the two top Embassy officials have given more time to this question than to any other aspect of U.S.-Peruvian relationships, up to a few weeks ago there was no United States

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky · The Paddington Corporation, N.Y.


JUSTERINI & BROOKS
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
J&B Rare Scotch.
It only costs
a few cents more.
If everyone could make a scotch
like J&B
it wouldn't be so rare.

The look is Lord West...and the lady approves.

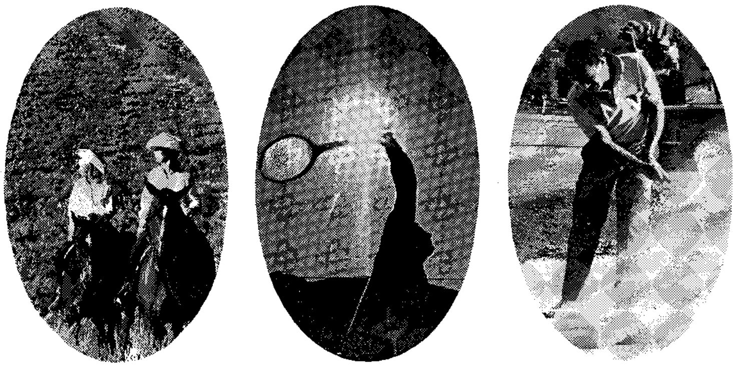
Italian cobblestone silk dinner jacket. Ninety-five dollars. In eggshell, citron, or pale blue
as photographed by Dan Wynn on Lorri Calhoun's father. Lorri wears an Alyssa Original.
Lord West, 101 W. 21 Street, N.Y.C. Makers of distinguished formal attire for gentlemen.

government study of the complex legal and economic questions involved. When asked about the background of the La Brea problem, the best-informed Embassy officer produced a booklet written and published by I.P.C. (although he later uncovered a sketchy historical summary written almost a decade ago). On almost every issue, from "the page 11 scandal" to the I.P.C. debt, one found not an independent investigation but a flat undocumented statement of I.P.C.'s position. And despite the critical importance of the negotiations leading to the Act of Talara, U.S. "experts" were both hazy and inaccurate about the basic economic issues. Perhaps it makes little difference, and perhaps I.P.C. was mostly right, but the interests of the United States were so deeply involved that surely there was some responsibility to examine the issues with detachment and independence.

In talks with many Embassy officials, the interested American observer is told confidently that "there is a lot of *golpe* talk around," although it is hard to find anyone in Lima who talks seriously about the possibility of overthrowing Velasco at this time. Constantly, the motives of those who supported the seizure are referred to as "political," or worse, and their methods attacked as lying or demagogic. Each point of the dispute is presented not as I.P.C. itself presents it, for company officials can discuss the matter with a great deal of helpful calm and detachment, but as a lawyer for I.P.C. might present the case to a suspicious court. Some of this response undoubtedly flows from distrust of a journalistic observer. Most of it, however, is believed, just as the advocate of a difficult legal case may come to believe in the absolute justice of his cause. "The worst lawyers," said Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, "not only want to win their case, they want to be told that they're right."

Some critics view our policy in Peru as just another and expectable example of an "immoral" dollar diplomacy or economic imperialism. Many of those who conducted that policy defend it as the "realistic" pursuit of self-interest. Thus, adversaries and advocates alike would agree on what is, in fact, the most doubtful proposition of all: that the United States was pursuing its national interest. In 1963, Peru had just elected its first progressive democratic government. Communist guerrillas were helpless against the Peruvian armed forces, I.P.C. was the largest producer of oil and gasoline, and other

How to take separate vacations.



At the same place.

At Sun Valley, Mom can be breaking a serve while Dad's breaking par and the youngsters are off horseback riding and fishing. Or there's trapshooting, outdoor ice skating, swimming in 3 pools, mountain climbing, bicycling, bowling, concerts, movies.

And just for the youngsters, there are professionally instructed schools and camps for tennis, golf, backpacking, music and riding plus a Young Summer program with supervision in a variety of sports skills. They even have their own nightclub.

All this provides the youngsters something to do for an hour, a day, or even weeks, while their parents are free to have their own fun . . . separately. What happens in Sun Valley when the snow melts? Everything!

THE COMPLETE SPORTS RESORT

Sun Valley

Reservations, Dept. N Sun Valley, Idaho 83353

In Los Angeles, call 386-3700; San Francisco, 392-2411;
Seattle, 624-1666; Chicago, 372-1191.

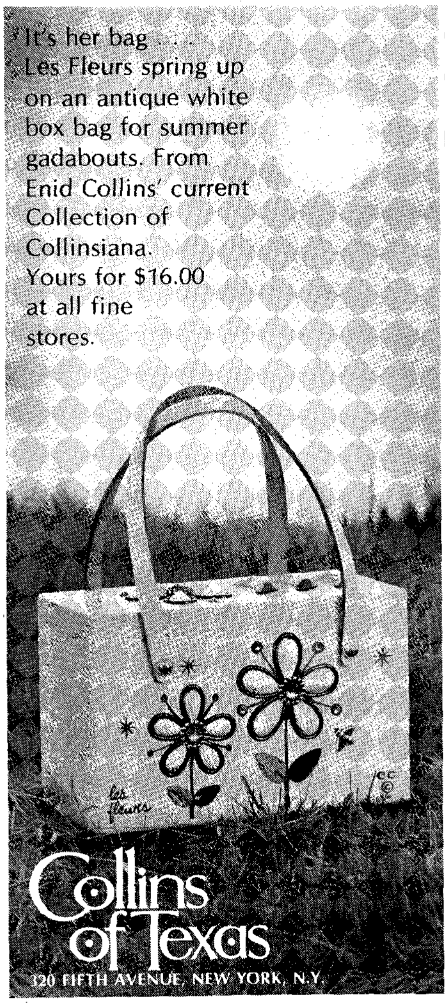
© Cybis Inc.

CYBIS

At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NA, Trenton, N.J.

See "A History of American Art Porcelain", Institute of Arts, Flint, Michigan, May 14–June 4.

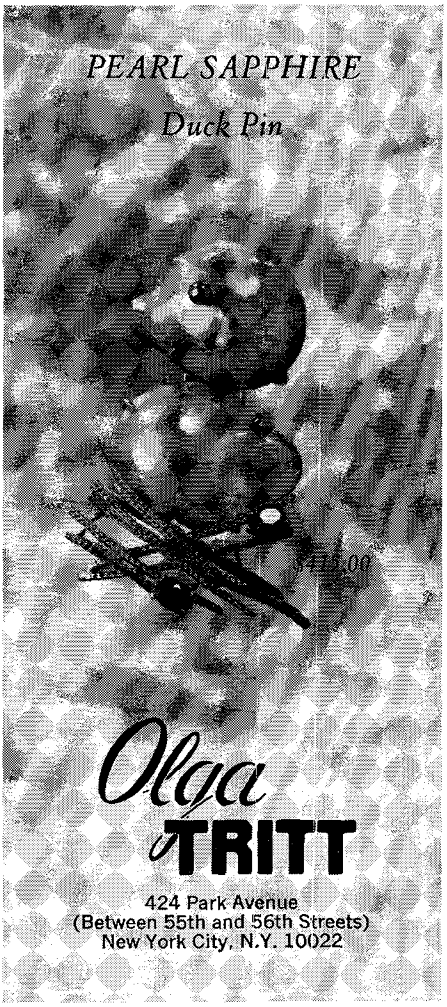
For the sun of it.
$9.
Ship'n Shore®

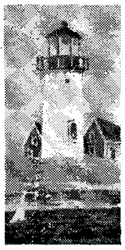

It's her bag . . . Les Fleurs spring up on an antique white box bag for summer gadabouts. From Enid Collins' current Collection of Collinsiana. Yours for $16.00 at all fine stores.

Collins of Texas
320 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

American enterprises were looking forward to large-scale expansion. For the next four and a half years, the dominant concern of our Peruvian policy was to protect the position of I.P.C.; and the threat of the Hickenlooper Amendment was one of the principal instruments of that policy. At least partly as a result, I.P.C. has been driven from Peru and its assets seized; Belaúnde's government was able to make little progress toward reform; democratic government has now been ended; Peruvian nationalists—including the armed forces—have concluded that their own national interest requires both increased defiance of the United States and more extensive relations with the Soviet Union; and other American investments in Peru are in danger of retaliatory measures in response to U.S. economic pressures. Throughout the hemisphere, the episode has somewhat fortified those who claim that the United States is more concerned with its business interests than with the welfare and freedom of its sister republics. Many events and forces contributed to these results, but our policy toward Peru was among them. It was, therefore, a policy damaging to our self-interest and harmful even to American investments.

It didn't work, and if it had succeeded the price would have been high. For we have interests in Peru far more significant than protection of the relatively small investment of Standard Oil. Among them are the social and economic progress of the Peruvian people, the strengthening of democracy, and the encouragement of political forces congenial—but not submissive—to the United States. Yet for half a decade United States policy in Peru, conducted at a level far below the President and Secretary of State, has allowed the interests of a private oil company to dominate pursuit of these vital long-range goals. And it was for that very reason that even I.P.C. was hurt. For it should be clear by now that foreign investment will be most secure in developing societies whose growing strength and self-confidence reduces the popular discontent and national distress that will often find a target in the activities of a foreign enterprise. Moreover, in an atmosphere of growing nationalism, political leaders find it difficult to yield the same concessions under pressure that they might readily grant to a business that had gracefully become part of the local economy, subject to the same terms and conditions that govern all enterprise in the country. It is diffi-


PEARL SAPPHIRE
Duck Pin
$415.00
Olga Tritt
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N.Y. 10022

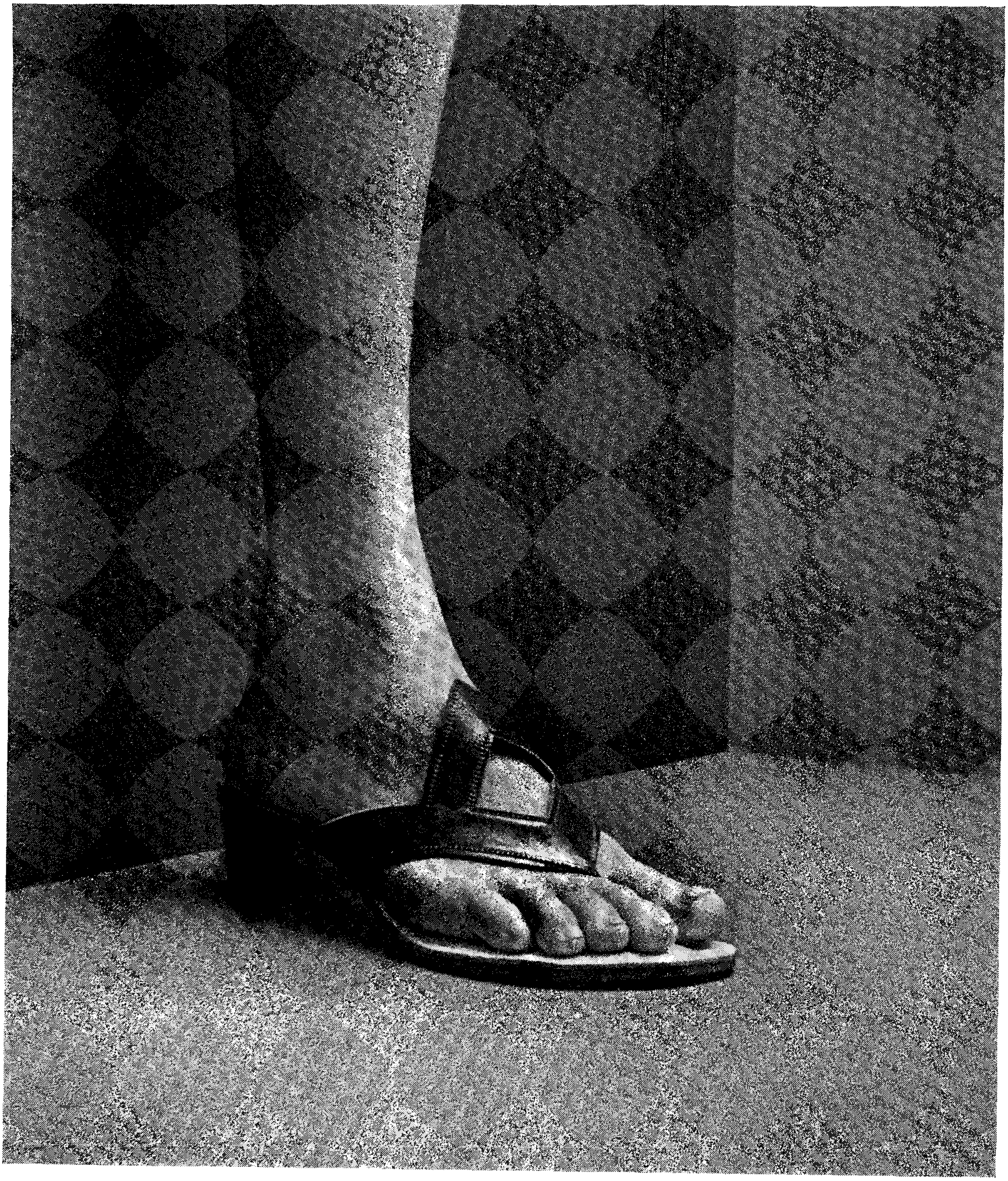

TAKE YOUR CAR ALONG and enjoy the full flavor of an Island vacation on

MARTHA'S VINEYARD
or
NANTUCKET

Year-round car and passenger service to these enchanting islands is offered by the Steamship Authority. Frequent daily service operates between Woods Hole on Cape Cod to both islands. Car reservations should be made in advance.

From NEW YORK (direct line) 966-1929
or write for brochure and schedules
WOODS HOLE, MARTHA'S VINEYARD
and NANTUCKET STEAMSHIP AUTHORITY
Woods Hole, Mass. Tel. (617) 548-5011

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO
Dine in our beautiful year-around garden or French dining room. Also facilities for private parties. Parking at Delaware entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795
OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.



THERE ARE A DOZEN COUTURE SHOE NAMES, BUT IN SANDALS THERE IS ONLY ONE.

In sandals, Bernardo stands alone. "Geometrics" is sculpted of supple leather or *shiny patent*, on a raised or flat heel. From the Bernardo collection designed by Eva Sonnino, $10 to $50 at: Bonwit Teller, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, Oakbrook; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Rich's, Atlanta; Burdine's, Miami; Gus Mayer, New Orleans; Sakowitz, Houston; Bullock's, Pasadena; *or write*
17 East 22nd Street, New York 10010.

BERNARDO

Ivan Davis' Accompanist

The New Baldwin

THE LETTERMEN
are just too good to be true
from May 14 to June 3
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
HCA Hotels

Holiday House

Country Garden "Plassware"

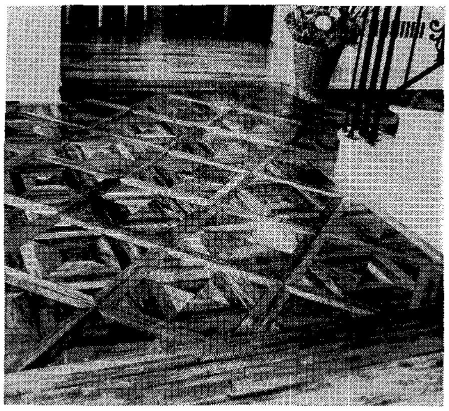
Carefree entertaining's assured! Our disposable (or wash and use again) plastic glasses can't splinter on the terrace or poolside. Multi-color flowers on crystal-clear plastic.

Tube of 24-oz. hiballs — **$3.00**
Tube of 24 8-oz. footed 'glasses' – **$3.00**
Please add $1.00 for shipping.
Send for catalog. Mail orders shipped promptly.

Holiday House **13 Bellevue Theatre Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J. 07043**

cult to explain such a policy except in terms of ignorance and timidity: ignorance of the true interests of the United States and timidity in pursuing long-range goals when confronted with more immediate pressures. There is also—among a, fortunately, dwindling number of diplomats—a certain disdain for Latin-American countries: a belief that we know what is best for them, and a misplaced confidence that others will yield to our will and power if we are stern enough. "You have to understand the Spanish mentality as I do," I was told by Frank Ortiz, of the American Embassy. "The conquerors came here, and they created a whole new breed of people, the kind of people who appreciate strong leadership." That appreciation, however, would seem to have diminishing relevance when applied to relations between the United States and the sovereign republics of Latin America in 1969.

Although President Nixon has postponed the deadline for applying the Hickenlooper Amendment until August, the crisis is far from resolved. Both parties continue to maintain their original positions—the United States demanding compensation and Peru insisting that I.P.C.'s debt to Peru far exceeds any possible payment for the seized properties. A special Peruvian delegation has arrived in the United States to continue discussions. Meanwhile, Peru will receive almost no aid, for, even without sanction of Hickenlooper, nearly all assistance has been halted since the seizure. Private sources of financing for Peru have virtually dried up pending the final action of the United States. Some are hopeful that this mounting economic pressure will compel Peru to change its mind before the deadline, while others suspect that increasing distress will only strengthen nationalist and anti-American forces. President Nixon has shown considerable reluctance to apply the Hickenlooper Amendment, and may yet find a way to avoid a dramatic clash regardless of the outcome of the present negotiations. From President Velasco down, Peruvian officials have expressed the hope that Hickenlooper will not be invoked, while affirming that they will take the consequences rather than yield to pressure. Only the extreme left is anxious for a clash that both U.S. and Peruvian officials know could have a serious, even revolutionary, impact. "The job of Peru is development," the Peruvian Foreign Minister told me, "but the job of the United States is world security. This is against the security of the hemisphere and of



FREE INFORMATION OFFERED ON IMPORTED PARQUETRY FLOORING at COST OF MEDIUM-PRICED CARPET

Now you can enjoy the rich, warm beauty and carefree maintenance of imported parquet wood floors . . . at a cost comparable to medium priced carpet and tile.

New production methods make available to homeowners, Thai-Teak (Tectona Grandis), Black Karuni, and other magnificent tropical woods at prices you can readily afford.

Write for free full color pamphlet #559.

Thai-Teak®
Kerriwood®
Karpawood®

SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE

Black Karuni®
Kandatawood®
Kasalawood®

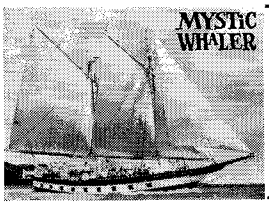
BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, INC.
1545 W. Passyunk Ave., Phila., Pa. 19145

PORTRAITS, INC.

Visit our gallery and
find the artist of your choice

41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

Bonnie Oaks Resort
FAIRLEE, VERMONT
Beautiful Lodge and Cottages
On Lake Morey's Shores
Your Hosts, The Avery Family
Write Box 14 for Folder



SET SAIL
smack against the tide of travel conformity! New England coast June-Oct. Virgin Islands Dec.-May.
Brochure:
MYSTIC WHALER, Mystic, Conn

the United States, so why should you act in such a way?" Asking some of the same questions, a Senate subcommittee recently held hearings on Peru which questioned the wisdom of the Hickenlooper Amendment. The case of Peru should demonstrate that such a law can help defeat its own purpose—the protection of American enterprise. The threat of the amendment undoubtedly made it more difficult for Belaúnde and I.P.C. to reach agreement, since it made the company feel more secure and thus less willing to compromise. Now the amendment makes it extremely difficult for the Peruvian government to make any accommodation, since it would appear to be acting from fear of economic sanctions. Moreover, the amendment gives the President no power he did not already have to cut off or suspend aid. It does, however, strip him of flexibility. After all, the United States has a large array of economic and political weapons that it can use to protect its interests, and they have proved adequate to deal with past expropriations. More often than not, the only effect of the Hickenlooper Amendment will be, as in the Peruvian case, to escalate a relatively minor matter into a major diplomatic crisis. Nor does the law permit the President to guide his actions by the manifold considerations of history and justice which make this case far more than a simple, arbitrary seizure of an American company.

If we do apply the amendment, Peru may well wish it had never heard of the Alliance for Progress. Stopping aid and sugar purchases is a hard blow, but one that Peru can probably sustain. Eliminating these benefits in such a dramatic and formal way, however, will deter other public and private financing institutions from investing in Peru. The consequent crisis and distress will affect not the United States and I.P.C.—and not even the Peruvian armed forces—but the workers, the slum dwellers, and the Indians of the countryside, who will have no comprehension of the issues or motives that have loosed upon them the wrath of their great and powerful neighbor to the north.

—RICHARD N. GOODWIN

•

STRENGTHENED
WARNING ASKED
ON CIGARETTES
PIG FOUND WANDERING
ON WASHINGTON STREET
—*Headlines in the Providence Journal.*

He'd been using the weed?

~~defiance~~
~~only ... but excitement.~~
~~**vod'ka** (vo... *n.* [Russ... little water.]~~
~~A Russian dist... alcoholic liquor commonly made f... rye.~~
~~**vo'gie** (vō... vōg'ĭ), *adj.* ... vain~~
~~also ... ed; merry~~

WEBSTER'S WRONG about VODKA!

Vodka really originated in Poland! *And this one has flavor, just a whisper... but very distinctive.*

Taste-Test **WODKA WYBOROWA**

!Vodka dates back to 11th Century Poland, nowhere else.
100 Proof – Imported by AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.

Polmos
WODKA
WYBOROWA
100 Proof
4/5 Qt

English Bone China Mug

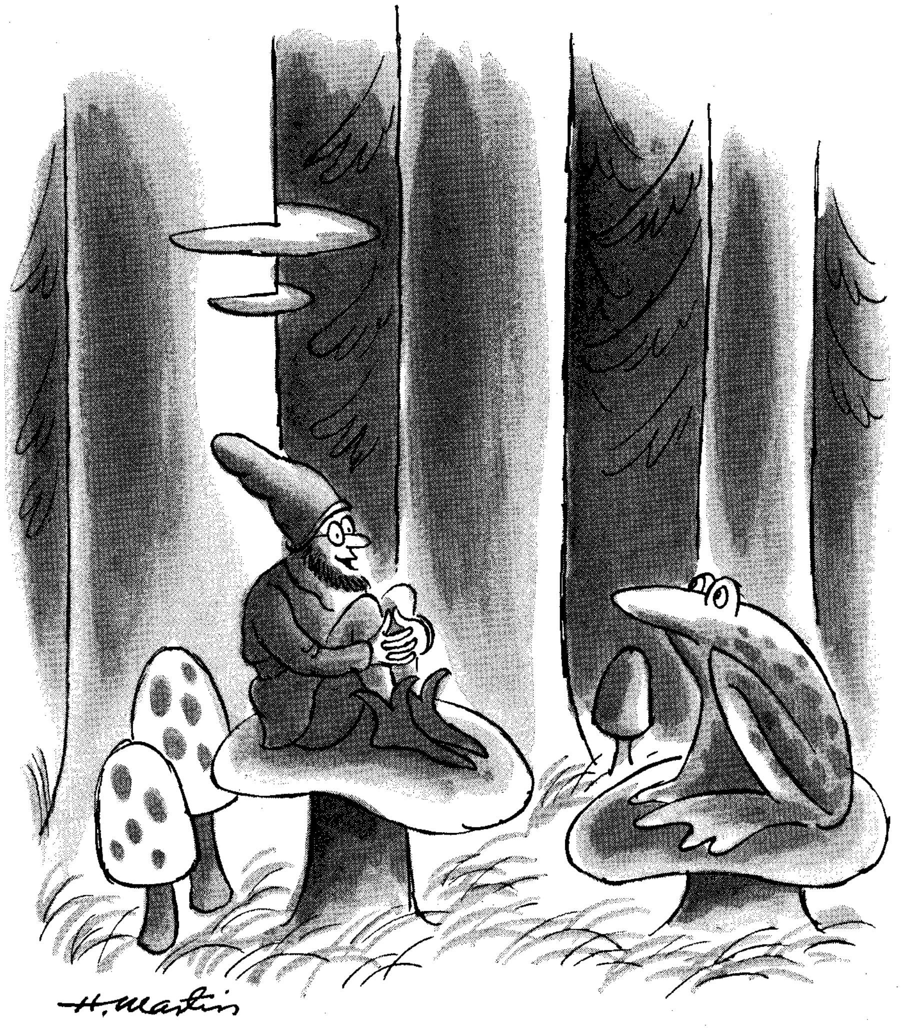
. . . to commemorate the investiture of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales 1969 at Caernarvon Castle, portraying the coat of arms of His Royal Highness and recording the succession of earlier Princes of Wales from A.D. 1301, in color with gold trim. A treasured gift — Limited edition, only $10. each. Mass. Residents add 3% (or if delivered in Mass.) Please add 75¢ for shipping.

SHREVE
Crump & Low Company
of BOSTON Boylston at Arlington, Boston, Mass. 02116 (617) 267-9100

THE THEATRE

LEAVING WELL ENOUGH ALONE

Molière's "The Miser" is a ramshackle curiosity shop of a play, of interest to us after three hundred years largely because of the great man who wrote it and played with gusto (though not to much acclaim; the play, for which the King's Company apparently entertained high hopes, had but two brief runs in the fall of 1668) the strenuous title role. It is, in fact, Molière the actor, and not Molière the playwright, that we look for in "The Miser" and are continuously fascinated by the passionately felt presence of: there he stands, a droll, bouncy, feverishly hard-working professional funny man, seeming, in his black satin hat, cloak, doublet, breeches, and hose, no more formidably godlike than, say, Sacha Guitry, or any one of a dozen other actor-manager-authors of our acquaintance. In the role of the Miser, Molière is a contemporary. Over the footlights and the centuries, he makes an impudent face at us, and like Chaplin—yes, even Chaplin at eighty—he cannot resist putting out his tongue and improvising sight gags to beguile the groundlings. Nor is it only in the lines of "The Miser" that, again and again, we catch the pitch and curious grating lilt of Molière's voice; between the lines, as surely as we can detect anything by its absence, we detect those moments when, for hilarity, his mere visage sufficed—Molière executing, a la Edgar Kennedy, a slow burn, an exquisitely protracted double take.

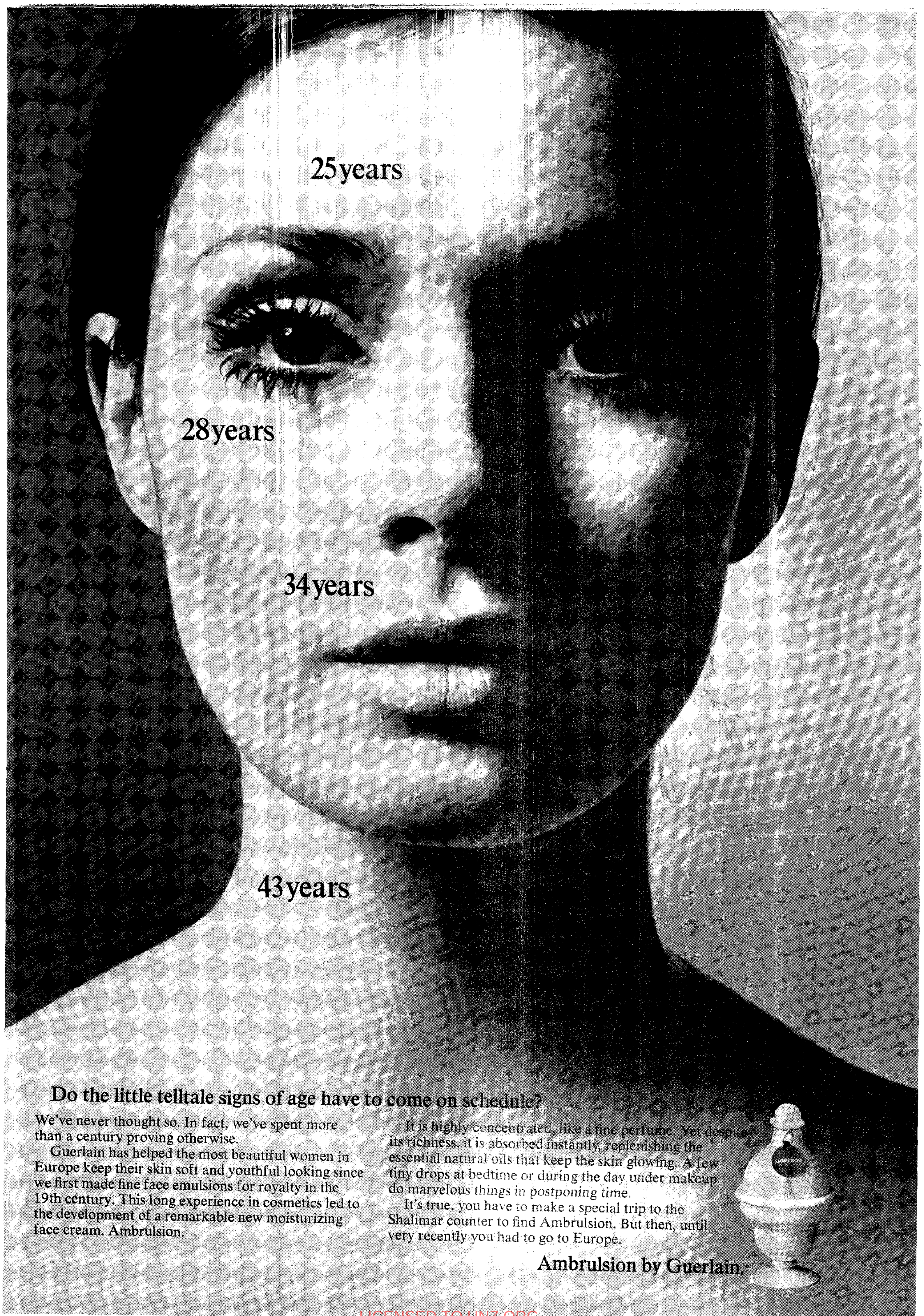


"Then in the Second World War I did a hitch with the gremlins."

The text of "The Miser" has the air of having been cobbled up in a considerable hurry by Molière-the-writer for Molière-the-manager and stuffed, not always appropriately, with bits of stage business that Molière-the-actor had perfected in the course of his long apprenticeship in the provinces. (In terms of sheer expenditure of energy, how hard comedians must have had to work to bring down the house in the French "outback" of the seventeenth century—the painful pratfalls, the barked shins! Again one thinks of Chaplin learning his métier in the harsh, knockabout school of the nineteenth-century music hall.) To accumulate "The Miser," Molière ransacked Plautus, Rabelais, Boisrobert, Breton folktales, Italian vaudeville, and other sources; at the same time, he contrived to make the characters in the play bear mischievous, audience-delighting resemblances to their real selves. If the miserly Harpagon was modelled on a classical type, with hints here and there of Molière's associate and friend Lully and even perhaps of the murdered Tardieu, he is also, in obvious respects, the playwright. Molière may have suffered from emphysema (as an amateur psychoanalyst, I resist with difficulty the temptation to diagnose his complaint as asthma, gravely exacerbated by the loss of his mother when he was ten), and he was certainly dead of something very like emphysema at fifty-one; in any event, a cough that was always an occupational hazard for him becomes, in "The Miser," a running gag:

> **Harpagon**: No illness to speak of, thank God! Except my cough, which bothers me from time to time.
>
> **Frosine**: Oh, but that's nothing! It suits you very well, you cough charmingly.

Under the best of circumstances, the pleasure we take in thus intimately encountering Molière can be almost as readily achieved by reading "The Miser" as by seeing it. When the play is performed badly, our sense of encountering the author vanishes utterly. I am sorry to say that Molière is not among those present in the production of the play now being offered by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. Given a cast that pursues—often in vain—several different styles of acting, the director, Carl Weber, has employed the usual strategy of attempting to make incessant violent activity mask the radical incompatibility of his players. Robert Symonds, as Harpagon, looks as distracted as Lear in the interpolated opening scene of the play and has no choice thereafter but to go on striking the same note of noisy outrageousness. As Valère, Lloyd Battista is all soggy



Do the little telltale signs of age have to come on schedule?

We've never thought so. In fact, we've spent more than a century proving otherwise.

Guerlain has helped the most beautiful women in Europe keep their skin soft and youthful looking since we first made fine face emulsions for royalty in the 19th century. This long experience in cosmetics led to the development of a remarkable new moisturizing face cream. Ambrulsion.

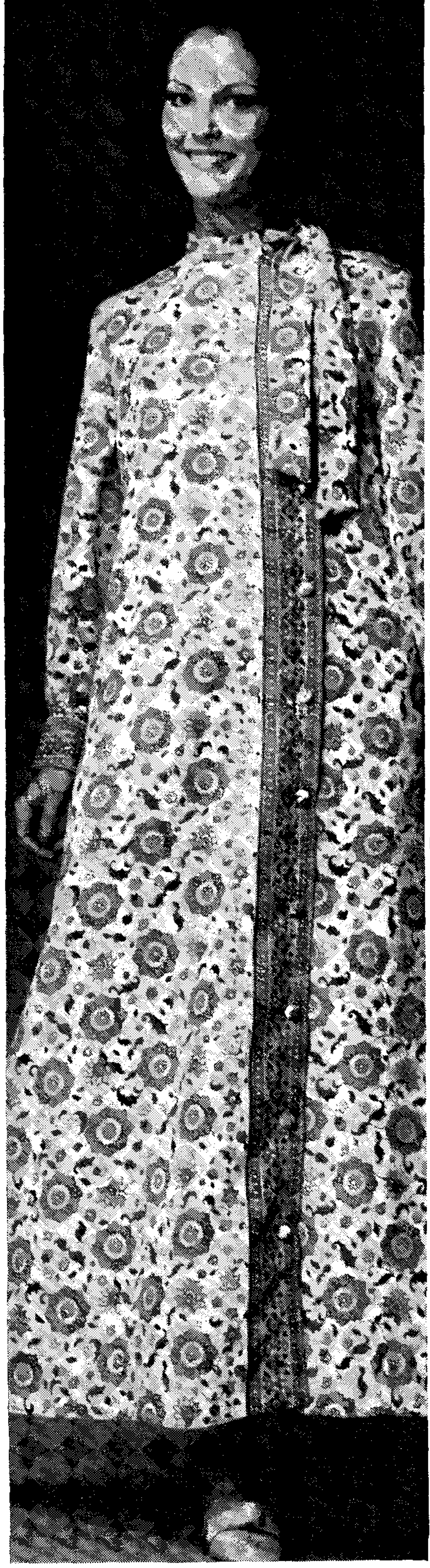
It is highly concentrated, like a fine perfume. Yet despite its richness, it is absorbed instantly, replenishing the essential natural oils that keep the skin glowing. A few tiny drops at bedtime or during the day under makeup do marvelous things in postponing time.

It's true, you have to make a special trip to the Shalimar counter to find Ambrulsion. But then, until very recently you had to go to Europe.

Ambrulsion by Guerlain.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

If you dream of being an eastern princess, wearing our Persian print robe can nearly make it true. White acetate crepe printed in mostly pink or mostly blue, for petite, small, medium and large sizes, $25. Short version, $21. Young Elite® Robe Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.



youthful earnestness, while Stephen Elliott, as the Magistrate, is pure—and repellent—ham, and Maeve McGuire, as Mariane, gives the impression of having just fluttered in out of another play, possibly "The Heiress." Only David Birney, as Cléante, appears to have any idea of how lightly and agreeably "The Miser" must be teased into unfolding its rickety wings and encouraged to fly. The boisterous heaviness of the production is emphasized by David Hays' Belasco-like setting, which spells out in detail, broken balustrade by broken balustrade, what Molière's words should have been relied on to make clear. This heaviness, noticeable also in James Hart Stearns' costumes, is not in the least mitigated by occasional bursts of shrilly overamplified rock music. Let me round off my list of objections by mentioning how much I deplore Mr. Weber's deliberate misreading of the first scene between Valère and Élise, in which, early one morning, we observe Valère stealing undressed out of Élise's bedroom. Mr. Weber has vulgarly chosen to get the play off to what he no doubt considers a snappy start; in doing so, he imposes a sniggering salacity on a text that contains none, and simultaneously makes nonsense of Molière's lines, not only in that scene but in the climactic scene as well. Why cannot directors leave well enough alone?

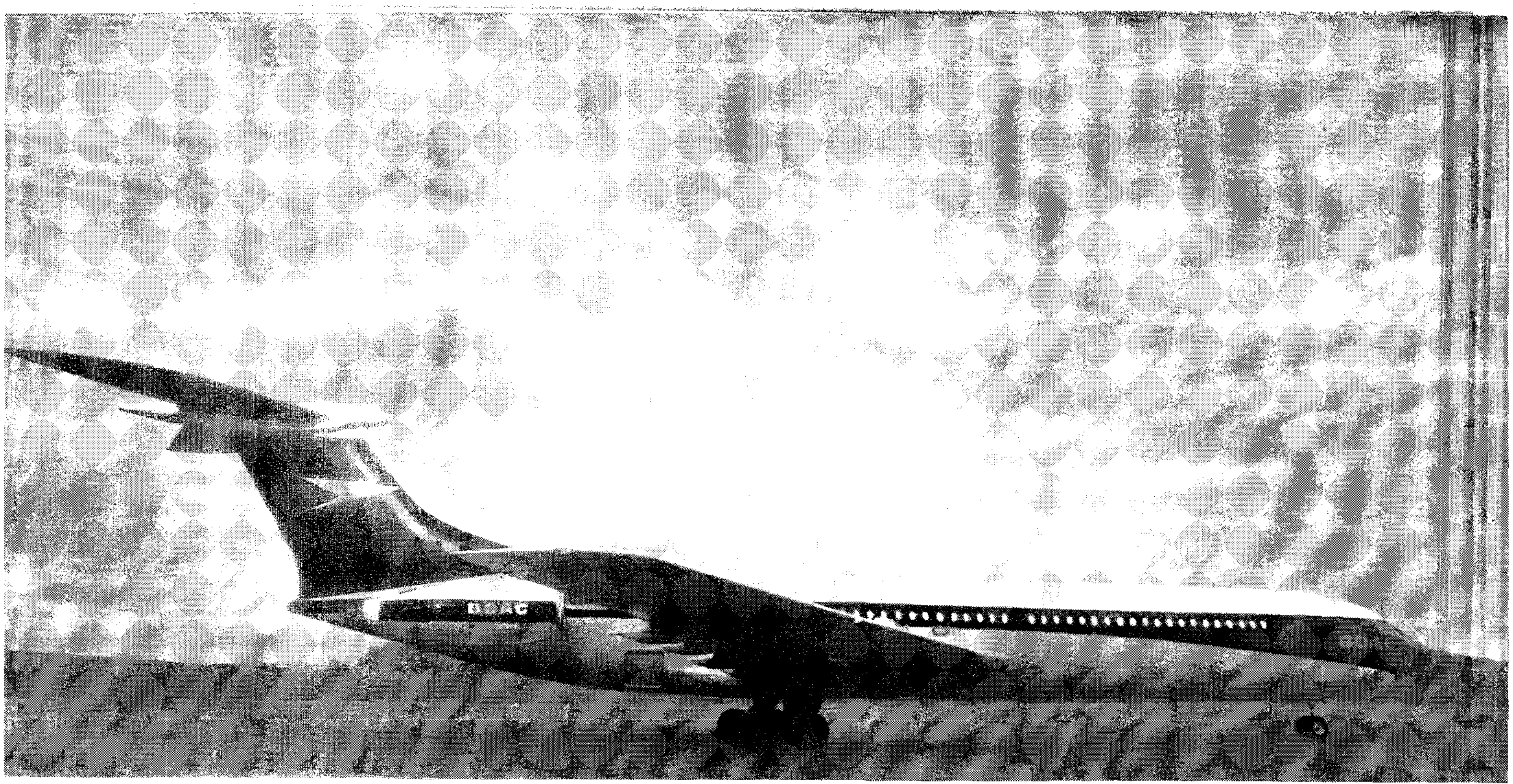
SOME do. In New Haven the other evening, at the Long Wharf Theatre, I saw a production of Ibsen's "Ghosts" that was as near perfect as no matter, directed by a brilliant young man of twenty-eight named Arvin Brown. Despite his youth, Mr. Brown appeared to feel no need to tart up old Ibsen for contemporary tastes. And at the Ethel Barrymore Harold J. Kennedy has directed a marvellous revival of "The Front Page," which Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote back in 1928—a period in many respects more remote from us than 1881, when Ibsen wrote "Ghosts." The glorious fustian of which "The Front Page" is composed is exactly suited to this sassy and demonic pipe dream of newspaper life in Chicago in the days of Big Bill Thompson and Al Capone. Mr. Kennedy drives his large cast through the preposterous turns and twists of the plot at a breakneck pace, and they never falter. Bert Convy plays the role of Hildy Johnson, ace reporter and creature of Walter Burns, editor of the *Herald Examiner* and a Grand Master of journalistic perfidy, whom Robert Ryan embodies with a cutthroat elegance. John McGiver and Charles White are superb as, respectively, the crooked Mayor of Chicago and its dithering, Red-baiting sheriff. (What a sensation the play must have caused when it first opened, both for the candor with which it made fun of living people and for the then almost unprecedented explicitness of its language!) Also in the cast and also to be praised are Arnold Stang, Peggy Cass, Walter Flanagan, and Mr. Kennedy himself, playing a finicky, fussbudget reporter on the *Tribune*. The set—the tacky pressroom of the Criminal Courts Building—is by Will Steven Armstrong, and the costumes are by Sara Brook. "The Front Page" is playing a limited engagement, which ends on June 7th, so don't dawdle over buying tickets.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

A Good Place to Be

ALL the action—and there is a lot of it—in Charles Gordone's "No Place to Be Somebody" is set in a bar in the West Village that is owned by a Negro named Johnny Williams. The raffish characters, of various colors, include prostitutes, racketeers, pot smokers, and a crook or two, and I doubt whether you'll find anywhere in town a livelier, more interesting bunch to spend an evening with. The play, performed in a small downstairs arena theatre at the Public, is a harsh, sardonic comedy, a melodrama, and a tragedy. At the opening, a light-colored actor is seated at one of the tables typing. He tears out the sheet and crumples it. Then he turns to the audience and addresses us directly. He is, he tells us, a dramatist named Gabe, and the play we are about to see is one he is making up as he goes along (he lights a marijuana cigarette)—a figment of his "grassy imagination." Throughout the evening, he has one foot in the action and one foot out of it. (This difficult part is played with delicacy, strength, flexibility, and bitter humor by Ron O'Neal.) A volatile, mischievous, sensitive man, Gabe is a habitué of the saloon and a close friend of Johnny's. Before each of the three acts, he switches into his role of commentator and delivers a monologue. The last of these monologues, by the way, which he does in the style of a revivalist preacher, is extremely effective and evokes quite a response from the audience. There are several plots (in both meanings of the word) and subplots running through the script, but



We want you to leave home quietly.

And peacefully.

We want you to fly on the quietest, most advanced commercial jet in the world. The BOAC VC 10. The only jet with four Rolls-Royce engines mounted way back at the tail to leave all the roar outside instead of in.

And, since the wings are clear of engines, we can get you up in the air 25% quicker than an ordinary jet. Plus, put you down 20 mph slower.

We also want you to sit back, stretch out, and enjoy every second of the ride. So we designed a new and different Economy Class seat. The roomiest in the sky. Roomy enough for a hulking 7-footer.

We also installed an air-conditioning system that will keep you from feeling hot and bothered, on or off the ground.

Once you're nice and comfy, our white-jacketed British stewards will serve you delights like Duckling Poêle Bigarrade or Roast Sirloin of Beef or fresh Brook Trout. With all the works. And the proper wine.

You can fly the VC 10 quietly off to Britain and the Caribbean. (We also fly to Europe, Africa, the Middle East, the Orient and Australia.)

It won't cost you a penny more than an ordinary jet. So why not call your Travel Agent and find out what this noise is all about.

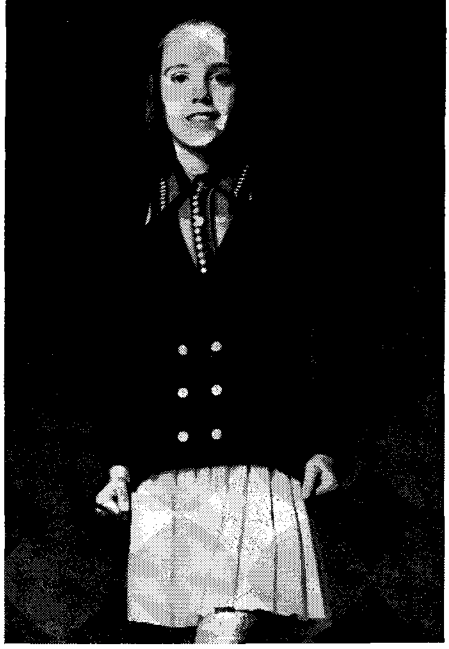
BOAC

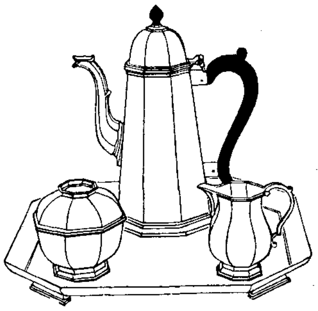
For reservations, contact British Overseas Airways Corporation which has offices in principal cities.

Somebody up there cares.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

We mix modern parts for a timeless result. Collarless navy blazer of ribbed stretch nylon, $9. Pleated white skirt of washable triacetate, $8. Shirt in red, white and blue dots and stripes on polyester-and-cotton voile, 6.50. For 7 to 14 sizes, Girls' Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.





"GEORGE I"

ENSKO INC.

682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

Not everyone will like High Hampton

The resort accommodations are unpretentious, but the food, facilities, and congenial people are as enjoyable as the beauty of silent peaks enclosing it. Private 18-hole golf course/bent grass greens, tennis, riding, trap-shooting, boating, swimming, fishing. Children's program. Early May to late Oct. Brochure from High Hampton Inn & Country Club, Dept. N, Cashiers, N. C. 28717.

what is more important is the sense of life and intimacy of people in a place, and of the diversity of their moods—the sudden, sometimes inexplicable, spurts of anger and wildness and fooling—and their understanding of one another. The main plot deals with Johnny's efforts to keep afloat—to be his own man on his own terms in what amounts to alien territory. He goes under, finally, a victim of the local Mafia, and a victim, too, of some fairly spectacular flaws in his own nature, among them what a dying old crony of his calls "the Charlie fever"—"We couldn't copy his [the white man's] good points and live, so we copied his bad points and hated him that much more."

The performance, under Ted Cornell's direction, works well. Nathan George is convincing and somehow sympathetic as the complicated Johnny—a pimp and a roughneck, treacherous, loyal, and truly brave—who has something decent inside him that often comes out wrong. Of the supporting actors, my favorite is Henry Baker, a large, burly fellow in the role of the saloon's chef, who is, on the side, a dancer in training. Mr. Baker's performance is sunny and full of little surprises, and he gives the show an element of innocence and comic delight. Marge Eliot is good as a regular customer—a Negro woman who works as a practical nurse and loves the spindly Irish bartender (enough to take care of him, at any rate). Ronnie Thompson, vacant-eyed and always in rhythmic motion, does well as the bartender, who is three-quarters crazy with his efforts to pass as a Negro and with his drug-induced daydreams of having once been a jazz drummer, and a scene in which he and Miss Eliot share a surreptitious marijuana cigarette is very funny. My respects, too, to Walter Jones, as the old crony; to Nick Lewis, who is quietly dangerous as a local gangster; and to Paul Benjamin, as a mysterious black militant who cuts across the action from time to time, and who may or may not be a fantasy figure. I have some reservations about "No Place to Be Somebody." It is too long—much too long for that small, airless theatre, certainly—and although most of the lines ring true, there are a number of clinkers. There are also a few scenes that could be cut or dispensed with. Nevertheless, the play is original, and it belongs, together with "The Time of Your Life," "The Iceman Cometh," and "The Tavern," in the sturdy tradition of American saloon drama.

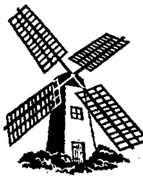
—EDITH OLIVER

BOUNCE SKY HIGH!

Ride-a-roo, kangaroo! A ball you can jockey to leapin' good rides. Get on, hang on, and hop away! Great new family sport. Inflatable. $10.00 ppd.

RAPPAPORT'S TOY BAZAAR

1381 Third Ave., New York 10021
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

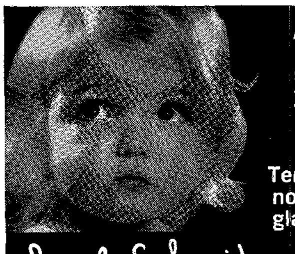


The OCEAN DUNE Apartments

PRIVATE BEACH & SWIMMING POOL
Amagansett, L. I.

An attractive resort residence in a setting of unspoiled colonial charm: luxuriously furnished, 2 and 4 room suites with fully equipped kitchenettes, sun decks, daily maid service, Golf Privileges. Seasonal, monthly, weekly rates on request. Phone or write for brochure.

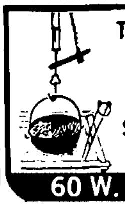
(516) AMagansett 7-3406



Anybody can snap your child's picture.

Ten years from now you'll be glad it was

Josef Schneider CO 5-1223
119 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. C.



Takeda's IRORI

AUTHENTIC JAPANESE STEAKS & SEAFOOD PREPARED ON OPEN GRILL
Individual Private Tables

60 W. 56th ST. tel. 247-3349

Give them this day their daily bread.

Think of the last time that *you* were hungry. Really hungry. Was it because dinner was late? Or because you missed a lunch?

Can you imagine what it is to go through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry? Subsisting day after day on a few greens around noon . . . and some pinto beans in the evening? Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible. And it is incredible. Because it's taking place right now . . . in the midst of the good life so many of us are now living in America.

But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers . . . and their children . . . with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

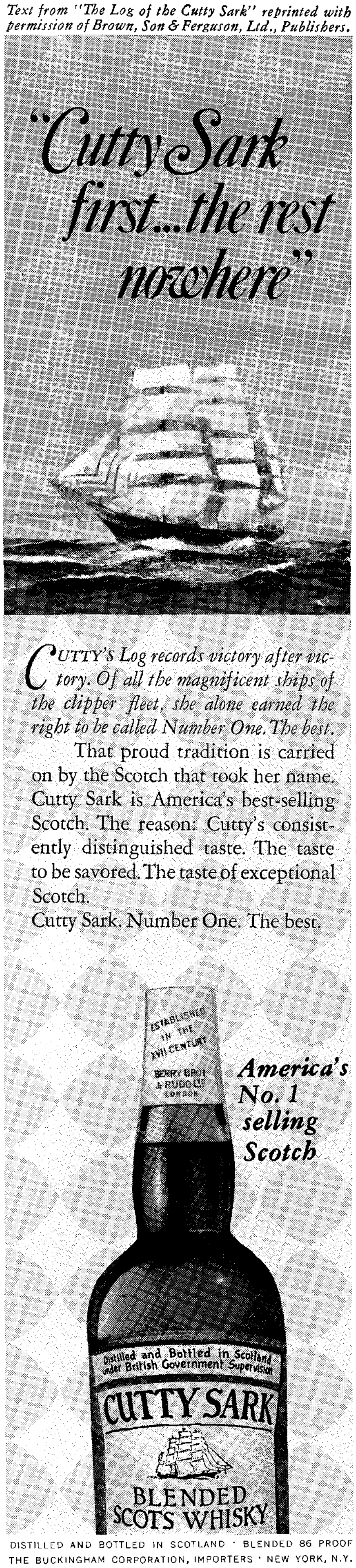
One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have *no* income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has begun a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you. And may *your* next meal be a little more enjoyable.

NAACP MISSISSIPPI EMERGENCY RELIEF, DEPT. N1, BOX 121, RADIO CITY STA., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
(A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax-deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.)



Text from "The Log of the Cutty Sark" reprinted with permission of Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., Publishers.

"Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

Cutty's Log records victory after victory. Of all the magnificent ships of the clipper fleet, she alone earned the right to be called Number One. The best.

That proud tradition is carried on by the Scotch that took her name. Cutty Sark is America's best-selling Scotch. The reason: Cutty's consistently distinguished taste. The taste to be savored. The taste of exceptional Scotch.

Cutty Sark. Number One. The best.

America's No. 1 selling Scotch

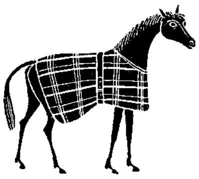
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND · BLENDED 86 PROOF
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS · NEW YORK, N.Y.

ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD LONDON
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY

THE RACE TRACK

A Withers Is Wrung

THE horsemen's nine-day boycott of Aqueduct ended early last week, so we had four afternoons of racing, which began uncertainly and wound up on Saturday with a lively contest and a disqualification in the Withers Mile—the first disqualification in its ninety-four runnings. Gleaming Light, a maiden until last month, turned on a great burst of speed in the last quarter and passed the winning post first in a blanket finish with Ack Ack, Tyrant, and Rooney's Shield. Unfortunately for him and his stable, he crowded Rooney's Shield and gave Blade a resounding bump as he swept past them. An inquiry followed, his number was taken down, and he was placed behind Blade, who got fourth money. The Withers Stakes was named not for that part of a horse's anatomy between the shoulder blades but for D. D. Withers, a founder of the forerunner of the Jockey Club, and for many years the race was one of the major events for three-year-olds. Nowadays, coming between the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, it doesn't always get the topnotchers. This year, the field was better than usual. Ack Ack, of course, was an odds-on favorite, because of his mile in 1:34⅖ in the Derby Trial at Churchill Downs, and he looked fit and ready for a repeat performance. (The final time of the Withers was 1:34⅕.) The picture horse of the eight was Palauli, who towered over the others. He didn't run to his looks, though, and came in a distant sixth. From a quick start, Lion Sleeps popped out of the gate and did the first quarter in 0:22⅗ and the half in 0:45. Tyrant took over from there, passing the six-furlong mark in 1:09. Ack Ack, always close to the pace, didn't have much racing luck, but he got first money anyhow.



I EXPECT that there will be more starters in the Preakness at Pimlico this weekend than there were in the Kentucky Derby. The early pace will be faster, too. Nevertheless, nothing I saw or heard all last week has changed my mind about Majestic Prince. He's my choice.

TO get back to the boycott, horsemen have never stuck together very long on any important issue. Indeed, some in the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association opposed the boycott from the start. The break came when members of the American Trainers' Association who handle the horses of the larger and more important stables made entries for the races at the Big A. The next day, there was a confrontation when stablehands tried to stop horses that were being led from the receiving barn to the paddock. Although it wasn't as rough-and-tumble as some of those college fracases I've seen on TV, forty men were arrested. The boycott ended after it was arranged that the State Racing Commission, the New York Racing Association, the H.B.P.A., and aides of Governor Rockefeller would work together on a plan for a pension and a welfare fund. "If coming," as we old horseplayers put it.

The boycott left a most unhappy aftermath: the state treasury lost millions in revenue from its tax on betting, the N.Y.R.A. lost a tidy sum in gate receipts, and the members of the H.B.P.A. had barns full of horses they couldn't ship to Jersey or Maryland, where they might have picked up a purse. I'm sure, though, the stablehands were happy to hear that a review of the N.Y.R.A.'s purse structure is going to be the first step toward solving their problems. I was especially interested in the demand by State Senator Earl Brydges, who was greatly concerned about the loss in revenue, that the State of New York take over the tracks and operate them. That has already been done elsewhere. In the U.S.S.R., the state owns all the tracks, and all the horses, too. The take there is thirty-three per cent—to discourage betting. It doesn't. —AUDAX MINOR

•

EXECUTIVE

You will love this unusual place and be proud to say this is my home with a view of the mountains. You can walk on huge concrete stepping slabs set among fires surrounded by well landscaped yard with sprinklers. Wood and stone, around double doors invite you to enter and see the massive pile of Palos Verde rocks in the middle of the room from floor to ceiling, with the fireplace on each side. Living room in the front, dining area on the side. Open beams and dark paneling in the family room will help you to say, "this is it."—*Adv. in the Claremont (Calif.) Courier.*

We may need more help than you think.

For best results with the Smasher use only the Spalding Championship Tennis Ball.

(Even the Smasher won't muss its fuzz.)

We don't call the Smasher the Smasher for nothing.

It's got lower wind resistance than conventional rackets. So you can get it into position faster. And hit the ball harder with the same swing.

But the Spalding aluminum racket gives you one thing no other metal racket can give you. Extraordinary control.

The Smasher has an exclusive design that takes full advantage of aluminum's "dampening effect" (it absorbs the shock of impact). So the Smasher is less apt to twist in your hand, even when you hit off-center. You'll find yourself making critical lobs and drops and net shots with a touch you never had before.

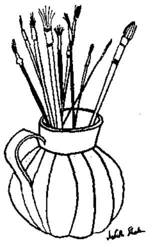
Play the Smasher. And we recommend you play the Championship tennis ball with it. We can guarantee that even the Smasher won't muss its fuzz.

Those other balls we can't vouch for.

Spalding gives you the professional edge.

THE ART WORLD

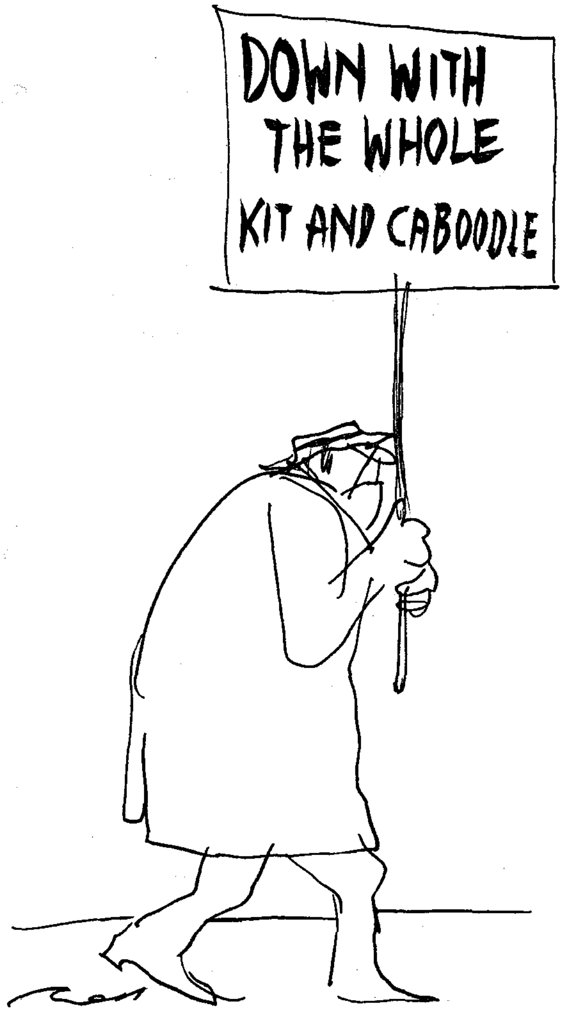
Educating Artists



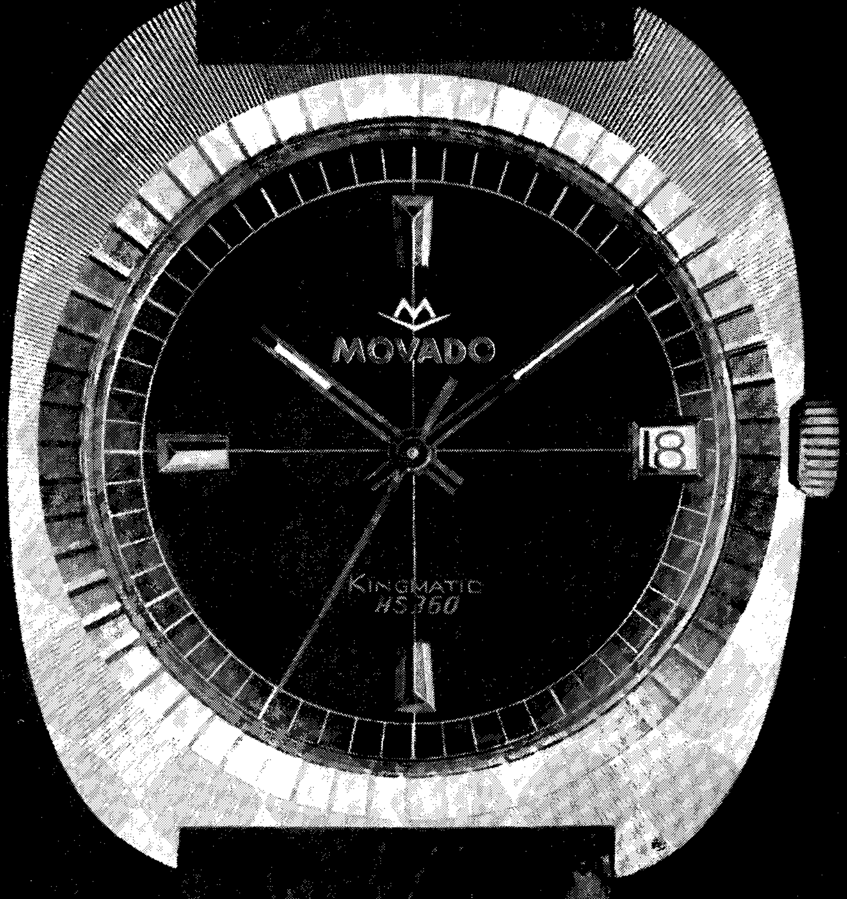
THOUGH outsiders might not suspect it, the training of students in universities to be painters and sculptors is an extremely touchy subject not only in educational circles but in the art world as well. Almost any suggestion or critical comment threatens existing interests, often invisible to the critic. Even mention of the fact that the typical artist today has been educated in a university is sufficient to provoke outcries. At a conference not long ago on cultural changes in the Americas since the war, I emphasized the shift of art training from professional schools and artists' studios. My mere citing of some figures—for example, only one of ten leading artists of the generation of Pollock and de Kooning had a degree (and not in art), while of the "thirty artists under thirty-five" shown in "Young America 1965" at the Whitney the majority had B.A.s or B.F.A.s—was taken by a prominent younger painter as implying that he and his age group were academic. "Academic" is still a bad word, even though no one knows any longer exactly what it means. Perhaps the term that used to designate ennobled nudes ought not be applied to carefully calculated dispositions of parallel lines or patterns of color. For my own part, I am willing to drop "academic" and substitute "conceptual"—a term to which younger artists have no objection. My point was only that a new source of instruction for artists will affect their attitudes toward art, their handling of materials, and, ultimately, the styles in which they choose to work. Can there be any doubt that training in the university has contributed to the cool, impersonal wave in the art of the sixties? In the classroom—in contrast to the studio, which has tended to be dominated by metaphor—it is normal to formulate consciously what one is doing and to be able to explain it to others. Creation is taken to be synonymous with productive processes, and is broken down into sets of problems and solutions. In a statement, published in a pamphlet sponsored by several foundations, on "The Arts and the Contemporary University," Dr. Martin Meyerson, president of the State University of New York at Buffalo, noted the "tremendous production emphasis [that] pervades much of the university's work in the arts." New painting and sculpture typical of the past decade make the spectator aware of the presence of model works that have been not so much imitated or drawn upon for imaginative hints as systematically analyzed and extended by rational inference. For instance, Albers' impacted-color squares have become the basis of impacted-color rectangles, chevrons, circles, stripes—works bred out of works, often without the intervention of a new vision. In the shift from bohemia to academe, American art has become more conceptual, methodological, and self-assured. So pointing to the university training of today's artists very likely does carry a criticism.

If merely noting the new university connections of art can be regarded as an insult, far more menacing is any inquiry into who is teaching what, and how. Or what relation there is between an academic degree and the capacity to function as an artist in the last third of the twentieth century. Dr. William Schuman, former president of Lincoln Center, calls for art training that will "produce practitioners," and then at once complains that "there are innumerable campuses where there are second-rate artists who give nothing but their own point of view to students." First-rate artists also tend to give their own point of view, and while this may at least be a valuable, or at any rate interesting, experience, it will not always suffice to meet the needs of art study. Dr. Schuman may have had in mind that a good teacher will present all relevant points of view, but in painting and sculpture the first-rate artist is the least likely to do this. My own observations of the quality of artists on campuses support those of Dr. Schuman, and I shall present additional testimony on the second-rate later. Yet to say that most artists now teaching in universities haven't much to contribute either to art or to their students threatens not only their jobs but the entire position of art in the university—a position still highly infirm, despite the advances of the last fifteen years. Dr. Samuel B. Gould, chancellor of the State University of New York, who believes in the future of art in the universities, recognizes that there are still educators who "earnestly and sincerely" doubt that art production has any place in higher education, and Dr. Meyerson says that "in common rooms and faculty clubs, it [art] is often referred to as 'hobby lobby' or [*sic*] other terms of opprobrium." Given this opposition, deans are hardly likely to be eager to allocate funds to enlist faculty members publicly characterized as second-rate; comparable questions are not raised about mediocre art historians.

If good artists are needed to teach art, the situation seems irremediable. Where are art departments to obtain first-rate artists willing to spend their time teaching, especially in colleges remote from art centers? And, thus isolated, how long would those artists remain first-rate? Is there even any agreement—except upon a handful of names, perhaps—about who is first-rate? Beyond the quality of the teacher, there is the problem that art changes almost from season to season in outlook, concept, and


DOWN WITH THE WHOLE KIT AND CABOODLE

ME 7-1212



Call this number for the correct time,
and set your watch.
A month later, call again.
If you're wearing the new
Movado Kingmatic H.S. 360,
and if it's off by more than one minute,
hang up and take it to your Movado dealer.
He may be a bit surprised.
But he'll correct the watch, free.
Or he'll correct the phone company.

(ME 7-1212 is the New York City number for the correct time. For other areas, consult local information.)

MOVADO
KINGMATIC HS 360

The Movado Kingmatic H.S. 360. Its new high frequency movement beats almost twice as fast as standard watches, for optimum precision. Self-winding, water-resistant, with Movado's exclusive instamatic calendar. No batteries, of course. In 14 Karat yellow gold. $295.
Other Kingmatic H.S. 360s from $150. For brochure and name of jeweler nearest you, write to Movado, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020.

ON THE TRANQUIL, TROPICAL BEACH AT ACAPULCO

Acapulco's most gracious hotel, managed in the treasured European tradition of personal service and elegance.

Peaceful and unruffled. *NEVER A CONVENTION* — Located in a serene setting of *quietude on Acapulco's famous beach.*

Gourmet dining at VOISIN — or under the stars on the EL PALMAR TERRACE. Dancing and entertainment nightly in the renowned EL CAZADOR BAR.

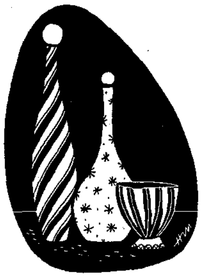
ACAPULCO'S PRESTIGE ADDRESS
ACAPULCO MALIBU
Apartado Postal 582
Acapulco, Gro. Mexico
Cable Address: MALIBUACAPULCO
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

C'EST LES BERNARD

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, GEMINI. For those effervescent, dual personality people born from May 22 to June 21, Les Bernard has the perfect gift: their own sign of the zodiac pin done in 14-carat gold-plated sterling called diamond-point, set with a real ruby. $15.00. From a collection of a dozen cosmic conversation pieces at R. H. Stearns Co.; Higbee's. Or write Les Bernard, Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

C'EST LES BERNARD

even the materials out of which it is made. If the subject being taught could be defined, the matter of whether those who teach it are first- or second-rate might be less important. As it is, even if the quality of an artist's work is beyond dispute, an attempt by him to encompass each new move in the art world makes him, as a teacher, in effect second-rate, since only the inventor of the new move is first-rate in relation to it. (I would not have expected to learn much about the art of Andy Warhol in a class conducted by Giacometti.) Ambitious students are apt to be aware of this situation; no matter how distinguished the creations of their artist-teacher, they regard him as inadequate to impart the latest mode popular in New York. Speaking recently to a university audience, Jack Tworkov, chairman of the Art Department at Yale, observed that the students in his department (in my opinion, the best in the United States) scarcely listen to their teachers but derive their ideas from the art journals.



Failing to make up their minds that art teaching is their business, the universities have been content to let matters drift. Still engaged in agitating for administrative support, advocates of art in the universities tremble at the thought of confronting the problems of teaching it. Any speaker who raises questions of direction at conferences of the College Art Association is met with nods and silence. Debates likely to disrupt one's own side are taken to be less useful than clichés designed to hold off the enemy. According to Dr. Gould, "the major reason" educators remain uncertain about admitting artist training into the universities "is that so much of what one wishes to deal with in the arts touches upon technique as opposed to philosophy." To overcome the doubt of his colleagues, Dr. Gould presents an idealized version of the artist-on-campus as "the whole man" whom humanity is in danger of losing in the face of the growing mass of "insensitive specialists" turned out by the sciences. Generous to art as Dr. Gould's outlook is, I am unable to agree that only scientists produce works "unintelligible to the uninitiated." Art today is as specialized and esoteric as the sciences, and, the way it is being taught, much of it does "touch upon technique" rather than philosophy. Studio courses are a kind of vocational training that swings from extremes of avant-gardism (experiments with light, film, electronics, synthetics, computers) to extremes of standing pat on whatever technique the instructor has been practicing as an artist. Having called attention to the second-raters, Dr. Schuman goes on to refer to a famous college "where students are either given the music of the sixteenth century or John Cage but almost nothing in between," and he speaks of another school, "equally distinguished, where the music of John Cage is not even permitted to be mentioned." The situation in painting is identical: either Minimalism, earthworks, lights—or copying Renaissance masters, drawing from casts, painting Impressionist interiors. Between these two orientations, everything taught depends on the chance of finding the best-known artist who happens to be available. The conservative/avant-garde polarization reflects the deep division in modern culture; restricted to the level of techniques, the conflict serves as a substitute for a coherent concept of art in our time. Dr. Gould's doubters are correct, and if art teaching remains what it is, perhaps the art workshops do not belong on campus—though one could reply that most subjects taught in universities today touch upon "technique as opposed to philosophy."

WHILE advocates of art in the universities invoke the image of the artist as creator, the actual education of the student as artist is indistinguishable from that of the commercial designer. The formation, five years ago, of the New York Studio School of Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture came about through the revolt of students in a degree-granting institution against courses unrelated to the vocation of artist. In a speech describing the founding of the School, Mercedes Matter, chairman of the faculty, exposed the absurdity of training painters by depriving them of the opportunity to paint. Remembering the earlier enslavement of its students, the Studio School has made a fetish of not awarding degrees. Its solution of the problem of educating artists was to return to the old verities of the art academy: continuous drawing, painting and modelling, contact with older artists, reliance on "the gift, the temperament, the purpose." Opposing the "practical" emphasis of university art courses, Mrs. Matter insists that art is "a perfectly useless activity." (She might have added that it is also a nostalgic one, since, deprived of the heroic concept of masterpieces, it tends to blend into the communications and entertainment media.)

Taking advantage of the availability of New York artists, museums, and galleries, the Studio School avoids the mental and psychic fragmentation of the typical college art department, and its teaching is a match for all but the best. Since it relies entirely on the individual teachings of artists, it fails, however, to advance the problem of proper training for an artist today, to say nothing of his education in general. Mrs. Matter's argument that Léger, Giacometti, de Kooning, Guston were able to dispense with universities, "thanks to their high degree of intelligence and curiosity," is beside the point; the function of an educator is to educate, not to hope that lack of education will be compensated for by the student's natural gifts. In the Studio School, applying paint to canvas and talking about painting are accepted as sufficient preparation for a creative response to the contemporary world. The weakness of this position is revealed in the fact that the School has found itself forced into a blanket rejection of current developments in art. "I frankly don't understand anti-art or the causes of the present scene," confesses Mrs. Matter, apparently unaware that art education means precisely to impart to art students the ability to encompass the "present scene" with critical comprehension. In her statement there are indications that she mistakes art for holiness, as when she finds offering an art student a course in commercial design as absurd as teaching a young nun the art of streetwalking. That the art student is entering upon a sacred calling is also intimated by her belief that "an artist can do *nothing* to influence his own work"—a contention that would eliminate the need for any kind of education. To make up for its innate conservatism, the Studio School, in typical art-department vanguard-mongering, has announced a seminar this summer by Buckminster Fuller on the "World Game."

Another critic of university art courses is Dan Flavin, a sculptor whose medium is fluorescent light tubes; his diatribe in *Artforum* last March, "On an American Artist's Education," was a brilliant and cruel attack—it could not have been brilliant without being cruel—on the concepts and categories of teachers responsible for university "indoctrination of students in art historical media." Flavin's article is a detailed polemic against Dr. Schuman's

the beautiful people
come to the
beautiful
palace!

Harry, Tony, Andy, Petula, Andy, Frank...and you. Just a few of the beautiful people who make this the exciting Palace it is.

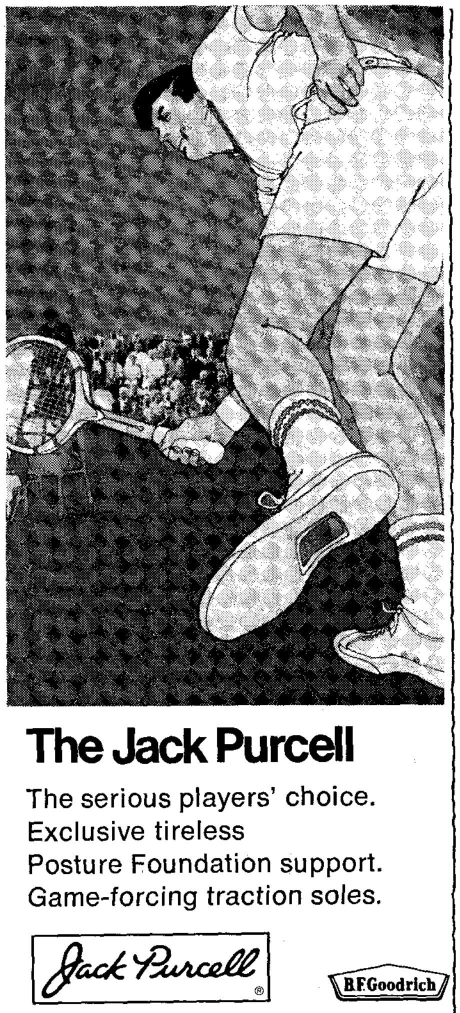
CAESARS PALACE
LAS VEGAS
WHERE IT'S AT*
*from the movie of the same name

For reservations, rates, color brochures — See any travel agent or write Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, Nevada 89109

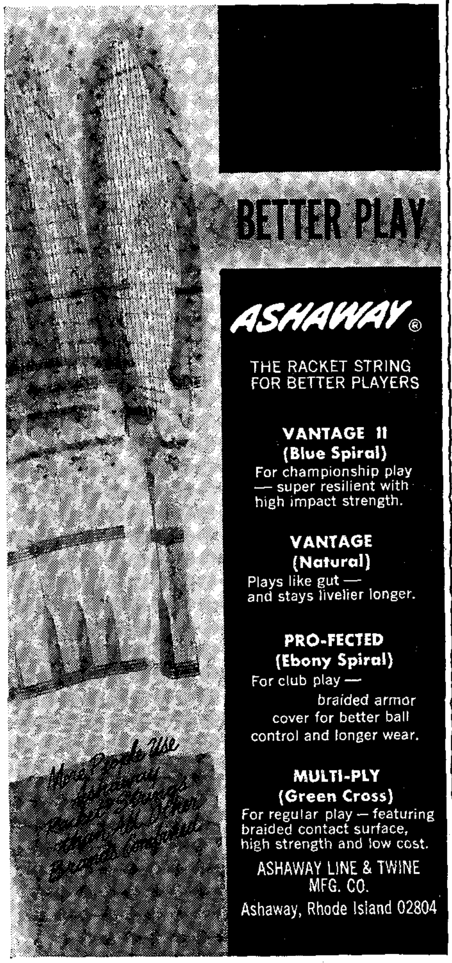
DUNBAR®
A Division of General Interiors

THE WIDE-ANGLE SOFA.
A DESIGN EXPERIENCE IN MAHOGANY, DOWN AND LINEN.

For a copy of the DUNBAR BOOK OF DESIGNS, send $3 to Dunbar Furniture Corp., Berne, Indiana.
Showrooms: New York, Atlanta, Berne, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver,
Kansas City, Miami, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle.


The Jack Purcell

The serious players' choice.
Exclusive tireless
Posture Foundation support.
Game-forcing traction soles.



BETTER PLAY
More People Use Ashaway Racket Strings Than All Other Brands Combined

ASHAWAY®

THE RACKET STRING
FOR BETTER PLAYERS

VANTAGE II
(Blue Spiral)
For championship play — super resilient with high impact strength.

VANTAGE
(Natural)
Plays like gut — and stays livelier longer.

PRO-FECTED
(Ebony Spiral)
For club play — braided armor cover for better ball control and longer wear.

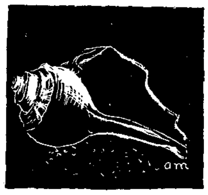
MULTI-PLY
(Green Cross)
For regular play — featuring braided contact surface, high strength and low cost.

ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE
MFG. CO.
Ashaway, Rhode Island 02804

Free "Guide to Good Courtsmanship" available on request.

art workshops manned by second-rate artists, and he seems to agree with Mrs. Matter that "a college degree in art is a certificate of the fact that its recipient has not been studying art at such-and-such a place for four years." In his opinion, university studio teaching is largely dominated by "aging refugees from the commercial art game" who deliver "trade courses such as design, lithography, or art history" (censored, he notes) to students working for degrees that will license them to transmit to others their own lack of understanding of art. By Flavin's testimony, all modes of art, from the most retrograde drawings of "humanists" to the latest avant-garde "fun things," are being taught as a technique, the sum of which will constitute an art education. Lacking unity of purpose, the mediums are taught in isolation from one another, and decisions in the art departments are determined by careerism and the struggles of factions.

Flavin's criticism is biting and realistic, but it fails to offer a new approach to university art teaching. Despite his acrimony, he prefers—in contrast to the Studio School—the human product of the university to the disorderly, intellectually groping artist of an earlier time. "The romance of days of belabored feeling," he writes, "of precious, pious, compulsively grimy studio-bound labor by haphazardly informed neurotic 'loners,' often verging on mental illness, relying desperately on intuitive good sense, is passing from art. The contemporary artist is becoming a public man, trusting his own intelligence, confirming his own informed ideas." This sounds hardheaded and forward-looking, though not exactly new; fifty years ago, the Constructivists and the Bauhaus also conceived of the new artist as a sophisticated, healthy, self-confident professional—a "public man" who, like the lawyer or engineer, confirms "his own informed ideas." It is pleasant, of course, to meet well-educated painters and sculptors instead of the farmer or artisan types to which many artists, especially sculptors, used to belong. The contemporary sculptor who inscribes instructions and a loose sketch on a sheet of blueprint paper and sends it to the foundry for execution is a man of words and mathematical symbols, a cross between a poet and an engineer, and you don't get people like that without intellectual training—I mean, as opposed to training with paintbrushes, hammers and chisels, and other messy materials. But if "intuitive good sense" is not to be relied on, it is difficult to see where Flavin's new-style artist can obtain his informed ideas except in the university. Flavin's essay is a model of that systematic packaging of artists, teachers, and art modes that prevails in college teaching. He repudiates this categorizing when it is applied to him ("no significant attempt was ever made to probe my thinking as an artist," he exclaims indignantly when a college instructor rejects his fluorescent sculpture on the ground that it is technologically surpassed by programmed lights), but he seems not to realize that "probing" another artist's thinking belongs among the habits of self-education of that old, now passé loner, and his own outlook is that of the avant-garde wing of art-department technical training.



If art teaching in the university is to be improved, the first requisite is to deal with its problems candidly and without excessive delicacy; before these problems are solved, even the most ineffective faculty member will have had ample time to live out his tenure in peace. The limits of university training of artists need to be rigorously analyzed not only by educators but by artists and others who understand the intellectual nature of art. The function of the university is to impart knowledge, but art is not solely knowledge and the problems proposed by knowledge; art is also ignorance and the eager consciousness of the unknown that impels creation. No matter how cultivated he is, every artist is in some degree a naïf, a primitive, and relies on his particular gift of ignorance. It is the undeveloped, perhaps unacknowledged areas of the mind that art counts on, even in its most rational aspects. That combination of ignorance, enthusiasm, intuition, and inventiveness cannot be put together for each member of a university course, nor is it the business of the university teacher to attempt it. Ignorance in particular is not a quality a university is equipped to supply, or even to honor.

Since it cannot teach all the elements of creation, art education must concentrate on what can be taught. This teachable matter is far more extensive than is generally supposed. An enormous volume of significant information about works of art and their mode of generation has been accumulated in this century, and the failure to open this to the student deprives him of the only currently available equivalent of the atelier. The most backward ideas in art teaching today are the idea of inspiration and the accompanying notion that the teacher need only provide the technical training needed to express that inspiration. Art as an inspired craft belongs to the pre-industrial era. The history of modern art is a history of varieties of means developed by artists artificially to induce inspiration, including the vigorous denial of any need for it. Art is a specialization, even when it is a specialization of spirit. Its data can be taught, as the data of any specialization can be taught.

In overstressing technique, both the fundamentalists and the avant-gardists in teaching mistake the nature of art in our time. Despite modern technological self-consciousness, art in the twentieth century is technical to a lesser degree than it was in the age of the potter's wheel or the maulstick. As Adolph Gottlieb has remarked, any artist with an idea will find out how to execute it; on the other hand, artists develop ideas through unfocussed playing with their medium. The basic substance of art has become the protracted discourse in words and materials echoed back and forth from artist to artist, work to work, art movement to art movement, on all aspects of contemporary civilization and of the place of creation and of the individual in it. The student-artist needs, while learning to see and execute, above all to be brought into this discourse, without which the history of modern painting and sculpture appears a gratuitous parade of fashions. What used to be called talent has become subsidiary to insight into significant developments and possibilities. In a word, art has become the study and practice of culture in its active day-to-day life. Begin by explaining a single contemporary painting (and the more apparently empty of content it is the better), and if you continue describing it you will find yourself touching on more subjects to investigate—philosophical, social, political, historical, scientific, psychological—than are needed for an academic degree.

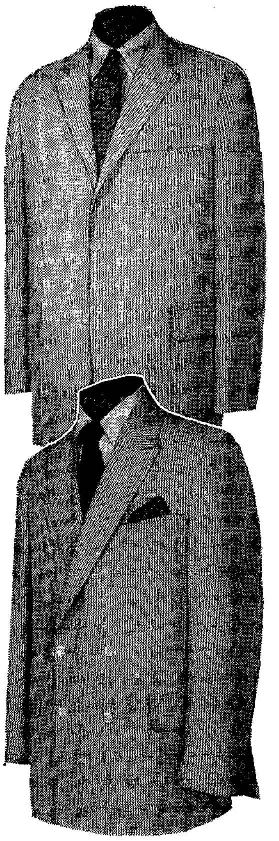
—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

AUGUSTA, Me., April 15 (UPI)—The House today rejected by a vote of 67 to 60 a bill establishing an open hunting season on moose in northern Maine for two years. The bill would have authorized the issuance of 500 moose-hunting licenses with a bag limit of one moose hunter.

—*The Times.*

One's enough for any sportsman.



J. PRESS INC.

S E E R S U C K E R S

ALL COTTON WASHABLE SEERSUCKER — the hardy hot weather refresher seems never to lose its great appeal.

GLEN CHECK SEERSUCKER JACKET
Single Breasted with center hook vent in distinctive Brown/Navy/Cream Glenurquhart $57.50

BLOCK STRIPED SEERSUCKER JACKETS
Single Breasted with lower patch and flap pockets and center hook vent in Blue & White or Gray & White $45
Double Breasted with side vents in Blue & White $50

BLOCK STRIPED SEERSUCKER SUITS
Single Breasted with lower patch and flap pockets and center hook vent in Blue & White or Gray & White $60
Double Breasted with side vents in Gray & White $65

Sample Swatches, New Brochure On Request.

SINCE 1902
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK * SAN FRANCISCO *
J. PRESS INC.

262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE
233 POST ST. SAN FRANCISCO
16 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK
COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS

THE REAL McCOY!

Our "onboard" one-suiter is strictly the real *thing* in time-saving carry-on luggage. It's crafted of choice-grained black Sealskin, double belted with chrome snap fittings and fine lock. Inside: moiré-lined divided compartments. Outside: full-length zippered document pocket. 18x13x4", it expands to twice its girth and fits easily under your airplane seat. Why settle for less? Do as Hatfield did and go for the real McCoy!

☐ Send me the "McCoy" One-Suiter. My check for $61 ($60 plus $1 post. & ins.) is enclosed. (Calif. resid. add 5%). Return in 2 wks. if not delighted.
☐ Please emboss with the following initials________I enclose $3.
Mail to: 584 Washington Street, San Francisco, California 94111

NAME
ADDRESS
ZIP

haverhill's

When in Copenhagen, do what the tourists do. Tour. See the canals, museums, clubs, buildings, arts and crafts centers. Then see Birger Christensen and tour through the world's most magnificent fur designs.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN

38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

De Busschere

Belgian Shoes

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

SABA
Baby llama calf
Cedar, Black
$60

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

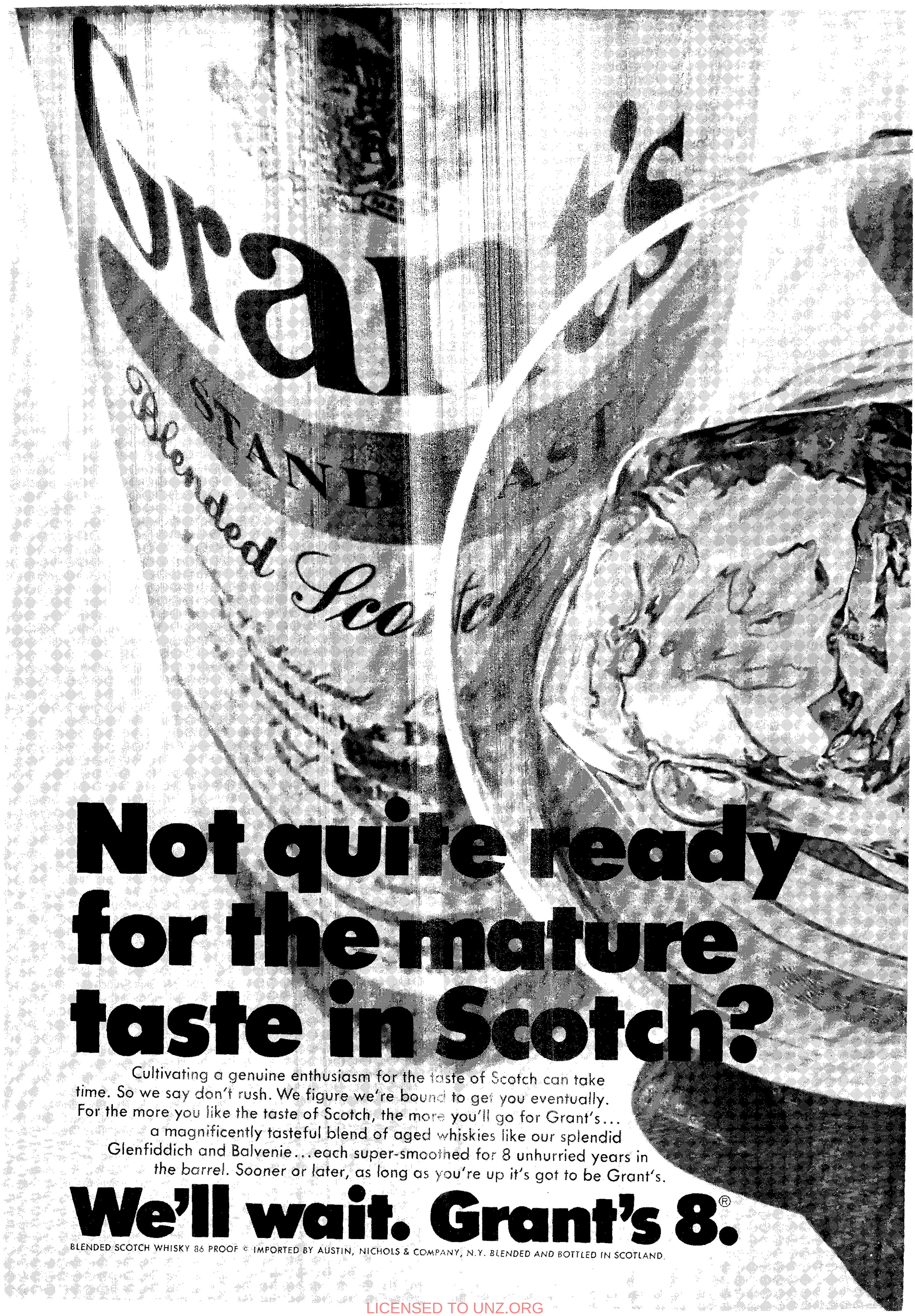
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mounting Rubbish

THE movie houses of New York seem to be in the middle of a garbage-film crisis. Sex garbage, mostly. Piles of the stuff. Nearly everyone feels that it is garbage—well, it's not that rare to be able to identify a mound of old packing crates and vegetable peelings—but so far no one seems inclined to cart it away. It is starting to collect in comically high-toned places. The manager of a Forty-second Street theatre promising "Lust!!" (some brands of hair spray are said to sell by the million because so many teen-agers believe that "lustrous" is the adjective of "lust") complained dolefully to me that Forty-second Street is doing poor business these days "because the art houses are taking away the trade." There are moments now when one seems to be living in the middle of a farce devised by some mischievously witty anti-libertarian. A producer working in the New York theatre this spring who has spent a good deal of his life battling for the abolition of censorship has got into a morose state about himself because of the difficulties he finds in dealing with a cast that rehearses naked. Not that there aren't still a few movie strongholds of the old square, clothed, perky kind of garbage (don't go to "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," at the Music Hall), but most of the rubbish is now hip, undressed, and glum. I made a try with a German film called "The Miracle of Love." No. I haven't faced "Succubus." Andy Warhol's "Lonesome Cowboys" is slightly about cowboys who feel lonesome but mostly about homosexuality, girls' gigantic chests, and problems of solipsism on the range. It reminded me that the Western form seemed to have reached a turning point a few years ago when the hero of a TV serial, after stalking down Main Street in the usual way, suddenly said in the sheriff's office that he had a headache. The invitations to screenings lately—written by publicity men detectably close to breaking point—have described one film as "an erotic fun-drama about people living amoral life-styles" and another as a love story with So-and-So as the hero and So-and-So as "his erotic obsession," about which a friend of mine said wistfully that perhaps it meant his sweetheart.

MIKLÓS JANCSÓ's wonderful film of 1965, "The Round Up," which is being shown here currently, has in it the line "One doesn't forget." The remark lodges. Jancsó's own life and career endorse it. He was born in 1921, and he once wrote, "I belong to the generation of Hungarian film directors—those who are between forty and fifty today—for whom it was perhaps the hardest to find the way to an artistic self-expression. We had come to the film, about 1945, from a great many different directions. . . . For us, politics and private life were so closely linked at that time as can hardly be imagined by people who are twenty or thirty years old today." (Not true in America or Czechoslovakia now, perhaps.) The line in "The Round Up" is spoken by an aging Hungarian peasant suspect who has been captured in 1868 by the ruling Austrians and offered freedom if he can remember how to ride well enough to lead a cavalry unit. He hasn't been on an Army horse since 1848, the year of the insurrection led by the great national statesman and pamphleteer Lajos Kossuth, who later fled to England. (The same length of time, incidentally, separated Jancsó's making of the film from the end of the Second World War. "One doesn't forget.") The old man inspects a line of horses, chooses one, and rides dazzlingly, as if it were all he had ever done. It is not the sort of skill he could lose. But in the twenty years since the great rising other things have grown confused. Kossuth's continued existence must seem ghostly by 1868, especially to farmers and rebels who have never been outside Hungary. These are men who can't read; his political thought can have survived only as bandit lore. "The Round Up" makes you subtly aware that none of the people in the film can accurately remember the days and faces of 1848, even if a lot of them have spent the years since as Kossuth's guerrillas.

A steel-jawed Hapsburg police general has been set to wiping out the wild bands of resistance fighters. He particularly wants to lay his hands on Sandor Rozsa, Kossuth's original Army leader. In a prison in the middle of one of Hungary's great plains, the Austrians have rounded up every promising



Not quite ready for the mature taste in Scotch?

Cultivating a genuine enthusiasm for the taste of Scotch can take time. So we say don't rush. We figure we're bound to get you eventually. For the more you like the taste of Scotch, the more you'll go for Grant's... a magnificently tasteful blend of aged whiskies like our splendid Glenfiddich and Balvenie... each super-smoothed for 8 unhurried years in the barrel. Sooner or later, as long as you're up it's got to be Grant's.

We'll wait. Grant's 8.®

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF © IMPORTED BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & COMPANY, N.Y. BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.

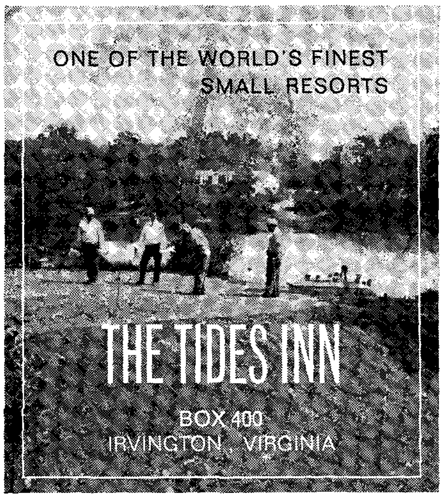
AMF ALCORT
Sailfish®
Sunfish®
SAILBOATS
12550

reaching . . . for fun

The kind of fun that brings families together. For Sailfish and Sunfish make sailing easy. So simple to rig, so easy to carry or car-top, so safe with their unsinkable, care-free Fiberglas® hulls. A new world of fun is waiting. Discover it!

AMF ALCORT | SEND FOR FREE COLOR FOLDER

AMF ALCORT DEPT NY-59 • P O BOX 1345 WATERBURY CONN 06720



Barrie Ltd.®
Moccasin Casual Mark II

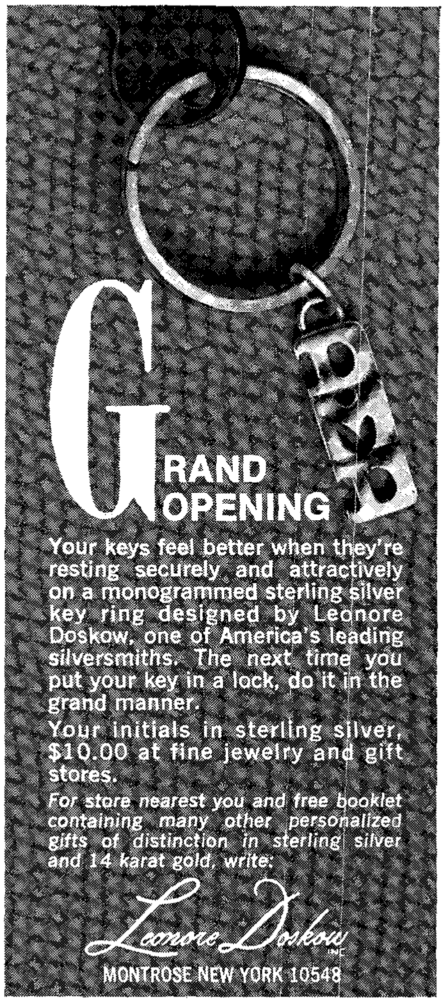
FREE 1969 BROCHURE ON REQUEST

Saddle strap genuine moccasin of soft Italian calfskin with brass horse bit trim, full leather linings, very flexible, lightweight leather soles and leather heels with rubber insert. In White ☐ Black ☐ or Brown ☐ $29.95 postpaid. *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—NEW HAVEN.*

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.

suspect they can find. Some of the jailed are peasants, muddled, canny, intent on saving their lives by whatever bargain they can strike. Some of them are the outlaws the Austrians are looking for. The Hungarians themselves often can't tell one from the other. Nor can we. Whether Sandor is actually in the prison yard, nobody knows. A young man who might well have not even been born in 1848 swears for the sake of his own life that he is capable of identifying Sandor because he poured some wine for him one evening a year ago. True? Everyone in the film may be taking part in a blindfolded game of double cross and counter-bluff. It isn't always obvious, even to us, whether the assertions and denials are for the people's side or to save an individual's skin, or whether lies are going to be less or more costly than truth, counted in expense to Hungary's cause. The high-bred Austrian police officer knows very well how to divide the men in the yard. He can leave it to the peasants' natural quisling instinct to do some of the sorting out for him, and to the betrayed guerrilla fighters to do some of his dirty work. He sets up situation after situation in which false hopes of liberty are held out in return for naming names. Peasants and resistance bandits, unable to forget the roaming freedom they have lost, commit treacheries that gain them nothing, mutter touchingly to each other in the exercise yard about crucial pieces of ignorance, and keep jolting awake to find they have only been obeying the overlord's own vicious psychological method. He can play on their confusion and on their will to live. The spectacle is modern and horribly recognizable. It is like watching a rigged trial that simply happens to be taking place in the middle of a very strange plain. One man is accused first of killing someone the Austrians want and then of being the murdered man himself; the charges should cancel out, but instead they are surreally held to double his guilt. A little later, he says, "If they can't prove who I am, they'll hang me." He will probably be hanged anyway, but he puts the thought by, for things are already too random to be endured.

Jancsó's sense of his characters' inner life burns. His intensity and composure remind me of Bresson's. As in "The Red and the White," another Jancsó film that has been playing in New York, his simple-looking account of honor and perfidy in crisis actually has the most profound comprehension of ambiguities and double meanings of all sorts. The innocent and the guilty be-



GRAND OPENING

Your keys feel better when they're resting securely and attractively on a monogrammed sterling silver key ring designed by Leonore Doskow, one of America's leading silversmiths. The next time you put your key in a lock, do it in the grand manner.

Your initials in sterling silver, $10.00 at fine jewelry and gift stores.

For store nearest you and free booklet containing many other personalized gifts of distinction in sterling silver and 14 karat gold, write:

Leonore Doskow INC.
MONTROSE NEW YORK 10548

Old English Military Buttons

Perfect touch for the gentleman's blazer. Limited Edition, hand enameled reproductions from England from hand engraved dies. Perfect for Father's Day or Graduation. Set of Buttons: 3 large, 4 small $16.50; 4 large, 4 small $19.50; 6 large, 4 small $22.50. (Postage, tax & handsome gift case incl.) *Order by mail.*

SPECIFY CHOICE **A.** Cream/Gold **B.** Navy/Dk. red **C.** Dk. green/gold **D.** Navy/Silver **E.** Antique Brass

Three piece cuff links and tie clip sets also available $12.95. Send for Free illustrated Brochure.

THE CAPTAIN'S WALK
Dept. BN517,
56 E. Walton Pl.
Chicago, Ill. 60611

downing square

THE AMERICAN STEAK HOUSE WITH THE ENGLISH ACCENT

500 Lexington Ave. (48th St.) 826-9730
SUNDAYS TOO FREE PARKING

COLONIAL INN at DARK HARBOR
Islesboro, Maine. Tel: (207) 734-2221
Gracious, intimate Inn on Penobscot Bay. Former estate right on the water. Golf. Tennis, own dock, moorings, launch facilities. Cocktail Lounge, pvt. bath accommod. Rates $16 to $26 daily on Modified Amer. Plan (European also available).
Write or call for folder.

come more and more indistinguishable. There is a crossplay between their cramped physiques and their born assumption of a right to gallop across the plains. With their heads in sacks and their hands on a circle of rope, they trudge round the yard in a grotesque slow likeness of a national dance. Violent and direct men, they are now consigned to a life of very tentatively trying to understand their confines, as if by touching walls and faces in the dark. There is a marvellously shrewd performance by Janos Gorbe as a farmer ready to accept any bargain for his freedom if only it will do him some good, which it never will. The film—in black and white—has a characterizing rhythm that gives it a peculiar calm. Jancsó often uses very long takes, intercut with shots that seem as brief and quiet as a breath: a shot of the farmer, in his black goatskin coat, standing in front of a white wall; of a father and son, invited to choose which one of them shall live and which be hanged, moving apart so that the space between them stands for their silent agreement not to do any such thing. The sound track uses the creak of the prison doors and an occasional whistle of wind over the plains and, finally, to accompany a freeze-shot of the start of a massacre, the Haydn tune that the Hapsburgs adopted as their anthem.

The nature of the film is spare but not barren. Jancsó is intensely interested in the fibre of different sorts of courage and steadfastness. He has made a film about what it is that people in extremity can hold in their heads, and his way of doing it is to flood them with light as if from the inside, not using many words. "The Round Up" is often about terror, but the style holds it back from horror, even in a scene where a naked girl has to run up and down before an obscene likeness of an honor guard, with the two lines of soldiers lashing her. The sight suddenly made me realize—maybe along with other people—why it is that the sight of the unknown naked bodies careering around stages and screens at the moment can mysteriously make you feel frightened; to anyone who remembers the films and newsreels of the Second World War these strangers without clothes summon up the concentration camps.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Vertical distance, not height, originally was the object of pole vaulting.—*Peterborough (Ont.) Examiner.*

That's the way the world is—endlessly changing.

so what else is new? this shaped knit pullover
Hathaway fashions it of soft SuPima® cotton, with a tapered body, longer point, fuller collar (perfect for apache scarves), buttoned flap pocket and deep 4-button placket. Has an international air about it. Medium blue, lime, maize, navy or white. Sizes S, M, L, XL. 12.50.

wallachs

Fine Stores for Men in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts.

Mail orders: 32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101. Add 75¢ outside Met. N.Y.

Royall Lyme
TOILET LOTION
A delightful essence scented with native limes, to be used by gentlewomen as a cologne, and by gentlemen as an after shave lotion.

The Real Bermuda Trophy.

The fabled silver piece awarded to the winner in the Newport-Bermuda sailing race is a great cup. But it's empty. Losers have often consoled themselves with flasks of Bermuda Royall Lyme. *Full.* No mere proud display, Royall Lyme refreshes face, body and spirit. Now available, duty paid, in the shops you'd expect. Next race: 1970. Don't wait for it.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 11

ADDRESSING some twenty-six hundred Republicans who had each paid (or had had paid for them) a thousand dollars for viands and oratory at the Washington Hilton this past Wednesday, the President told his fellow-diners that the Administration had reached "the end of the beginning." He chose not to confide very much about what was to follow the "beginning," nor did he explain how he could be confident that it was now at an "end," but he did say that he would henceforth make few such fund-raising speeches, because he intends to labor "with complete dedication and devotion to solving these problems"—elsewhere identified as war, crime, and inflation. This pronouncement may or may not, but probably does, reveal his present order of priorities. Picking up a familiar theme from his campaign of last year, he said, "We're going to lay it on the line with the American people. We're never going to promise something we can't produce." In the same speech, however, he seemed to be violating his own admirable injunction. "The American people," he said, "will soon begin to see the results of our programs," and he pledged his party comrades "a record you can be proud of." He spoke as a man who had little doubt in his own mind that there were many desirable things he could produce—and produce, as a first-term President must, well before the beginning of the end.

A President must, of course, emanate self-confidence—particularly one like Richard Nixon, who emanates so little else. It may be that his present state of mind—his hopes and expectations for the next two or three years—is soundly reflected in his rhetoric. Though he has often in the past seemed to be among the least secure of contemporary politicians, he has accomplished much by his own effort in recent years, and he may have come to feel that he has brought to his high office gifts of leadership and imagination that will prove adequate to what he conceives to be the largest challenges he will face. But it appears somewhat more likely that his rhetoric merely masks a deep uncertainty about his goals, and an insecurity that is not so much an aspect of character as a rational response to the predicament of the Administration he heads. His severest critics have always conceded that he has never, when counselling with advisers or explaining himself to journalists, been less than candid in facing up to his own limitations as a public man, or less than realistic in acknowledging the limitations of politics as a means of achieving order and decency in national and international affairs. So it almost has to be concluded that only bravado could have led him to say that the country would "soon begin to see the results of our programs." There can be no early results, because there are no programs—or none, at least, that are assured of safe passage through Congress and proper funding. If one excludes the revisions he has made in the budget drawn up by the Johnson Administration for the fiscal year beginning in July, there have been, in slightly less than four months, only two Presidential decisions of major consequence: he has ordered deployment of an anti-ballistic-missile system, and he has sent Congress a series of recommendations for tax reform that are as innovative as any that have been proposed by a President in the last twenty-five years. It is still far from certain that funds for his Safeguard ABM system will be approved by the Senate, and while it is expected that at least some parts of his tax program will be written into law, hardly anyone expects more than a few of his proposals to be acted on before another year has passed. Everything else has been trivial by comparison. His aides have drawn up a few plans for reorganization in the executive branch and are proceeding to apply those that do not require congressional approval. Nixon has requested new legislation dealing with organized crime. He has promised to persevere with the war on poverty and has declared a limited war on pornography. Not even the least of these—and the last is certainly the least—has yet won congressional approval.

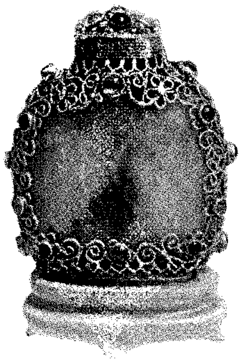
"If you don't mind, Grace, this is one decision I'd like to make myself."

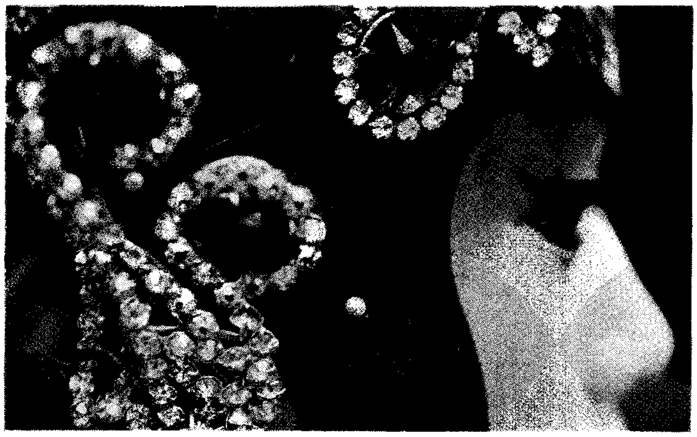
To cite the facts of inactivity is not to charge that Nixon has reneged on his campaign promises to be an "activist" President. For his failure to introduce any bold or dramatic new programs,

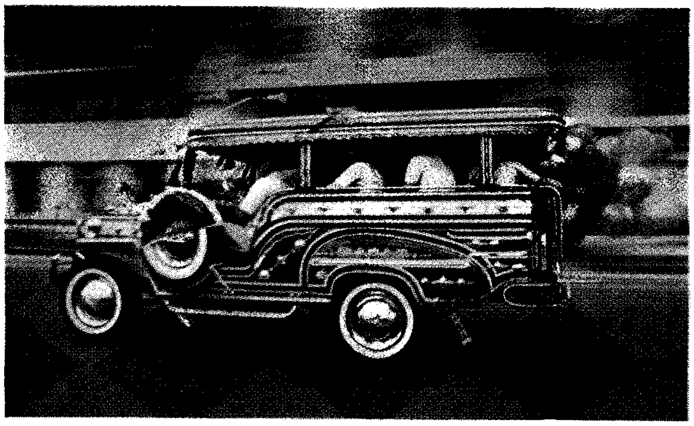
Europe was everything you imagined.
The Orient is everything you cannot.

Singapore can't be confused with Hong Kong. Bali and Bangkok are worlds apart. You won't bump into Fred and Ethel in Zamboanga or Cebu.

Philippine Air Lines' California-Orient Express can take you to more of the Orient than anyone else. And bring you back with more of it, too.







200 STOCKTON ST. at UNION SQUARE **SAN FRANCISCO**

NAME ZIP 94108

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

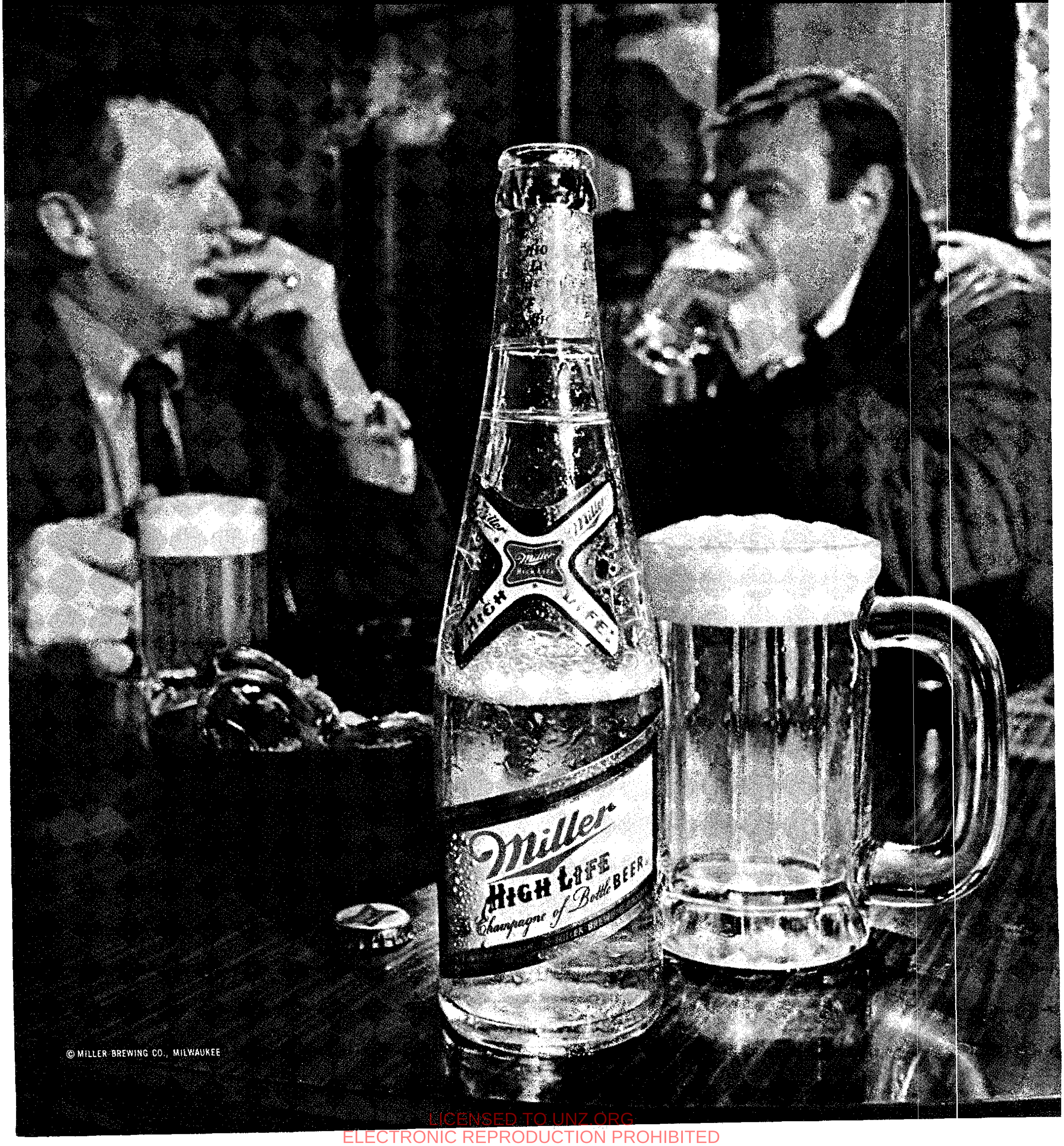
TRAVEL AGENT

☐ Here's $1 (cash or money order) for your wonderful 64-page booklet about the Orient.

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES NY 6-69

A man's world. Shiny wood, smoke, pretzels,
good conversation, and best of all, the best of all,
Miller High Life. For over six generations,
the great premium beer.

Miller makes it right!


Miller
HIGH LIFE
Miller
High Life
Champagne of Bottle Beer

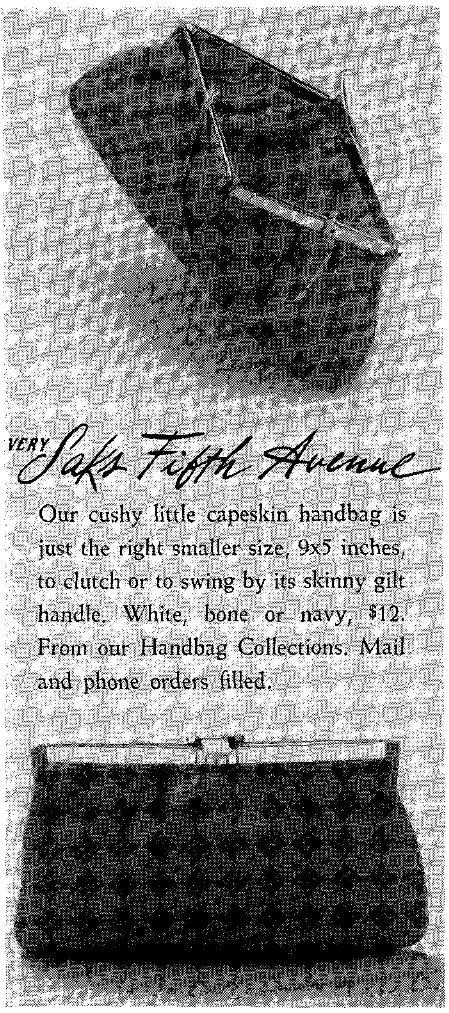
© MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

he receives—in this city, anyway—more sympathy than condemnation. It is not necessarily a sign of indifference, incompetence, or lack of political imagination for a new President—even one whose instincts are those of an activist—to make a slow and circumspect beginning. In Nixon's case, delay has been unavoidable—an imperative of the circumstances in which he finds himself. He faces an opposition Congress and commands limited authority even among its Republican members. The man who should be his leading spokesman, Everett Dirksen, seems more often than not his principal antagonist. Nixon cannot take his case to the public, for the public he currently speaks for is a minority; besides, he has as yet formulated no "case" for which he might seek broad public approval. Most of all, though, he is inhibited from action by the war in Vietnam and the disunity and disaffection it has created. In economic theory, it should be altogether possible for this country to deal with those causes of disunity that are rooted primarily in the maldistribution of wealth and power even while waging this miserable but not—in terms of mere money—unbearably expensive war; indeed, wars have often been the occasion for remedying social injustices in the nations waging them. But today, in this society, political reality negates economic theory. The disunity that can be ascribed to unjust institutions, economic or otherwise, is accompanied by a deeper discord caused by the war and, increasingly, by that revenue-eating and man-eating machine the defense establishment, which regards the war as only one of its useful enterprises. When, and if, the war is over, it may be possible for this or some other President to mobilize the political and economic energies required to deal sanely with the inequities that existed before most Americans had ever heard of Vietnam. But if anything at all is clear at the moment, it is that it doesn't really matter much whether the Administration has any "programs." It is easier by far to put together schemes for social betterment than to restore a unity that has been all but lost and to recover the sense of purpose that makes effective government possible. It could, indeed, be argued that a moratorium on legislation, if any such thing were possible, might prove beneficial in the short run, for what we are now most likely to get from our governors are laws intended to restrain and repress displays of disunity rather than to treat its causes.

EVEN when a government is doing very little, it has to pretend otherwise in order to hold up the morale of its members and to justify the existence of its propagandists. Evidently to serve both of these purposes, the Administration a few weeks ago put together a twenty-seven-page mimeographed document running to perhaps seven thousand words under the heading "SOME FIRST-QUARTER ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION: AN OVERVIEW." "The report was assembled to give Cabinet members a short recap of what was going on in areas other than their own," one of its compilers wrote to a correspondent who had expressed a wish to see it. "We are not calling attention to it, but if anybody asks for a copy, it's available." A perusal of an available copy reveals the astuteness of the decision not to call attention to it. The first two pages are devoted to the President's activities since January 20th. The first entry is headed "Progress Toward Peace," and it offers the following in the way of diplomatic intelligence:

> At Paris, in Vietnam, and behind the scenes, the Nixon Administration has pressed ahead with its first priority—to secure an honorable peace in Southeast Asia.
>
> In the Middle East, the Administration has been exercising "preventive diplomacy" to avert a major crisis in the area.
>
> In Europe, President Nixon's trip to five nations helped bring a new unity to the Western Alliance.
>
> In relations with the Soviet Union, the Nixon policy of firmness without belligerence has opened channels of communication between the superpowers.

Farther along in the report, in the section turned in by the Department of Defense, Secretary Laird is cited as having said, in connection with certain problems in his own shop, "We intend to put a lot of landfill in the Credibility Gap." But there would be no gap to fill if claims of the sort to be found in this "recap" of Presidential accomplishments were never made in the first place. It is possible that there have been some "behind-the-scenes" negotiations over Vietnam, and it is understandable and certainly desirable that the Administration should not inform the press of the sites and the substance of such talks, at least until they have been concluded



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our cushy little capeskin handbag is just the right smaller size, 9x5 inches, to clutch or to swing by its skinny gilt handle. White, bone or navy, $12. From our Handbag Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

This summer discover a mountain world

Awaiting you is a high valley ringed by 4000 foot peaks of the White Mountain National Forest in New Hampshire. Waterville Valley.

Everything you need to make your summer perfect is right here. Warm days and cool nights. 60 miles of hiking trails winding by cascades and waterfalls. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming in an olympic-size pool and special activities for children. Three handsome new inns, condominium apartments and a gourmet restaurant with cocktail lounge. All at reasonable rates and only 2½ hours from Boston.

This summer discover the mountain world of Waterville Valley. It will make a world of difference.

For reservations call or write Waterville Valley Associates, Waterville Valley N.H. 03223. Phone (603) 726-8971.

waterville valley®
NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE RICE HOTEL

You'll like Houston's traditional host

We're in the most interesting section of downtown Houston. From The Rice, you can walk (a block or two) to the burgeoning new Civic Center, Jones Hall, Old Market Square. And just down Main Street from us is the shopping and financial district. Check us out. Then we'll check you in . . . and show you why our location alone didn't make us Houston's traditional host.

Main at Texas, Houston · (713) CA 7-2111

DISCOVER THE CAREFREE LIFE!

Harborside Inn

ON THE STORYBOOK ISLAND OF

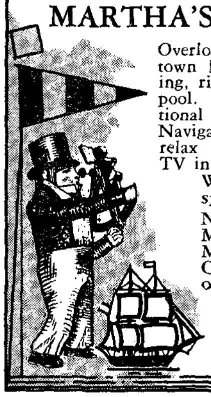
MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Overlooking picturesque Edgartown harbor. Go sailing, fishing, riding. Swim in ocean or pool. Play golf. Enjoy traditional New England fare in Navigator Restaurant. Dance or relax in Boathouse Bar. Free TV in every guest room.

Write for brochure 47 or special honeymoon folder.

NEW YORK 758-2188
MIAMI 532-6477
MONTREAL 866-3391
CHICAGO 782-1781
or see your travel agent

HARBORSIDE INN
EDGARTOWN, MASS.
02539
Tel: (617) 627-4321



PLEASE DO DANCE IN THE AISLE

BUT LET THE WAITERS THROUGH

MYKONOS

LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
SUPPER

349 W. 46 ST. (W. of Eighth Ave.) Tel. 265-1590

and been in some way productive. But no responsible official of this or any other government has yet been found who will say that he has any knowledge whatever of any "secret" or "private" or "behind-the-scenes" meetings that are taking place, or have ever taken place since the start of the Paris talks a year ago, and the general belief here, in and out of the government, is that there have been none. As for "preventive diplomacy," the adjective is public-relations redundancy, and there is no evidence that Nixon's diplomacy in the Middle East, earnest though it undoubtedly is, has been any more "preventive" or promising than anyone else's. There is no "new unity" in the Western Alliance, and if anything approaching it emerges in the near future, it will have more to do with the departure of President de Gaulle than with the travels of President Nixon. The "channels of communication" between Moscow and Washington may have widened a bit after the retirement of President Johnson, but, as in the case of de Gaulle and Western Europe, it is the retirement that may have made the difference, not anyone's "policy of firmness without belligerence." In any event, it can hardly be said that Melvin Laird has been less "belligerent" than Clark Clifford or Robert McNamara.

It seems curious that any Administration should make larger claims of success in a document intended for internal consumption than it has made before the general public. One explanation could be that it considers the problem of maintaining morale and establishing lines of policy to be of greater importance for the time being than the problem of creating public confidence. (Establishing a party line is clearly a major problem when the Vice-President can say, as Spiro Agnew did in Tulsa on Friday, "In my judgment, the war in Vietnam would be over today if we could simply stop the demonstrations on streets in the United States," and when the Attorney General can attribute student disorders to a conspiracy of "professional militants," while the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare sees them as products of the war in Vietnam, the draft, and administrative backwardness in the universities.) A more likely explanation for the disparity seems to be the simple one that the public-relations men have not yet been fully unleashed and are being kept busy with such odd jobs as this one. But that they are on the scene in considerable numbers, and presumably under the coördination of Herbert

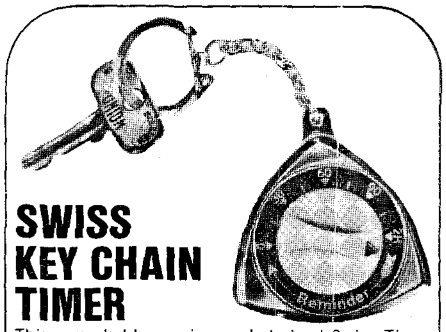
The Planter's Suit

Reminiscent of another age. Linen, cool and crisp, disciplined by crease resistant polyester. In Paul Stuart's own soft shoulder construction. White, blue or straw. $80.

at

Paul Stuart

Madison Avenue at 45th Street
New York, N.Y. 10017



SWISS KEY CHAIN TIMER

This remarkably precise pocket sized Swiss Timer will remind you of appointments, about to expire parking meters, or time to wake up from those afternoon naps. Simply set the alarm to any period up to 2 hours. When your time is up, gentle "buzzz" will alert you. Holds seven keys. Guaranteed to please or Money Back. **$5.95 ea., 2 for $11.00, 4 for $21.00, 12 for $60.00.** Add 50¢ post per order and 5% tax in California.

J.D.BROWNE
Ghirardelli Square
900 North Point
San Francisco, Cal. 94904

Jasper's

ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE

featuring
• Veal Lemonata Doré
• Fettuccine a l'Alfredo

BERE MANGIARE BENE

405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

Want to see a dramatic fade-out? Use Plus-2 on villainous weeds.

SCOTTS, the grass people

Klein, the Administration's Director of Communications, cannot be doubted. No regular bureaucrat, however refreshed in spirit by the new leadership or corrupted in mind by long service under the old leadership, could bring himself to assert, as one of the writers of this report does, that in the first weeks of 1969 "departments have been revamped to meet the needs of today"—a boast that is given the lie a few pages farther along when the reader is informed that Secretary Finch considers it one of his "top priorities" in H.E.W. to create a "sense of department." Twice it is asserted that the Safeguard ABM will "defend the deterrent that defends the peace." Only an advertising or public-relations man would be likely to come up with so felicitous and question-begging a description of what many in the Administration and outside it regard as an eight- or ten-billion-dollar invitation to disaster. And it takes a man of the marketplace, probably with some experience in promoting tourism, to cite as an accomplishment of the new regime the fact that the "Washington Monument, which has been closed two days a week, is now open all week"—if only because no bureaucrat charged with cataloguing accomplishments would be likely to know that the monument had been closed two days a week. It will take more than "landfill" to close the credibility gap.

IN the section of the report submitted by the State Department, there is a brief description of American aims in South Vietnam—self-determination, no "outside interference by anyone," peaceful resolution of political questions, etc., etc.—which is followed by the statement, "We also have to be prepared for the unwelcome contingency that the other side does not yet want to negotiate a peaceful settlement. We are not prepared to assume that the only alternative to early progress in the peace talks is an indefinite extension of our own role." The Secretary of State, who leaves for Saigon tomorrow, has used exactly this language in press conferences and in appearances before congressional committees, and while dissembling seems as often the practice in this Administration as in any other, no one here doubts that this is an honest and accurate statement of intention. It is not quite a statement of policy, though, for it commits the Administration to nothing but a negative proposition ("We are not prepared to assume . . ."). But implicit in the negative proposition is the positive one that

Produce of France
Bottled in France
Grand Marnier
Liqueur

The Spirit of Grand Marnier . . . comes alive with every sip. Grand Marnier is made from fine Cognac Brandy and the peel of bitter oranges . . . a delightful drink in a snifter . . . or cocktails, and excels in gourmet recipes. Try the Grand Marnier Sour for a new exciting drink, or Grand Marnier coffee, an elegant dessert drink. For cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free booklet.
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE / MADE FROM FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. N-5, 745 5TH AVE., N.Y.C. 10022

TO LET
FURNISHED ROOMS

A simple sign.

To us it's a commitment to provide quiet, peaceful rooms filled with quiet peaceful furniture to live in for an evening, a few days or a fortnight.

We have many fine pieces of antiques and an old-fashioned lounge where tea is served every afternoon around four.

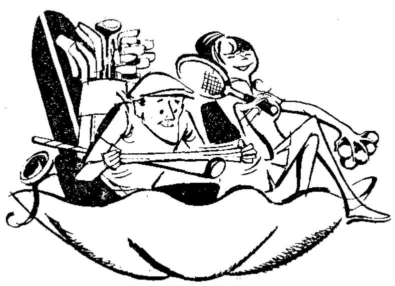
Our public rooms serve marvelous food and drink and the very atmosphere of England permeates the walls.

The gentleman who runs our hotel is an Englishman, obviously, and his staff and the concierge provide service typical of a decent London club; so good, you're completely unaware of it.

The Sheraton-Russell provides a stately bit of Empire amid the clamor of this great city. Visit with us and we will show you why there will always be an England.

We think you'll like it.

Sheraton-Russell
37th & Park Ave. Phone 685-7676
Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities. A World Wide Service of ITT



SPORTS-MINDED PEOPLE ARE

SHELLBOUND

...to La Concha, in San Juan, of course! The perfect place to stay for your Puerto Rico holiday. Watching your golf ball soar high against a vivid blue sky... an invigorating swim in the Olympic pool or enjoying the finest surf bathing right at your hotel door. Whether you're relaxing at the Cabana Club, enjoying rooftop refreshment and entertainment or savoring a delicious dinner in La Sala del Sol, the Spell of the Shell is a real champion. For a LACONCHADVENTURE see your travel agent or write:
Hotel La Concha, Sales & Reservations
551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

La Concha
Hotel, Beach & Cabana Club
San Juan, Puerto Rico

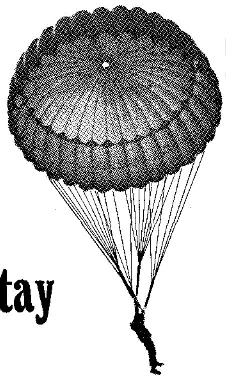
an Associated Federal Hotel; Cecil Mills, President

A New Experience in Atlantic City!

The Inn of the Three Tuns

Olde English Vittles and Potables in the tradition of the 18th Century Steak Pub. Cocktails from Noon, Dinner from 6.

SHELBURNE HOTEL
One Ton (2000) Boardwalk
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
N.Y. Free Call: 1-800-257-7908



Every time Eric is looking for a place to stay he drops in at The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

we intend to disengage at the earliest possible date even if it proves impossible to talk our way out of the war in Paris or anywhere else. The question is one of timing, and this has been dealt with by the Secretary in terms of developments in Vietnam. We will leave, he has explained, when the South Vietnamese are capable of fighting their own war. We will leave if there is a significant de-escalation by our military adversaries, particularly those from the North. Other developments, any one of which might be regarded as giving us an opportunity to excuse ourselves, have also been mentioned.

What is common to all the contingencies cited, however, is that we have no way of bringing any of them into being. We have no power—aside from the military force we have been applying and have found unavailing—to create any of the conditions that would allow us to do what our government claims to be so desirous of doing. Everything is up to the Vietnamese, North and South. We can no more compel the North Vietnamese or the Vietcong to de-escalate than we can compel them to make a deal in Paris. We can apply some political pressure on Saigon, and recent events suggest that we have been applying a good deal of it with some success, but an accommodation cannot be brought about simply because Saigon has become somewhat more accommodating. On the contrary, our efforts, when successful, may only lead Hanoi to raise the ante. We can, to be sure, supply the South Vietnamese with enough arms to keep the war going for another century, and we can—or so, at least, it is said—provide more effective training for their soldiers, so that they can continue the bloodletting without the collaboration of ours. This is the plan discussed most often and most favorably here, and it is also the plan most often described as fantasy by those who can claim expertise in the field. We have been training and supplying South Vietnamese troops for fifteen years, and the point has never been reached at which anyone has felt that they could carry on without us. We have been training our own forces for almost two hundred years, and we wouldn't be talking about Vietnam at all if our military men had found a way to win this war. Who are we, it is objected, to suppose that we can prepare and equip a South Vietnamese force to do a job that we have ourselves, aided by the same Vietnamese, been quite unable to do? We could—and in time we very well may—*say* that the South Vietnamese had shaped up and were ready to defend the motherland by themselves, but it would be a lie, and, unless what William Rogers, like Dean Rusk before him, calls "the other side" obliged by laying down its arms, it would be exposed as such before we had dismantled any of our bases.

Still, the Rogers statement stands as a firm and repeated declaration of intent, and if it is true that our government is all but powerless to bring about the circumstances in which it could be put into effect on the terms that have been set, it seems inevitable that sooner or later it *will* be put into effect, either by the coming into being of favorable circumstances or by some pretext or other, however self-deluding or hypocritical. In the last few days, there has been more hope for an eventual settlement in Paris than there has been at any time during the brief tenure of this Administration. The Vietcong have introduced a plan that seems to suggest a willingness to settle with the Saigon government on terms that might not result in that government's early destruction, and all parties are willing to consider it. It may be simply another scheme for making life miserable for Americans and South Vietnamese. No one has ever been sure that it is in the interests of Hanoi or the Vietcong to negotiate a settlement, and it is conceivable that everything that appears to be a move toward ending the war is in fact a device for prolonging it. If that turns out to be the case in this round or the next two or three, the Nixon Administration will no longer be in a position to honor the Rogers formula, even on a pretext, for that formula stipulates "early progress."

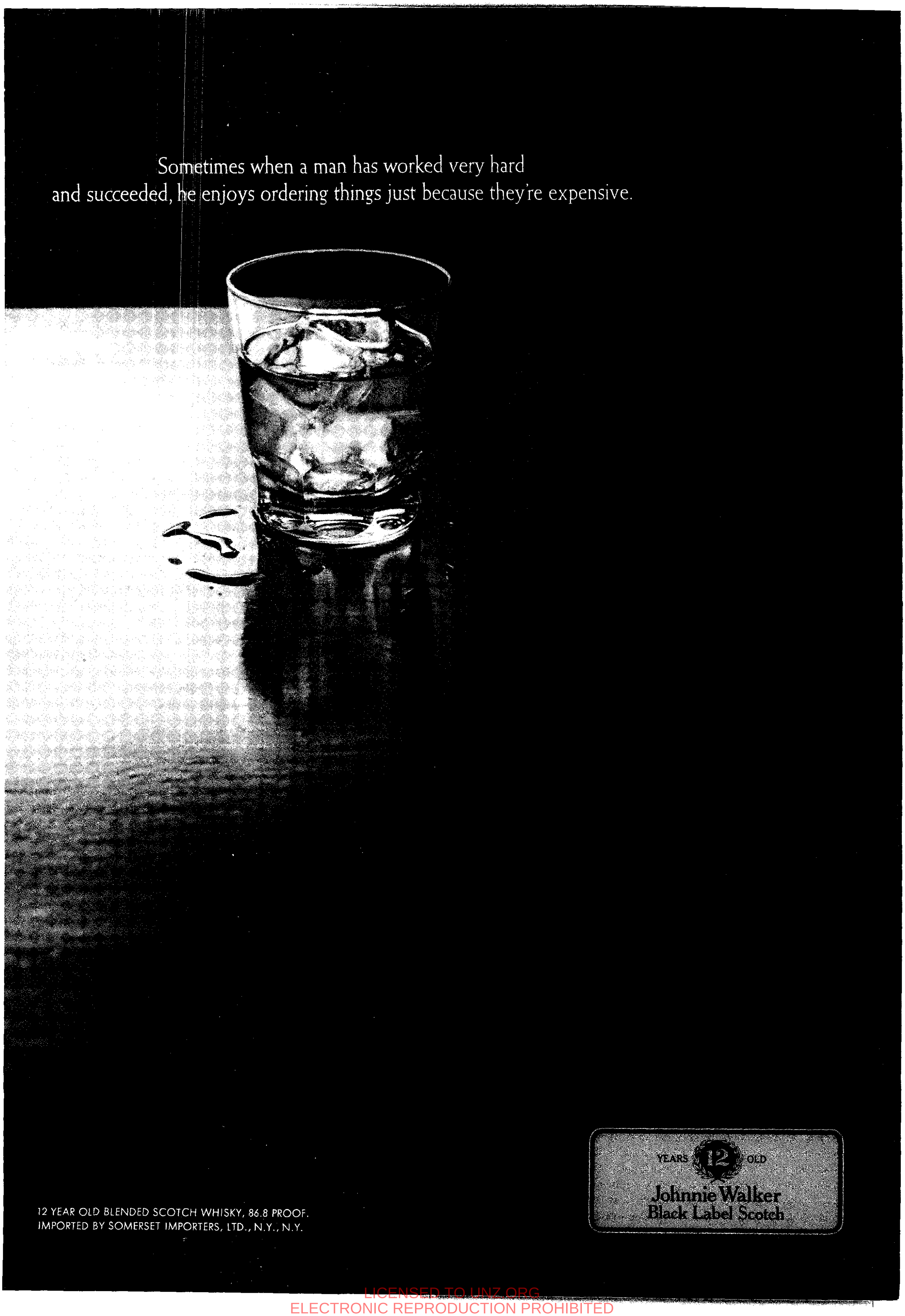
—Richard H. Rovere

•

HAPPINESS OF 6 A.M.

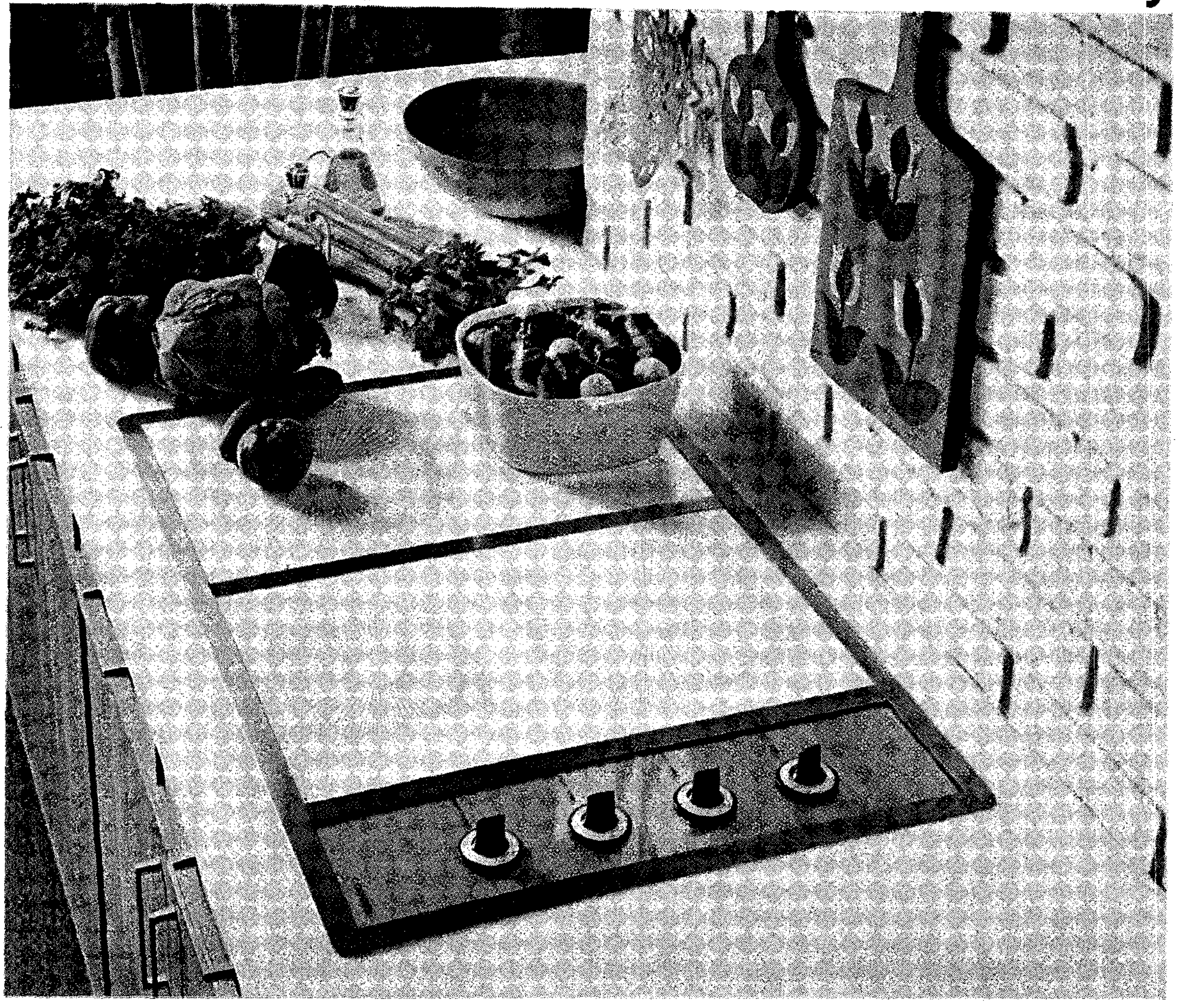
Now you come again
Like a very patient ghost,
Offering me Zen records,
A discourse on the stomach
As the seat of the soul,
Your long white neck to kiss.
The tiger's eye that is
Your favorite jewel
Shines in your hand.
Wanting to, I can't conjure
You up, not a touch.
Unbidden, you cross a thousand miles
To say, "This is the gift
I was going to give you forever."

—Harvey Shapiro


Sometimes when a man has worked very hard
and succeeded, he enjoys ordering things just because they're expensive.
YEARS 12 OLD
Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y.

The Counter That Cooks™

Corning takes cooking out of the rut it's been in for over 100 years.



No coils, burners or grease traps. In fact, no crevices or ruts at all. Instead you cook on a smooth, easy-to-clean Pyroceram® surface that brings you Counterspace Cooking. (It's sealed, so grease and spillovers have no place to hide.)

Turned off, the entire Counter That Cooks is usable counterspace. When it's turned on, it's a cooktop with four cooking areas.

The Counter That Cooks comes with a complete set of Pyroceram Cookmates. They're flat and polished to make perfect contact with the cooking surface.

This means that on any of the four thermostatically-controlled electric cooking areas, the heat is so even you may never use a double boiler again.

Like any counter, a wipe with a damp cloth cleans off most spills and spots—including cooking spatters.

That's something to think about next time you try to clean your old-fashioned stove-top.

Come to Corning's Spring Open House.

Corning appliance dealers across the country invite you to their Spring Open House. Drop by and see a demonstration of the amazing Counter That Cooks.

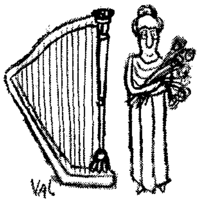
Or, if you'd like more information before visiting a dealer, contact Department 102, Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York 14830.

Counterspace™ Cooking by CORNING

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Spirit and the Flesh

MASSENET's opera "Thaïs," based on Anatole France's novel, turns up in the repertory only when there is a soprano around who not only can sing but looks beautiful practically naked in the title role. Since this conjunction of talents is infrequent, "Thaïs" is not often performed. I remember Mary Garden in the role, and a stunner she was. The Metropolitan has presented Maria Jeritza and Marjorie Lawrence as Thaïs, but not since 1939, unless I am mistaken, has the opera been performed in New York. Last Friday night, a highly professional performance of "Thaïs" was presented by a student cast at the Manhattan School of Music—so professional, in fact, that one might easily judge it by Metropolitan Opera standards, making due allowance for the fact that the old Manhattan School Auditorium, which, thank God, is being abandoned next season for the auditorium of what is now the Juilliard School of Music, is very small and can make little voices sound like big ones. Even so, the soprano who sang the role of Thaïs on this occasion sounded like a future diva of importance. She is Mary Jennings. Her voice, which is well produced, filled the place to overflowing; her figure, dressed in nothing much but a jewelled bikini with a couple of similar items covering her bosom, is youthful and pretty; her French enunciation is excellent; and she showed herself to be an intelligent actress. Her partner, the Cenobite monk Athanaël, was done quite well by Paul Aquino, a baritone of considerable promise, and the remaining principal roles—those of the Sybarite Nicias and the Old Cenobite Palémon—were sung at least acceptably. It is a pity that the conflict between religiosity and sensuality, which is the opera's theme, nowadays strikes an audience as being slightly humorous, for there is beautiful music in "Thaïs," and also a great deal of sterling operatic craftsmanship. As you probably remember, the plot concerns a pious Cenobite who decides to rescue the soul of Alexandria's most celebrated fourth-century courtesan, persuades her to follow him into the desert, and eventually puts her into a nunnery, where she dies, presumably because of her hardships during the journey, while the monk tells her that he has loved her in an "earthly" way all along. There is something very French about this conflict between love and piety, something that would have been unimaginable to Wagner, who wrote "Tannhäuser" on a theme involving what he considered to be "sacred" and carnal love. In "Thaïs," one suspects all along that the heroine follows the hero into the desert out of motives that are sensibly carnal, and Athanaël's confession at the deathbed of Thaïs is no surprise at all. The religiosity is a mere formality to which Athanaël, as a good Frenchman, adheres, and his confession at the end shows him to have been—in mind, at least—a pretty hypocritical dog from the beginning. Thus, a comic element presents itself in Act II, Scene 1, when Athanaël, confronted by the almost naked body of the great courtesan, falls to his knees and prays to the Lord to preserve him from temptation. I cannot conceive of a contemporary performance of the opera at which a few titters would not arise.



The production was extraordinarily tasteful, with semi-abstract sets by Beeb Salzer and direction by that master of French operatic style Carlton Gauld. The student orchestra, under Emerson Buckley, played better than I had ever heard it play before. Most notable of all, perhaps, was that the French diction of virtually every character was close to perfect. The Manhattan School of Music has been for some time one of our great repositories of the French operatic tradition, and I hope that under its new director, George Schick, it will remain so.

UP to last week, there had been more than a touch of British fuddy-duddyism about this season's productions of the Royal Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House. The dancers had been a joy to watch, but the scenery and a few other things had been awfully old-fashioned. I had been particularly struck by the vegetation that grew over the castle at the behest of the Lilac Fairy in "The Sleeping Beauty" and by the drab "Grand Canyon" set for the following act, which looked very much like a scene from a Wagnerian production of the eighteen-nineties. Usually, nowadays, things like the vegetation covering the castle are performed with scrim and lights. I realize that in ballet one wants

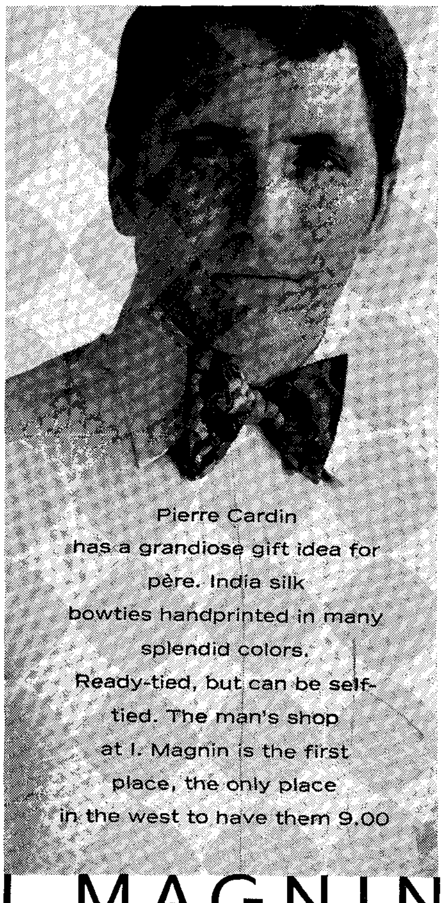
Alden
OF
NEW ENGLAND

Custom Bootmakers
Since 1884

Ivy Guild Choice

They're not loafers — they're genuine welted shoes with hand-sewn moccasin. Available in black or brown Alpine calf. Slip on or tie. At finer shops or please write.

C. H. Alden Shoe Co.
Brockton 64, Mass.



Pierre Cardin
has a grandiose gift idea for
père. India silk
bowties handprinted in many
splendid colors.
Ready-tied, but can be self-
tied. The man's shop
at I. Magnin is the first
place, the only place
in the west to have them 9.00

I. MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA · PORTLAND · SEATTLE · PHOENIX
mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to 135 Stockton Street,
San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles

When you're not in your home...

...an intruder may be

Protection of your property used to involve elaborate systems. Euphonics has changed that with its A-1 Intrusion Alarm. The unit projects an ultrasonic (high frequency) beam throughout the area you want to secure. Any intruder disturbing this pattern activates a signal device, such as lights, bells, buzzers, etc. Unlike other systems, the A-1 is fool-proof and cannot be defeated. It requires no installation . . . merely plugs into any 110 volt A.C. source . . . and this efficient security is just **$99.95!**

See Euphonics in action! Write for details and name of nearest Euphonics representative.

BOURNS Euphonics Dept. 45

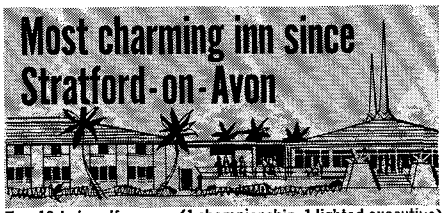
8782 SW 131 Street. Miami, Florida 33156

recent lithographs

jose luis cuevas
nathan oliveira
arnaldo pomodoro
david simpson

Hand inked and printed in limited editions, signed and numbered by the artist.

CP COLLECTORS PRESS
621 Minna St., San Francisco 94103
Enclosed is 25¢ for illustrated catalog #1E.
NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ____________
STATE ____________ ZIP ______



Most charming inn since Stratford-on-Avon

Two 18-hole golf courses (1 championship, 1 lighted executive) • gourmet wining and dining • luxurious guest rooms • meeting facilities • Scottish baronial atmosphere • open year 'round • near airports and arterial expressways. Write for brochure: Miami Lakes Inn & Country Club • Palmetto Expressway & N.W. 154th Street, Miami Lakes, Florida 33014. Dept. X

Miami Lakes Inn
& COUNTRY CLUB

to see all the dancing under bright lights. But surely, when magical transformations of scene are going on, something more imaginative is called for.

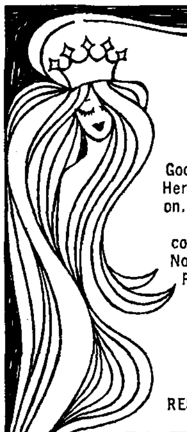
These complaints, however, cannot be levelled at "Romeo and Juliet," which turned up at the Metropolitan Opera House last Wednesday night. This is the most beautiful and absorbing full-length ballet in the company's repertoire. Much of its beauty arises from the associations that have clustered around the great myth that Shakespeare used for his play, and much, also, from the magnificent score by Prokofieff—perhaps his greatest achievement. Then there are the superb sets and costumes by Nicholas Georgiadis, which bring a glittering, brawling Renaissance to life, and the choreography by Kenneth MacMillan, which never becomes a thing of starts and stops in response to the ballet's need of arias and recitatives but remains fluent throughout, even though a lot of dancing takes place. This is the ballet equivalent of the "continuous recitative" that was introduced into opera by Wagner, and it adds no end of drama to the proceedings.

Margot Fonteyn must be getting tired of reading that she is fifty years old and that she dances like an eighteen-year-old in spite of that. I shall not press the point. Her Juliet, as before, is one of the great dramatic impersonations in contemporary ballet, and it is, besides that, a technical marvel. Rudolf Nureyev's Romeo is also a dramatic and technical exhibition of the first rank. His style of dancing is softer and more feminine than that of several contemporaries like Erik Bruhn, and that of several well-remembered dancers of the past, like Igor Youskevitch. But it is perfectly suited to the youthful role, and he performed it brilliantly. Among the dancers of the lesser roles, only a few have been changed since this production was first unveiled here. David Blair is no longer with the company; Kenneth Mason is now the Mercutio, and a very fine one. Desmond Doyle was a menacing Tybalt, as before. Robert Mead was excellent as Benvolio, a role originally danced by Anthony Dowell. Derek Rencher made a perfect Paris—perhaps a left-handed compliment, since the role consists mostly of posturing—and Keith Rosson has always done the solo in the Mandolin Dance spectacularly. Deanne Bergsma, dancing one of the three Harlots, fell and turned her ankle (Christine Beckley stepped instantly and very professionally into her place). I am informed that Miss Bergsma's

Where the fun is all year 'round

In Canada's finest mountain-and-lake setting enjoy swimming in heated pools, golf, riding, boating, tennis. Plus superb international cuisine, gracious accommodation, matchless service.

THE HARRISON
a Distinguished Resort at
Harrison Hot Springs, British Columbia.
In the East
Represented by Robert F. Warner Inc.



Let your hair down, your Ladyship.

Godiva would have loved Hotel Hershey, even with her clothes on. Tis so restful and relaxing. Luxurious, completely air-conditioned accommodations. Noble service. Lordly repasts. Putting green. 5 superb golf courses. Pool. Tennis. Bowling-on-the-green. Woodland paths and riding trails. Come let your hair down and discover—it's ONE OF THE GREAT RESORTS OF NORTH AMERICA!

HOTEL HERSHEY
Hershey, Pennsylvania
For reservations: **ROBT. F. WARNER, INC.**
New York: 586-4500 • Washington D.C.: 737-2440
Chicago: 939-1040 • Boston: 523-4497

What makes San Francisco women so attractive?

Hubert Braun Manfred Pohl
les coiffures *internationales*
445 sutter st., san francisco

TOM'S **Shangri-La**
Res. MU 3-0996
237 Madison Ave.
near 37th Street

CANTONESE & MANDARIN COOKING
3 private rooms for meetings & parties
Ample parking after 6 P.M.

injury was slight and that she is expected to resume dancing this week.

AT last Thursday night's Philharmonic concert in Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein presented his own "Jeremiah" Symphony, which has always seemed to me to be his finest work in this form. The soloist in the last movement was Jennie Tourel. This work is a sincere one, following, with allowances for the composer's individual style, the Jewish national tradition created by Ernest Bloch a couple of generations ago. It is eloquent of the sharp tension between righteousness and evil which is one of Judaism's most important gifts to the world, and its last movement, sung by Miss Tourel in Hebrew, is very moving. Now, I doubt that I have used the words "very moving" in reference to a contemporary composition in many years. What makes this last movement so, aside from Mr. Bernstein's unquestionable mastery of the technique of composition, is the fact that the movement has a profound mythological content. Music without myth seems to be purely a technical exercise, and that is, I think, one of the reasons contemporary music is in general so devoid of interest. Sitting in a university music department making funny noises on an electronic mixer or fiddling with the endless mathematical permutations of the twelve-tone system is not enough. Mr. Bernstein has, in the "Jeremiah" Symphony, created a composition that may well live beyond the present century.

The concert began with Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 6, in B Flat Major, which would have received a finer performance if the intonation of the strings had been more scrupulous. (I don't mean the tuning up; I mean all those F sharps that should be higher than the G flats, and don't write me that the B-Flat-Major Brandenburg contains no F sharps. I am making a general statement.) The evening ended with Schumann's Second Symphony—the one with the supreme Adagio Espressivo—performed with care and taste.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

New York Notes

APRIL 22ND: Richard Gibson is a hefty, shrewd, funny, well-to-do forty-three-year-old former investments wizard and a philanthropic lover of jazz whose chief business now is trying to get the so-called World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart on its artistic and financial

IMPORTED
TEQUILA
Mariachi
XICO

The Sangrita Mariachi. It makes Bloody Mary just another tomato.

Before there ever was a Bloody Mary, there was a Sangrita. Tequila Mariachi matches it to north-of-the-border tastes: 3 oz. tomato juice, dash of Tabasco & Worcestershire, the juice of a half lemon and 1½ oz. of Tequila Mariachi. Salt and pepper to taste.

Tequila Mariachi-tequila for gringos.

Imported Tequila · 80 Proof · Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

Bonbel is a kindof.

A totally different kind of cheese. The way brie is. Only when you buy the cheese called Bonbel do you get cheese that tastes like Bonbel. Get to know this smooth, imported cheese. It's the only one of its kind. And you'll find that it's kindof special.

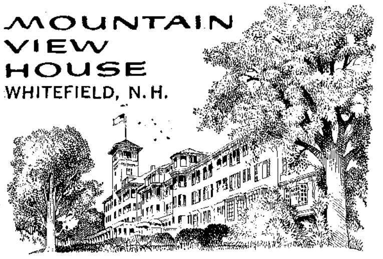
Send for our free new cook-booklet:
N. DORMAN & CO., INC., Dept. 120,
73 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y., 10013

IMPORTED
DORMAN'S
BONBEL
SEMISOFT CHEESE
NET WEIGHT 8 oz

Pierre Cardin

Wide, wide ties are back!
With the high spirit of now
dominating color-mad neckwear. A 5″
width of hand-loomed Indian silk,
shaped and printed by Cardin. 12.50.
From a collection in our Men's Shop.

ROBINSON'S
Los Angeles 90017


MOUNTAIN
VIEW
HOUSE
WHITEFIELD, N.H.

In the heart of the White Mountains

Gracious hospitality in the tradition of the Dodge family for four generations. Congenial guests enjoy swimming, golf, tennis, entertainment, movies, and dancing. Cocktail Lounge. Fine food. 185 rooms.

Frank Schuyler Dodge, Jr., Manager

SEASON BEGINS JUNE 25TH

A sitting in
black and white
plus six glossies,
only $47.50.
Color from $150.

Fabian
Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

feet. He and Lawson and Haggart are the "owners" of the band, which is set up on a coöperative basis. It included, as of tonight, Lawson and Billy Butterfield, trumpets; Bob Wilber, soprano saxophone and clarinet; Zoot Sims, subbing for Bud Freeman on tenor saxophone; Lou McGarity and Carl Fontana, trombones; Ralph Sutton, piano; Haggart, bass; and Gus Johnson, Jr., drums. The band is winding up an eight-week stand at the new Downbeat, at Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, and late last year it was formally launched during a five-week stay at the Riverboat. Gibson has underwritten a significant amount of the band's costs at both places, and in the next couple of years he is prepared to sink an even more significant amount into the vision of which the band is only a part. "It's an absolute necessity that this band succeed," he says. "I can't build on a loss. But I'm a natural moneymaker. There's no way for me to succeed and not make money, and there's no way for me to make money and not succeed. Once the band turns the corner, some of its profits will spill on me. But first I want these jazz musicians to make some money. Jazz has failed too many times, for the wrong reasons." Gibson's vision includes the eventual formation of two totally different bands, as well as a plan that he refuses to disclose at the moment. "Look what happened when Walt Disney announced his 'Alice in Wonderland,'" he says. "Somebody else beat him to it, and his version was, I think, the only movie he ever lost money on." Gibson is convinced that if his vision crystallizes, the course of jazz will be changed.

Not surprisingly, the World's Greatest Jazz Band isn't, but it is, within its pepped-up Bob Crosby scope, very good. The arrangements are all by Haggart, and they are a fluid mixture of written and improvised ensembles, solos, and—refreshingly—improvised duets. The materials include old-hat numbers ("Come Back, Sweet Papa," "Fidgety Feet"), swing standards ("Avalon," "After You've Gone"), and the up-to-date ("Sunny," "Mrs. Robinson," "Ode to Billie Joe"). The band has the shout and texture of a big band and the agility of a small band. When I first heard it, a couple of weeks ago, it was having a raggedy night: Butterfield didn't solo at all, Freeman and McGarity chugged, and the ensemble work was *bleu.* Tonight was totally different, and the presence of Sims may have had a lot to do with it. His brimming, long-lined eloquence was everywhere, and he was particu-

Uncrowded

. . . yet you are only
100 miles from the city

A leisurely round of golf on our uncrowded 27-hole course is just part of the fun at Buck Hill. High in the picturesque Poconos, The Inn is only a pleasant drive from New York or Philadelphia. Horseback riding, tennis, lawn bowling and other activities in season.

Reservation Offices: New York: 30 Rockefeller Plaza W. (212) 245-5620, In Philadelphia: (215) 922-2180.
Special Golf Package Plans

BUCK HILL
INN & GOLF CLUB
BUCK HILL FALLS • PA.
TELEPHONE (717) 595-7441

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 Ci 7-7300

Le Restaurant
Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6 5950

BULOVA
SNORKEL
AUTOMATIC
WATERPROOF
666 FEET
5
10
15
30
45

This Bulova Oceanographer
is brought to you fresh
from 666 feet underwater.

Before it leaves the factory, every single Bulova Oceanographer Snorkel is tested under 666 feet of water pressure in our special pressure tank, where it stays "down" a minimum of five minutes.

It goes from the tank straight onto a hotplate for another torture period. If even the least bit of moisture gets in, it shows up as fog on the crystal.

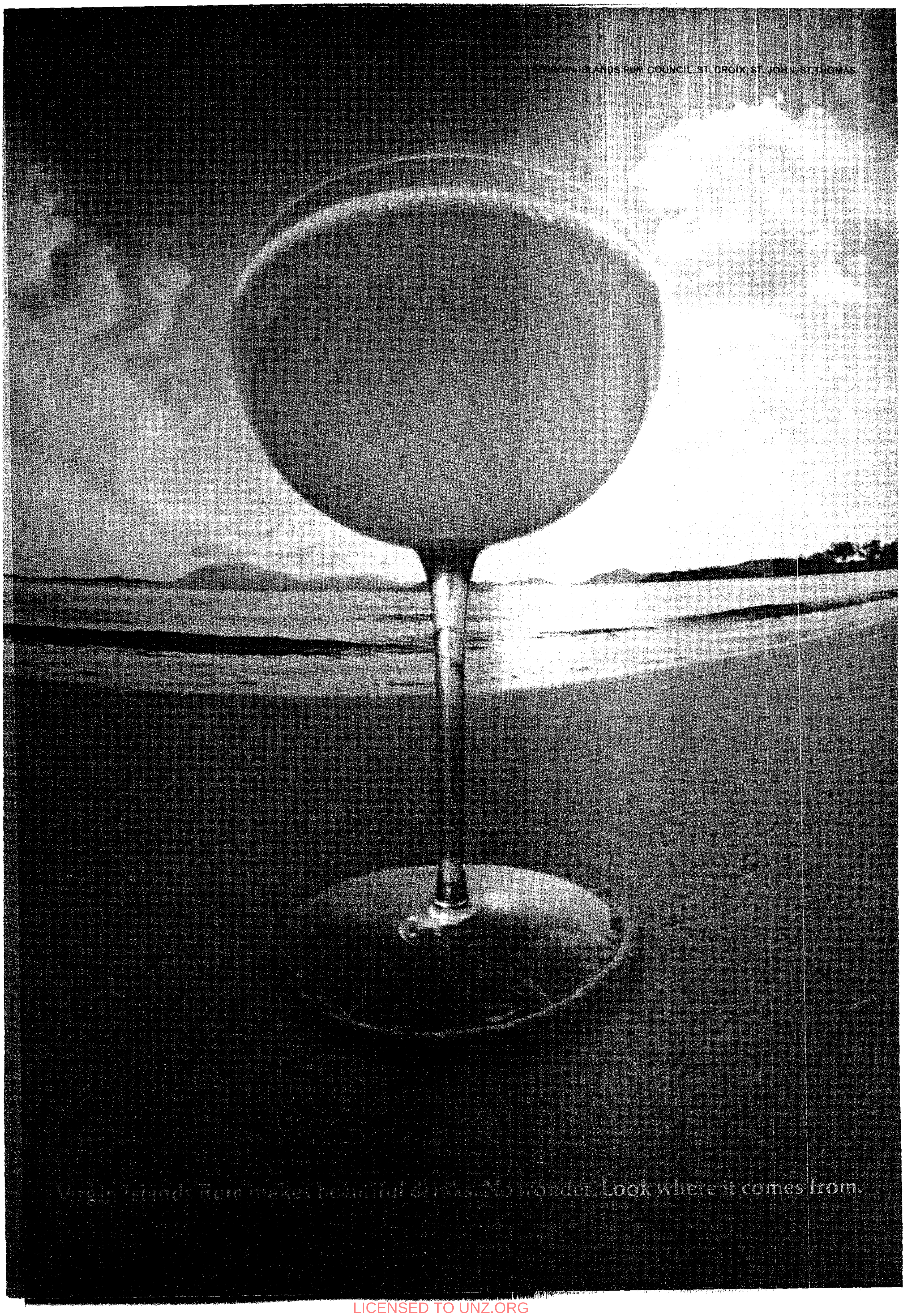
So in testing the Snorkel's water-resistance, we learn how it stands up to dust and desert heat as well.

Bulova Oceanographer watches must pass other tests. A drop test for shock.

A final check to see if the knocking around has caused it to vary more than 60 seconds in 24 hours. If it has, we go back and start over.

An ordinary watch would never make it through the tests a Bulova Snorkel has to pass before we'll call it new.

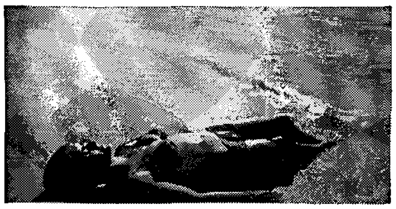
Oceanographer "G" 17 jewels. $95.00. Bulova Oceanographer Collection at fine jewelers and dept. stores. Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan, London, Pforzheim, Hong Kong. 1969.


U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS RUM COUNCIL, ST. CROIX, ST. JOHN, ST. THOMAS.
Virgin Islands Rum makes beautiful drinks. No wonder. Look where it comes from.

larly affecting in "Mrs. Robinson." Butterfield, who is a trumpeters' trumpeter, was in good, fussy form, and Fontana, an excellent bravura trombonist and a graduate of the Stan Kenton foundry, was superior. But perhaps the most inspirational news about the W. G. J. B. is Bob Wilber, who in the past year has developed an impassioned and original style on the soprano saxophone that comes close to matching the melodic affluence of his old teacher, Sidney Bechet. Most good jazz musicians start faltering at forty; Wilber stopped faltering at forty. The Gibson package at the Downbeat has other surprises. Also on hand are Maxine Sullivan, elfin and gray-haired and beautiful and in perfect, miniature Billie Holiday voice, and Joe Venuti, the wild, irrepressible seventy-year-old violinist, whom Gibson tracked down a year or two ago after a long search. (Venuti stories are legion, and one of the best that Gibson tells has to do with a drummer who walked out on Venuti one night years ago. Venuti's revenge was ingenious. He filled the drums left behind with sand and shipped them to the drummer collect. The bass drum alone weighed six hundred pounds.) Most impresarios who have marketed jazz have been businessmen disguised as aficionados. Gibson is both.

MAY 5TH: Tap dancing isn't "the art of walking raised to a baroque magnificence" (the *Times*, April 15th), any more than a cathedral is a glorified rock, but it is jazz music exhilaratingly translated from the abstract into concrete human form. The offspring of the marriage of jazz and the old clog dances, tap dancing has long been hounded by irony. When it was a staple in vaudeville, it was taken for granted as just another example of those picturesque gifts Negroes are—ho-hum—born to. It was fun to watch, and taking lessons at the age of eight was the thing to do. Then, twenty years ago, it went underground, and almost automatically it became an art, whose proponents were celebrated by being offered jobs as bellhops and elevator men. But this art survives, and every so often it surfaces. For the past four or five Monday nights, ten or so dancers have been gathering at the little Bert Wheeler Theatre in the Hotel Dixie, on West Forty-third Street, and they will appear every Monday through June, with the exception of May 19th. Present tonight were Chuck Green (around whom the evening is loosely built), Lon Chaney, Big Rhythm Red, Sandman Sims, Raymond Kaalund, Bert and Sandra Gib-

Both on the beach in St. Croix.



Just 8 seconds from our magnificent pool to our tropical beach.

Stay where grapetrees grow on a gentle slope by the sea. Where cool tradewinds keep the temperature under 89°. Our 1,000 acre estate offers air-conditioned cabana rooms, suites and cottage-style units. Tennis day and night. Splash in for water sports. Sail off on our Trimaran-sloops to Buck Island. Dine in the easternmost restaurant under the U.S. flag. Dance under stars. And wake up to another wonderful day.

Grapetree Bay
Hotel and Cottages
St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands

See your travel agent or: Hetland & Stevens, Inc., (212) TN 7-1450. Other offices: Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami, Toronto, Fort Lauderdale.

Just 8 steps to the beach from your air-conditioned lanai suite and patio.

Where the sun shines and the moon beams on plenty of action. Informal and fun. Cool tradewinds keep you comfortably under 89°. You're away from it all but on the edge of everything. Swim in the surf or pool. Snorkel along the reef. Fish from our pier or on the deep blue sea. Sail to Buck Island. Rent a sedan or jeep. Try a Coconut Daiquiri. Dance non-stop to a scratchy band. Here's how. Here's where.

THE BEACH HOTEL
OF ST. CROIX
U.S. Virgin Islands

See your travel agent or: Kermit & Morrow, Inc., (212) OX 7-7570. Or Hetland & Stevens, Inc. in Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami, Toronto, Fort Lauderdale.

If you could see the people CARE feeds...

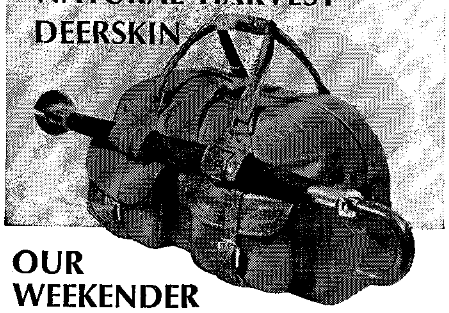
...you wouldn't need coaxing. Mail a check.

CARE Food Crusade, New York, N.Y. 10016

WALDORF-ASTORIA
Diana Ross & the Supremes
(MOTOWN RECORDING ARTISTS)
MAY 14-31
EMPIRE ROOM
Two shows nightly (except Sunday):
9:15 and 12:00. Continuous dancing.
Res.: Call Camilo (212) 355-3000
TRINI LOPEZ • JUNE 2-21

Takeda's JAPAN ROOM
Sukiyaki Cooked at Table
Tatami Room
Lunch Cocktails Dinner
58 West 56 Street JU 2-6153

VERY LIMITED EDITION* out of Spain
NATURAL HARVEST DEERSKIN



OUR WEEKENDER

Handmade by a family of traditional saddlemakers. Natural tan Spanish deerskin prepared in the old world manner. No artificial graining or coloring. Soft, supple, practically indestructible. The older it gets, the better it looks! Fully lined main compartment 20"x9"x12" high holds folded clothes, laundered dress shirts. Big, useful gusseted side-pockets each 6"x7". Detachable cuffs & straps carry rods, umbrella, camera tripod. Girth strap holds blanket, raincoat.

*Only 25 Weekenders Available Per Month

$98.50 add $1.90 Post.

Note: Umbrella shown is our famous English SOMEBRELLA. Handles fold out to form a seat. $29.95 add $1.50 Post.

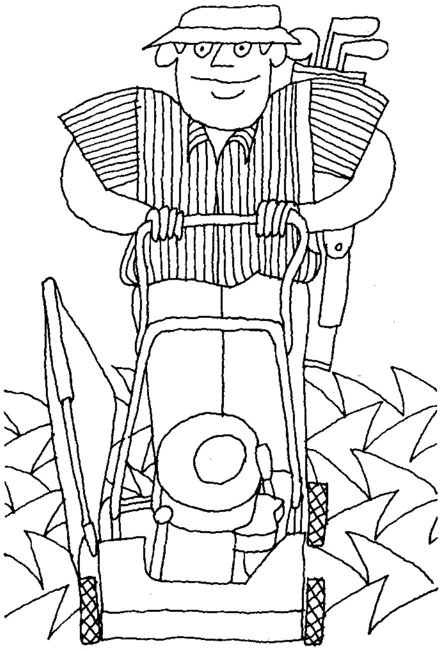
Satisfaction Guaranteed • N. Y. Residents Add Tax

Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Showroom or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022

The Pennsylvania 767R Self-Propelled Rotary. Very considerate mower. Wouldn't ask you to do a thing it can't do for itself. Does the pushing for you. Makes starting and height adjustment childishly simple. Manicures 21″ at a time so you won't linger over the lawn too long. Visit your favorite dealer or write for our brochure.

The lawnmower for people who hate to cut grass.



Pennsylvania LAWN PRODUCTS, INC.
1010 West Main Street, Waynesboro, Va. 22980

SINCE 1877

In June, we'll give you the moon, the sun, the stars, and an outrageous view of Montego Bay.

Upper Deck

Admiral Nelson was here in 1782 Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

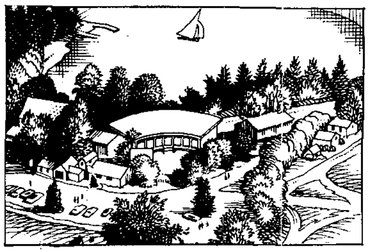
The newest resort in Montego Bay, Jamaica.

See your Travel Agent, or Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020. (212) JU 6-4500. Offices also in Boston, Chicago, Washington, D.C., Miami and Toronto.

BROADWAY JOE
"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"
open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
315 W.46 ST.NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

son, Letitia Jay (who is the show's "coördinator"), and two younger dancers, Jimmy Slyde and Jerry Ames. It was a funny, disjointed evening. Miss Jay and Sandra Gibson lumbered on and off the stage, Derby Wilson (a retired dancer) told vaudeville jokes ("I just saw a cross-eyed woman tell a knock-kneed man to go straight home"), Green reminisced, Gibson was a deafening m.c., and the accompanists—a pianist and drummer, augmented midway by the trombonist Matthew Gee—often operated on their own rhythmic frequency. But there were glistening moments. In the first half of the evening, Kaalund, wearing a rumpled felt hat pulled down over his ears, did a drunken, barely audible soft-shoe. His shoulders, his stomach, and his feet all went in different directions, and he looked as if he were dancing against a high wind. Sandman Sims placed a low, small circular platform on the stage, and, sprinkling sand on it, did the Sand, his body bent and his feet scraping slowly around and around and producing sounds that fell somewhere between wire brushes and a steam engine starting up on wet tracks. The second half of the program was a simulated "cutting" contest, in which Chaney, Sims, Rhythm Red, Ames, Green, Slyde, Gibson, and Kaalund each took several solo choruses, some accompanied and some not. Chaney began with the Paddle and Roll, which was full of heavy Baby Laurence steps, terrific kicks, and two-ton slides. He was followed by Kaalund, simultaneously dancing and skipping rope. Ames, who is a Donald O'Connor–Gene Kelly type of dancer, floated rapidly back and forth across the stage, throwing in flamencan steps and ballroom-dancing spins. Rhythm Red, an enormous man who moves like a graceful truck, was followed by Gibson, who did fast, complex "wing" steps, and by Sims, whose legs at one point resembled calipers being quickly opened and closed. Jimmy Slyde has learned a lot from Bunny Briggs and Baby Laurence, and he whipped around the stage like lightning, demonstrating great speed but no real style of his own. Then Chuck Green, a tall, Lincoln-like man, pulled the rug deftly and simply out from under his colleagues with two slow, staccato choruses of blues; each step was crystal-clear, his rhythms were locked perfectly in place, and his movements were as effortless as air. Baby Laurence, who is probably the best living tap dancer, considers Green the best dancer *he* has ever seen. Go and see for yourself. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

Beauty Spot of the Champlain Valley



Opening June 14th

The secluded Basin Harbor Club, nestled on the lovely eastern shore of Lake Champlain, offers a great deal for the entire family: 18-holes of unhurried golf, tennis, all water sports, fine fishing, a new temperature-controlled pool, a supervised children's playground and delicious food in abundance for all. A friendly welcome awaits you from the Beach family, owners since 1909.

For reservations and information: New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, Telephone (212) LT 1-6595.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

Robert H. Beach, Manager

VERGENNES • VERMONT

Sun Luck RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.

Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities

- IMPERIAL, 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
- GOURMET, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
- EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
- QUEENS, 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
- SUNNYSIDE, 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328
- FLUSHING, 144-08 Northern Blvd. (At Parsons Blvd.) 445-1144

STRAPARAMA®
has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.
We KNOW we are doing something right!
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

HOTEL Meurice
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations. Singles from $13.50. Doubles from $20.00. Suites from $22.00.
Air Conditioned
212-247-7440

BOOKS

Dresden and Dunedin

Kurt Vonnegut introduces his seventh novel, "Slaughterhouse-Five" (Delacorte), apologetically, calling it a failure. Coming from most writers, an apology like that would be inadequate; a writer can always take a vow of permanent abstinence from writing, and there *is* a shortage of cabdrivers. Mr. Vonnegut's penitential gesture is objectionable because it implies that he might have succeeded in solving a problem that he properly represents as insoluble. In 1945, a German prisoner of war, he lived through the American and British bombing of Dresden, in which a hundred and thirty-five thousand people died—nearly twice as many, he notes, as were killed by the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, whose devastation was at least officially honored by a Presidential announcement. "Slaughterhouse-Five" is Vonnegut's tribute to the strain imposed on his conscience by the fact that he survived, and by his increasing awareness, since the war, of the scope and variety of death. The vibrant simplicity of the book to which he finally surrendered his emotion makes his apology seem disingenuous, like Alexander the Great putting himself down for not dedicating his life to untying the Gordian knot. Besides, any book that is touted as a "masterpiece," "long-awaited," and "twenty years in the making" can't be all bad if it turns out to be just a neat hundred and eighty-six pages long.

Acknowledging the rich past and the bright prospects of death, Vonnegut cuts through his prodigious obsession with calculated diffidence, offering a lament and a protest in the disguise of a fable with no moral. To account for his show of coolness, he invents an alter-planetary civilization called Tralfamadore, in which all events, including death, are perceived simultaneously rather than in succession. The hypothetical consequence of such a mode of perception is the ability to focus exclusively on pleasant moments and to be indifferent to the unpleasant ones, such as death. The evangelist on Earth of the Tralfamadorian doctrine is a character named Billy Pilgrim, whose war experience matches Vonnegut's own and whose fortuitous encounter with the Tralfamadorians produces the catchphrase that Vonnegut uses to mark each reference to death in the book:

> "When a Tralfamadorian sees a corpse, all he thinks is that the dead person is in bad condition at that particular moment, but that the same person is just fine in plenty of other moments. Now, when I myself hear that somebody is dead, I simply shrug and say what the Tralfamadorians say about dead people, which is 'So it goes.'"

The inanity of the phrase suggests how futile it is to try to discover an appropriate response to either a single death or a hundred and thirty-five thousand. Vonnegut exploits it shrewdly, counting here and there on the reader to resist pure fatalism, and elsewhere depending on the reader's fatalistic sense of humor:

> And Billy had seen the greatest massacre in European history, which was the fire-bombing of Dresden. So it goes....
>
> A German soldier with a flashlight went down into the darkness, was gone a long time. When he finally came back, he told a superior on the rim of the hole that there were dozens of bodies down there. They were sitting on benches. They were unmarked.
>
> So it goes....
>
> So Billy uncorked it with his thumbs. It didn't make a pop. The champagne was dead. So it goes....
>
> They were going to discuss whether the novel was dead or not. So it goes....
>
> "How—how *does* the Universe end?" said Billy.
>
> "We blow it up, experimenting with new fuels for our flying saucers. A Tralfamadorian test pilot presses a starter button, and the whole Universe disappears." So it goes.

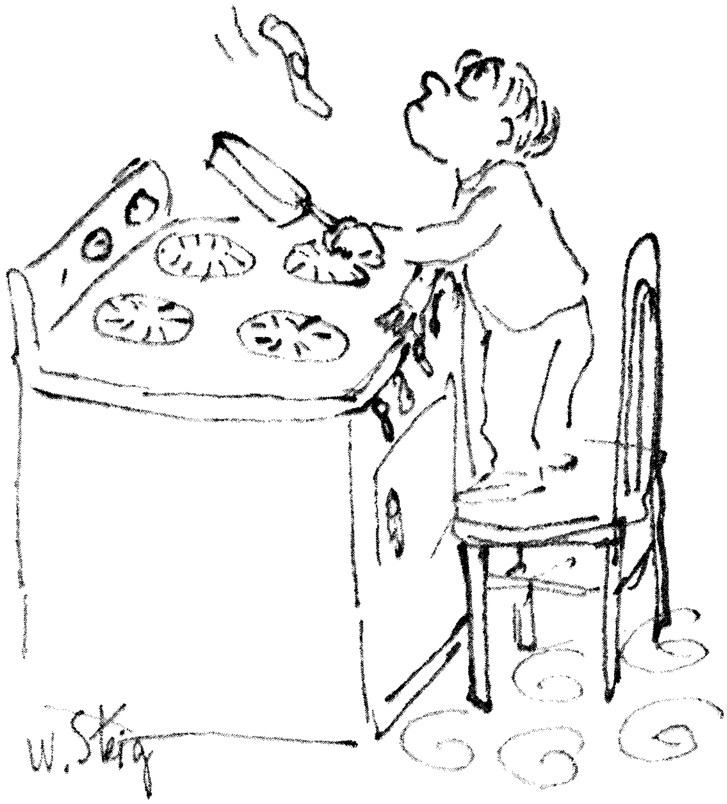
In the opening chapter, Vonnegut vouches for the truth of the Second World War characters and incidents in "Slaughterhouse-Five" and then proceeds to demonstrate, by exchanging feeling for outer-spatial detachment, how outrageous the truth is. Under cover of the bland narration, the facts and the science fiction are equally plausible, but blandness gives characters like the crazy colonel and the forty-year-old ex-hobo an edge over the Tralfamadorians, who are, after all, green and shaped like plungers. Vonnegut concedes the difference, in effect, by interrupting the story of Billy Pilgrim twice to say, "I was there."

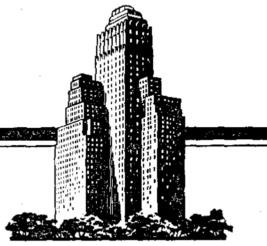
The short, flat sentences of which the novel is composed convey shock and despair better than an array of facts or effusive mourning. Still, deliberate simplicity is as hazardous as the grand style, and Vonnegut occasionally skids into fatuousness—in his apology, for example, and when he addresses his publisher by name, and in this passage:

> The news of the day, meanwhile, was being written in a ribbon of lights on a building to Billy's back. The window reflected the news. It was about power and sports and anger and death. So it goes.

Hemingway falters, too, but here is an example, from his "Big Two-Hearted River," of the force a single word can have in a plain setting:

> In the swamp the banks were bare, the big cedars came together overhead, the sun did not come through, except in patch-





Enjoy New York at
a Prestige Hotel Address
at Moderate Rates...
overlooking Central Park!

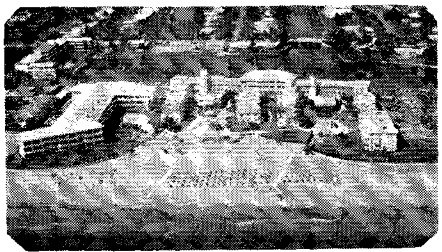
The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

...renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles ....$15.50 to $22.50
Choice Doubles....$21.50 to $28.00
Tower Studio Suites $30.00 to $35.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $20.00.
Doubles from $27.00.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

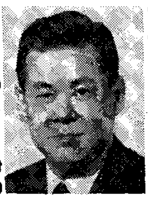


Red Carpet vacation at economy rates

800' PRIVATE BEACH • 2 POOLS • TENNIS • 3 PAR GOLF • HEALTH STUDIOS • COMPLIMENTARY GOLF • PLAYGROUND • DINING ROOM • BAR LOUNGE • ENTERTAINMENT & DANCING • GUEST ROOMS • EFFICIENCIES • APARTMENTS • VILLAS

YOUR INQUIRY IS INVITED

Lago Mar
A RESORT CLUB
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.



"Sip and savor Gourmet Cantonese Specialties at..."

BRUCE HO'S FOUR SEAS

New York Manhasset
116 E. 57 ST. N.Y.C. • PL 3-2610

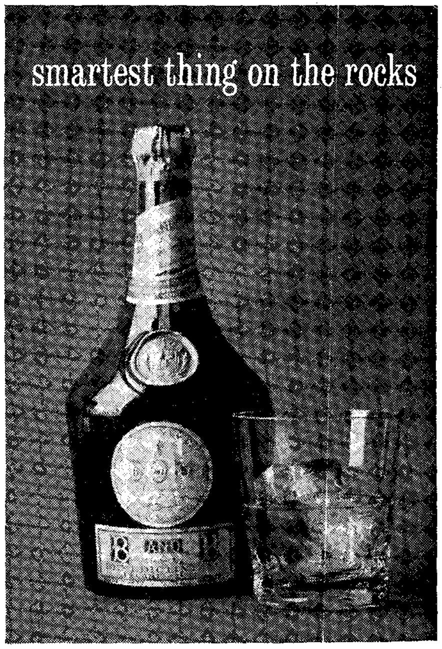
es; in the fast deep water, in the half light, the fishing would be tragic.

In the following passage, which comes close to the end of "Slaughterhouse-Five," Vonnegut neatly sets up a similar emotional jolt, with statistics in place of Hemingway's straight description:

> [O'Hare] was looking up the population of Dresden, which wasn't in the notebook, when he came across this, which he gave me to read: *On an average, 324,000 new babies are born into the world every day. During that same day, 10,000 persons, on an average, will have starved to death or died from malnutrition.* So it goes. *In addition, 123,000 persons will die for other reasons.* So it goes. *This leaves a net gain of about 191,000 each day in the world. The Population Reference Bureau predicts that the world's total population will double to 7,000,000,000 before the year 2000.*
>
> "I suppose they will all want dignity," I said.
>
> "I suppose," said O'Hare.

AT the risk of exceeding my allowance of momentous abstractions, I just would like to say that Janet Frame's novel "Yellow Flowers in the Antipodean Room" (Braziller) is also about death. Miss Frame's interest in the subject is more literary, however, than moral or political, and although she does make some social observations, she has insured the privacy of her speculation by the remote setting of her story—a small, middle-class seaside town called Dunedin, in New Zealand. (New Zealand can be described as remote, I think, even though it may be an obvious choice for a writer who lives there.)

The main event of the novel is the apparent death and resurrection of a New Zealand travel agent. Between publication of the death notice and his family's becoming resigned to living without him, he rises from a deep coma and is able to return home from the hospital morgue on the day set for his funeral. He is Godfrey Rainbird, and his wife is Beatrice—two ordinary people, each about thirty, married for ten ordinary years, with two children, some debts, and a few relatives. The chief difference between them before Godfrey's peculiar accident was that Godfrey, an immigrant from England, not a native, had already encountered death, his mother having been killed in the bombing of London when he was five. Miss Frame uses that distinction as the basis for the estrangement that follows Godfrey's return from the dead. He returns not simply impressed by what he has been through and, as everyone expects him to be, grateful to be alive but permanently disoriented and re-



smartest thing on the rocks

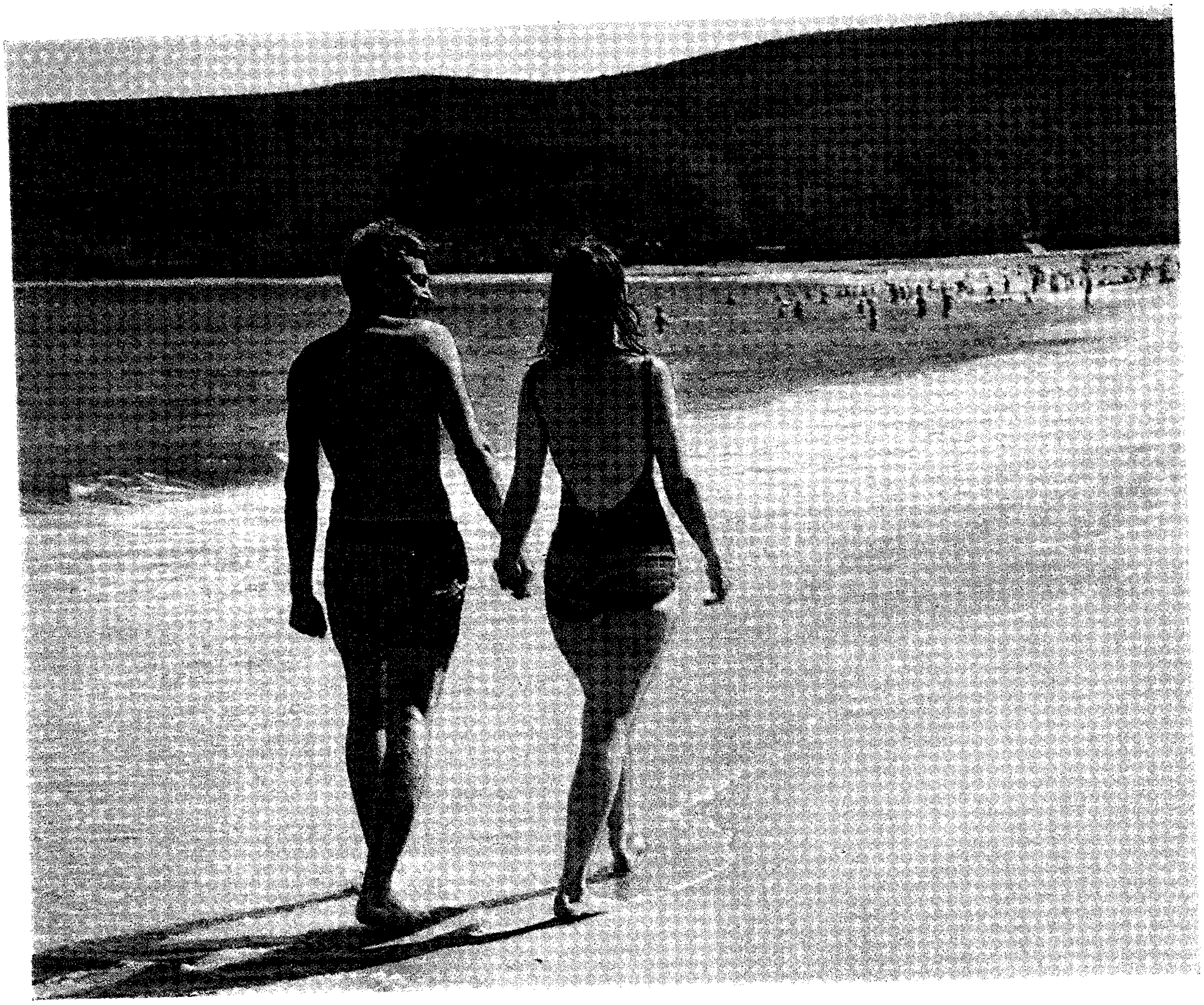
At your next dinner party,
after coffee, serve B & B on the rocks.
Here's a grand tradition
with a new appeal.

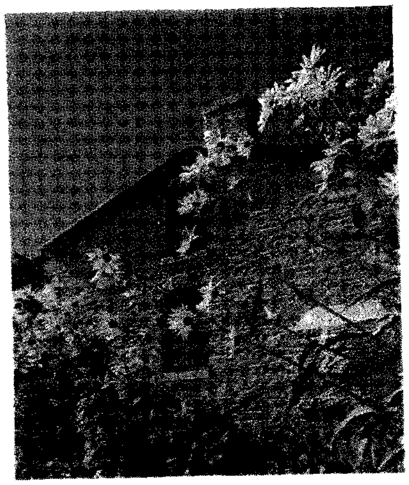
The drier liqueur
B AND B
BENEDICTINE BRANDY
Julius Wile Sons & Co. Inc. NEW YORK 86 proof

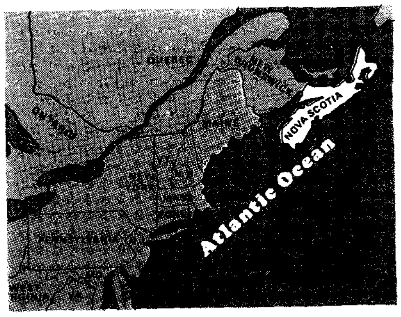
ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
Chateau Madrid
The Fabulous KIDS FROM SPAIN
Los CHAVALES de ESPANA
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings...blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912







this is Nova Scotia...
gentle seas caressing sand
laughter in escaping voices
age gray stone suntouched susans
only moments away in time

NOVA SCOTIA
Canada's
Ocean
Playground

for **NOVA SCOTIA TRAVEL INFORMATION write:**

New York 30 West 54th St., New York, N.Y.
10019 Tel: 212-581-2420

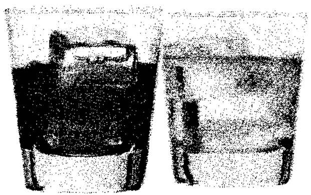
Boston 607 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
02116 Tel: 617-267-1431

Name____________________ NY-17-5-69
Address____________________
City____________________
State____________________Zip Code__________

or Nova Scotia Travel Bureau
P. O. Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

The 1969 Canada Games
2700 athletes-gold medal competition-Halifax-Dartmouth-Aug. 16 to 25

MEET THE VERMOUTH THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH TO DRINK STRAIGHT.
VERMOUTH
MARTINI
SWEET
MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH
MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO
VERMOUTH
SECCO
MARTINI & ROSSI
TORINO
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD.



Martini & Rossi tastes great
straight. Sweet or Extra Dry or
half-and-half on the rocks.
Try it.

Outside the U.S. and Canada it's called MARTINI Vermouth.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

luctant. He resists his wife's determination to behave as though nothing had happened, to restore herself and the family to their original condition, and her determination finally crumbles under the weight of her own confusion and his stubborn obsession with his death. And the narrowness of her life has made her susceptible to the attitudes of her fellow-citizens, who are determined to ignore Godfrey's outward normality—confirming *his* feelings—and to regard him as a freak. He gets fired from the travel agency because his special notoriety would be bad for business, reminding customers of death, and he is offered a job as elevator man in a hotel because the manager believes in hiring the handicapped.

When he told Beatrice what Mr. Collins had said he was surprised to find that she did not show immediate resentment. "Well you *are* handicapped, Godfrey. You have to face it. Of course it doesn't mean you've a screw loose, though I've heard of some elevator men at the Pioneer who have been quite dotty."

Beatrice, who tries to defend her sanity with clichés, comes to agree with the popular view of her husband. Godfrey refuses to work at all and sits home brooding, letting his mind fill up with cryptograms and heroic images of his condition:

He did not wake all night. He dreamed his personal dream, an icy spelling that said

> here in the creamtorium
> lie the dead
> radeye to be bunred
> Soon their ashes white as sown
> will vile in vasts on manletpieces
> or deep in llams plots
> in the ticy cementery. . . .

When Godfrey awoke the next morning and reached to adjust the heat of his share of the electric blanket where the night before he had read, *His personal control* he now read also *His responal clonrot. . . .*

A man afflicted by such nostalgia for his lost entombment would feel as Balboa might have felt if, in the midst of his silent moment on the peak of Darien, his excited stares at the Pacific, he had heard his wife calling, "Come down from the mountain, Balboa, and mow the lawn!"

As people's memory of the miracle dims, Godfrey and Beatrice both come to be regarded as intolerable eccentrics; their children are confiscated by the city officials, their house is stoned, Beatrice cuts her throat, and Godfrey dies. Their grave becomes a tourist attraction. The placid domestic significance of the title dissolves and the words turn out to refer to the blossoming grave.

Miss Frame explores the irreversible

A headstart program for graduates.

Every day is exam day—in college, in business, in everyday living. And the right word is always important. That's why you want the graduates in your life to own the dictionary that does more than define words. It makes them easier to pronounce, easier to use properly, easier to tell apart from other words that mean almost-but-not-quite the same thing. Easier to find too, because they're all in one alphabetical listing (including people, places and events). And more than 3,000 of them are illustrated. Webster's New World Dictionary is the headstart dictionary—the one to give to graduates who are going places.

■ Approved and used by colleges and universities throughout the U.S. and Canada.

WORLD PUBLISHING
TIMES MIRROR
New York and Cleveland

$6.50 plain
$7.50 thumb-indexed

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

Please enter my subscription to
The New Yorker,
payment for which is enclosed.

One Year (52 issues) ☐ $10
Two Years (104 issues) ☐ $17

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions:
Canada, Latin America, and Spain—
$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

name

address

(Please include zip code number.)

The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

"Warm and interesting . . . the gently-written autobiography of Philip Burton, well-known as educator, writer, producer, director, head of the American Musical and Dramatic Academy—and as the adoptive father of Richard Burton."
—*Publishers' Weekly*

EARLY DOORS

MY LIFE AND THE THEATRE
By Philip Burton

With an introduction by Agnes de Mille
$5.95, now at your bookstore
THE DIAL PRESS

ARTURO VIVANTE

A lyrical, passionate novel about an Italian doctor who sets out on his bicycle, seeking the girl of his dreams. He finds a beautiful American artist on holiday. An angel who turns into a devil, in a haunted tower by the sea. $5.95
Little, Brown

DOCTOR GIOVANNI

DARKEST HOUR

by Helen Nielsen

Suicide turns out to be murder—and murder turns out to be contagious, in this smartly-conducted, admirably-twisted novel of suspense. By the author of *A Killer in the Street.* $5.95

MORROW

mental courses set by a death for those who survive, and the consequences of an abrupt and striking disturbance of expectations, including those of the erstwhile corpse. Death is the single dramatic event most people can rely on to break up the routineness of their lives. Close relatives of a dead man become, temporarily, tragic figures, entitled to unusual doses of love and comfort. For once, self-indulgence is condoned. Tears are almost a duty, and the tearless moments enforced by the need to "make arrangements" can be a source of pride for the bereaved, whose erratic behavior is a satisfying backdrop for the beneficence, efficiency, and emotional fortitude of those less immediately affected. Through Beatrice, Miss Frame demonstrates the comforting function of clichés like "pronounced dead," "the lighter side," "his old self," "spilt milk," "turned to stone." In depicting the familiar sequence of emotions from desolation to acquiescence, she shows that the survivors adjust to their loss instinctively, and as involuntarily as the man himself dies. His unforeseen revival is bound to expose mixed feelings underlying their sorrow:

> Then a conviction that was quickly stained with shame spread in her mind that it was fitting for Godfrey to have died, as if their life together had been a battle in which she was now the victor and it was right that she should be. Thinking this way she began to accept Godfrey's death as inevitable and it was by this devious path that the belief in his death as a certainty at last came home to her and was given shelter inside her and she was able to think. He's dead. That's that. Now let me enjoy his death.

With a suggestion that funeral customs are comparable to designs to defend land against the sea, Miss Frame works against the indication of her plot that the conventions of society must triumph. The contrast between the riotous expansion of Godfrey's imagination and the circumscribed ways and words of the living leads, at the end, into an injunction to poetic action:

> If you go there [to the grave] in winter you will have no help with your dreams, you will have to experience for yourself the agony of creating within yourself the flowers that you know and feel will blossom there in summer.

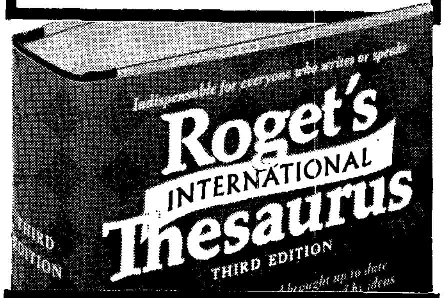
—Susan Lardner

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

The Way to Rainy Mountain, by N. Scott Momaday (University of New Mexico Press). Professor Momaday is a Kiowa Indian who

For graduation, give the gift for a lifetime . . .



the famed ROGET'S INTERNATIONAL THESAURUS

- best synonym book
- groups words by ideas
- most complete
- easiest to use!

INTERNATIONAL THESAURUS users write better . . . advance quicker!
Plain $5.95 • Thumb Indexed $6.95

. . . and for weddings, the leather-bound edition $17.50

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY • New York 10003

RED MASK MYSTERY

Just out—a new RED MASK MYSTERY

YOU'LL LIKE MY MOTHER

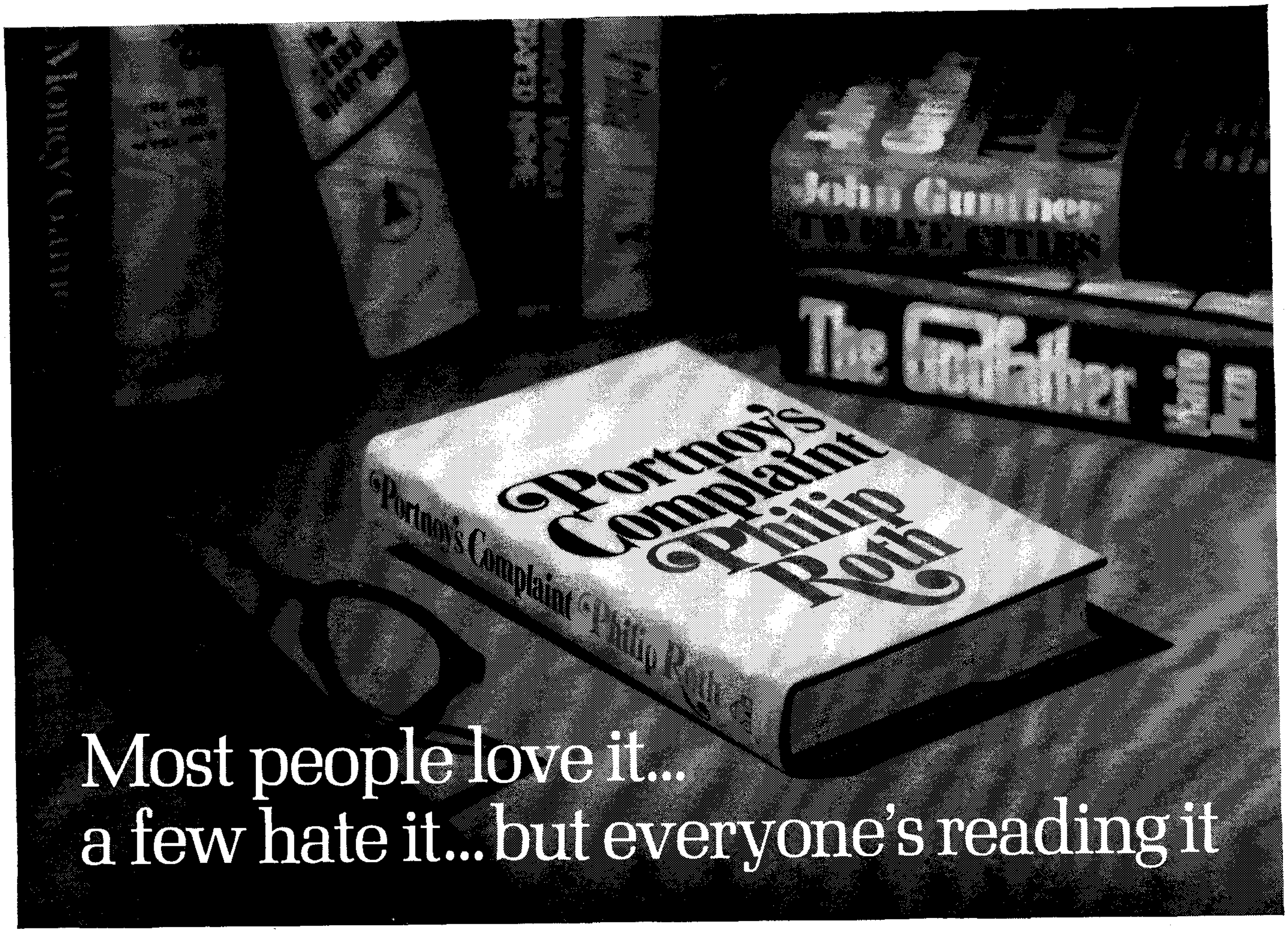
By Naomi A. Hintze

"Chilling suspense," says *Publishers' Weekly* of this tale of a young, pregnant Vietnam war widow who arrives at her mother-in-law's, only to find she has walked into a nightmare of terror.
$4.50 at bookstores
PUTNAM

number one bay street nassau
Write P.O. Box 4887
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33304
See your Travel Agent
or call N.Y. CH 4-0700

Nassau, Bahamas
SHERATON BRITISH COLONIAL HOTEL

SECLUDED SO. CALIF. RANCH
480 acres 27 mi. east of San Diego. Former horse ranch. Healthy climate at 900-1900 ft. 2 houses, barns, corrals, spring water wells, pumping system, utilities. Ideal for retreat, club, think tank, dude ranch. Priced below market. Terms. Rare investment.
Dan R. McFadden, 1508 Murray Drive
Los Angeles 90026 (213) 661-3255



And now, the Literary Guild invites you to include *Portnoy's Complaint* in your choice of **ANY FOUR** of these books...**ALL for $1**

(You merely agree to accept only four selections or alternates during the coming year)

150. PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT
Philip Roth
(Publisher's edition, $6.95)

376. TWELVE CITIES
John Gunther
(Publisher's edition, $6.95)

368. CANCER WARD
Alexander Solzhenitsyn
(Publisher's edition, $10.00)

400. THE IMAGE MEN
J. B. Priestley
(Publisher's edition, $8.95)

291. THE VALACHI PAPERS, Peter Maas
(Publisher's edition, $6.95)

139. THE COLUMBIA-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA. 2 volumes count as 1 choice.
(Pub. edition, $9.95)

124. THE FRENCH CHEF COOKBOOK
Julia Child
(Pub. edition, $6.95)

372. SUNDAY THE RABBI STAYED HOME
Harry Kemelman
(Publisher's edition, $5.95)

378. THE GODFATHER
Mario Puzo
(Publisher's edition, $6.95)

154. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
2 volumes count as 1 choice.

158. BETWEEN PARENT & CHILD, Dr. Haim G. Ginott (Publisher's edition, $5.95)

345. THE MONEY GAME
'Adam Smith'
(Publisher's edition, $6.95)

153. THE STORY OF PAINTING, H.W. Janson & Dora Jane Janson
(Publisher's edition, $15.00)

262. AIRPORT
Arthur Hailey
(Publisher's edition, $5.95)

26. THE ARMS OF KRUPP 1587-1968
William Manchester
(Publisher's edition, $12.50)

362. John Milton
PARADISE LOST, PARADISE REGAINED, SAMSON AGONISTES
(Publisher's edition, $5.95)

346. A WORLD OF PROFIT
Louis Auchincloss
(Publisher's edition, $5.95)

367. Saul Bellow
THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH, HENDERSON THE RAIN KING, HERZOG 3 vols. count as 1 choice.
(Pub. editions, $17.75)

324. A SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY
John le Carré
(Publisher's edition, $6.95)

284. THE SEXUAL WILDERNESS
Vance Packard
(Publisher's edition, $6.95)

132. IN REVIEW
Pictures I've Kept
Dwight D. Eisenhower
(Publisher's edition, $7.95)

326. INSTANT REPLAY
The Green Bay Diary of Jerry Kramer
Edited by Dick Schaap
(Publisher's edition, $5.95)

401. ADA, Vladimir Nabokov (Publisher's edition, $8.95)

18. THE GREAT NOVELS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY
The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms, For Whom the Bell Tolls.
3 volumes count as 1 choice. (Publisher's editions, $13.95)

297. THE RICH AND THE SUPER-RICH
Ferdinand Lundberg
(Publisher's edition, $15.00)

117. THE DOUBLEDAY BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATING, Albert Kornfeld (Publisher's edition, $11.95)

NOTE: Guild editions are sometimes reduced in size, but texts are full-length—not a word is cut!

According to *The New York Times*, *Portnoy's Complaint* is "a bullseye hit in the ever-darkening field of humor, a novel that is playfully and painfully moving...potentially monumental." But columnist Harriet Van Horne says: "Does a masterpiece have to be all that bawdy?"

Certainly, no one is indifferent. Judging by the tidal wave of controversy that has greeted it, *Portnoy's Complaint* is considered the most precedent-shattering literary event of this decade.

Long before publication, Guild editors had already secured exclusive book club rights to the book. It was offered to members, in a special mailing, at the special Guild price of $3.50 instead of the publisher's edition price of $6.95.

That's what makes membership in the Literary Guild so worthwhile. You are always offered the big, new books you want—always at the greatest savings anywhere. Coming selections are described before publication in *the Literary Guild magazine.* And for every book you buy, you may choose a bonus book at a small fraction of the already low Guild price.

Start saving now with this generous introductory offer. There's no need to send any money; just fill out and mail the coupon today.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc.
Dept. 95-NDX, Garden City, N. Y. 11530

Please accept my application for a trial membership in the Literary Guild and send me the FOUR books or sets whose numbers I have printed in the four boxes at right. Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling for all four. If not delighted, I may return them in 10 days and this membership will be canceled.

I do not need to accept a book every month—only as few as four a year—and may resign any time after purchasing four books. All selections and alternates will be described to me in advance in "the Literary Guild magazine," sent free each month, and a convenient form will always be provided for my use if I do not wish to receive a forthcoming selection. You will bill me the special Guild price for each book I take. This will average at least 40% below the price of the publisher's edition. (A modest charge is added for shipping and handling.) For each monthly selection (or alternate selection) I accept, I may choose a bonus book, from the special catalog, at a fraction of the already low Guild price—often for as little as $1.

Mr.
Mrs.____________________ (Please Print)
Miss

Address____________________

City & State____________________Zip__________

If you wish to charge all books to your credit card, give account number:

☐ Diners' Club
☐ American Express

#__________

If under 18, have parent sign here:____________________

Canadian Enquiries write to address above. For your convenience, books will be shipped from our Canadian office.
Offer good in Continental U.S.A. and Canada only. 11-G834

Sugarbush Inn: Gstaad, Stateside.

Good skiing.
Good après-skiing.
Good between-seasoning.

A year-round resort for the pampered: chalets, suites, guest rooms. Instant room service. Phones. Private everything.

For reservation or information:
Daniel D. Miller, Inc.
420 Lexington Avenue, New York,
N.Y. 10017 (212) LE 2-7700.

◆◆

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

for the gift you'd like to keep yourself...
The Whitney Shop NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT

F A N N Y ' S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

teaches English at the University of California and last week won a Pulitzer Prize for his novel, "House Made of Dawn." The present small, handsomely designed volume is an act of ancestral piety, combining Kiowa folktales, history, and the author's personal reminiscences. The tribal material is fascinating, and is beautifully illustrated by the author's father, Al Momaday, a well-known Kiowa painter, but the reminiscences tend to fall into sentimentality and a kind of Fenimore Cooper nostalgia.

THE FATAL INHERITANCE: PHILIP II AND THE SPANISH NETHERLANDS, by Edward Grierson (Doubleday). Around the middle of the sixteenth century, Philip II, the Spanish Emperor, decided it was time to tidy up Spain's provinces in the Lowlands—religiously, economically, and administratively. The Netherlanders found the introduction of the Spanish Inquisition and the imposition of new taxes irritating, and Philip's attempt to Castilianize Dutchmen, Flemings, and Walloons set off a war that lasted longer than his long reign (he died in 1598); that brought Spain into conflict with England and France, and depleted Spain's ill-managed economy; and that, in the end, detached the present Holland and Belgium from the Spanish Empire. This readable history, like most modern English-language accounts, tries to arrive at an unbiassed estimate of Philip: true, he sent the Armada against England, but he seems to have been narrow and quixotic rather than, as he appeared—especially to Englishmen—bloodthirsty and shifty. Mr. Grierson's characterizations of some other historic figures are also plausible and interesting. The author discusses all the reasons that have been alleged as causes for the decline of Spain, and wisely refuses to pick just one.

A WALK THROUGH BRITAIN, by John Hillaby (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Hillaby is a literally peripatetic reporter whose last reported ramble was around Lake Rudolf, in northern Kenya. The exercise he describes here was less exotic but no less rigorous: Land's End, in Cornwall, to John o' Groat's, at the northeastern tip of Scotland—a distance of around eleven hundred miles. It was a towpath, moor-track, backroad, compass hike. He slept in a sleeping bag where night found him, but he had his meals (and often a quantity of drink) in pubs along the way. It took him almost two months, he wore out a pair of shoes, and it rained nearly every day, but he saw a side of modern Britain very different from Carnaby Street and Liverpool and the Great Train Robbery, and he remembers it with pleasure and appreciation. Illustrated with maps.

HORSE AND BUGGY WEST: A BOYHOOD ON THE LAST FRONTIER, by Jack O'Connor (Knopf). Mr. O'Connor, an editor of *Outdoor Life*, grew up in Tempe, Arizona (pop. 1,500), in the years just before the First World War. The general subjects of his reminiscence are familiar—Pearl White movies, early cars, summer jobs, dove hunting, local characters (including a Chinese restaurateur with an Oxford accent), Sunday-school picnics and hellfire sermons, Halloween pranks (of a violence seen today only on the larger university campuses), intimations of sexuality—but because he still feels those years, and is well able to express his feelings, his reminiscences are also rich, and rich in more than mere nostalgia. Some time ago, he went back to Tempe on his first visit in many years: "The last drop of water has been squeezed out of the Salt River for irrigation, and instead of clear water, clean sand, and willows the river bed is dusty waste filled with rusty automobile bodies, worn-out tires, jerry-built warehouses, piles of junk and garbage. The country between the river and Scottsdale, where I used to shoot doves and quail, is now solid with houses, all with television antennas, and all exactly alike."

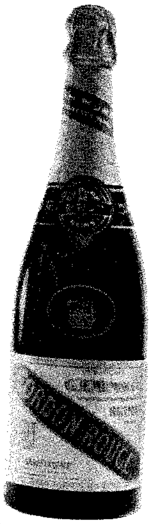
NOTE: "Come Back If It Doesn't Get Better," a collection of nine short stories by Penelope Gilliatt, has been published by Random House. Eight of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

Residents in Mar Vista, Venice, WLA and Sunset Park may not win their LAWSUITS but they are watching developments at United Aircraft Corp. in Hartford, Conn.... United has just received patents on a new method of launching jets with a minimum amount of noise.... The plan involves a high-speed CABLE tow attached to a CATAPULT which sends the jet several thousand miles into the air before its own engines are turned on to full thrust.—*Santa Monica Independent.*

In many cases, it's silly to turn them on at all.

CORDON ROUGE



MUMM'S THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

RDON ROUGE AND EXTRA DRY • THE CLASSIC CHAMPAGNES OF FRANCE • G. H. MUMM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. • SOLE DIST. U.S.A. BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C.

Exciting as New York.

The new look at Realty Hotels.

In New York City, Realty Hotels are the New Barclay, New Biltmore, New Roosevelt and New Commodore, "famous hotels with great tradition", and now with a $22,000,000 brand new look.

You'll love the new elegance of our Jac Lessman decorated rooms and suites. The quiet luxury of our fabulous new lobbies. The international atmosphere and gourmet cuisine of our new restaurants. The intimate flavor of our new cocktail lounges. And the friendly service, which is traditional.

All Realty Hotels are located on New York's fashionable East Side. Close and convenient to everything. Only ten minutes walking distance away from corporate headquarters of 63 of the top 100 companies. Fifth Avenue shopping. Theatre District. And, we're sitting right on top of the largest transportation complex in New York City.

Next visit to New York, plan to stay with us. You'll see what a difference tradition can make.

The new Realty-Dial-Direct-Reservation Service permits you to make your own reservations directly from anywhere in the U.S.A. Call free 800-221-2690. New York State: call free 800-522-6449. New York City: (Local) 340-2776.

Famous Hotels
with
Great Tradition

THE BARCLAY
PARK AVENUE AT 48TH STREET
THE BILTMORE
MADISON AVENUE AT 43RD STREET
THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET
THE COMMODORE
PARK AVENUE AT
42ND STREET